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The British Poets

CHATTERTON

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THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

THOMAS CHATTERTON,

WITH

NOTICES OF HIS LIFE,

A HISTORY OF THE ROWLEY CONTROVERSY, A SELECTION OF HIS LETTERS, NOTES CRITICAL AND EXPLANATORY, AND A GLOSSARY.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOLUME II.

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HISTORY

OF THE

ROWLEY CONTROVERSY.

It will be requisite, before we commence our account of the Rowley Controversy, briefly to recapitulate the different notices relative to the discovery of the manuscripts which have appeared in various parts of our memoir.

The Church of St. Mary of Redcliffe[1] was erected in the year 1470, by William Cannynge, an opulent merchant of Bristol. An iron chest was placed in a muniment room over the northern portico, designed to receive instruments, inventories, and the parish accounts. It was ordered by the Founders that this chest should be annually inspected by the Mayor and the members of the

[1] The lovers of old English architecture will experience no ordinary gratification, on learning that the clusters of miserable tenements, with the dilapidated premises by which the northeast portion of St. Mary Redcliff has for centuries been excluded from public view, are now in the course of demolition.—*Bristol Mirror*, March 12, 1842.

Corporation; and that a feast should be held, after the inspection was concluded. This order was soon disregarded.

When the new bridge at Bristol was finished, in the year 1768, there appeared in one of the Bristol journals an account of the ceremonial which was observed when the old bridge was opened to the public, purporting to be transcribed from an ancient MS. Curiosity was excited; an inquiry was instituted; and the result was the discovery that the letter had been forwarded by a youth of the name of Chatterton, whose father had been for many years a sexton in the Church of St. Mary of Redcliffe, and master of a writing-school in that parish. The father, however, was dead, and no threats or persuasions could, at first, induce the son to acknowledge by what means the original memoir had come into his possession. After much altercation, he asserted that he had received this manuscript, with many others, from his father, who found them in the iron chest which we have already mentioned.

It is said that Chatterton, the sexton, was permitted by the church-wardens to take from the chest several pieces of parchment, for the purpose of covering the writing-books of his scholars. The value of these despised manuscripts was immense, and the parish pedagogue, who had some pretensions to refinement of taste, discovered amongst them a vast number of poems, of which the greater

part were composed by Thomas Rowlie, priest of St. John's Church, in Bristol, and the confessor of Alderman Cannynge. These were laid by with care, and after the death of the accomplished sexton, became the property of his son.

The son, it is stated, perceived the importance of these poems, and transcribed them. Some of them he sold to Mr. Catcott and Mr. Barrett, the former a merchant, the latter a surgeon, of Bristol. Most of these were transcripts; what few parchments there were have since been deposited in the British Museum. Chatterton was often questioned as to the source from which he derived the originals; but no satisfactory or definite answer could be elicited. In process of time the Rowley poems were given to the world. The army of literary men was dazzled, perplexed, and divided. One phalanx considered them to be a fabrication of Chatterton; another was positive that none but Rowley was the author of the poems which bore his name. The contention grew sharp—the combatants were drawn up in hostile array—and the Rowley war commenced in earnest.

It is not our intention to give the whole of the arguments which were brought forward by either party, for this essay would then be enlarged beyond all reasonable dimensions. It will be sufficient for our purpose to give a list of the principal champions of the identity of Rowley, and his claims to the authorship of the poems to which

he has stood godfather, and of the impugners of that identity and of those pretensions.

First and foremost, Horace Walpole,[1] the author of Otranto, and lord of Strawberry-Hill, rushed into the fight. He struggled manfully, in his "Vindication," to prove that the Bristol Boy, whom he had insulted and whistled down the wind a prey to fortune, was the real creator of the poetry of Rowley. Horace Walpole was a gentleman and a lord, and he never forgets to maintain the artificial polish of the one—cold as the reflection of the sun on ice—nor to demonstrate his consciousness of the dignity of the other.

"You seem more interested for the honour of Chatterton's abilities, than sedulous to prove that he and Rowley, if such a poet as the latter ever existed, were animated by so congenial a spirit, that the compositions of the one can hardly—very hardly—be discriminated from the other. You give us many specimens of prose and poetry, which you maintain were indubitably Chatterton's. If they were, the wit of man can assign no reason why the rest, ascribed to Rowley, should not have been coined in the same mint. The same soul animates all, and the limbs that would remain to Rowley would, indeed, be *disjecta membra poetæ*. Rowley would not only have written with a spirit, by many centuries, posterior to that of his age,

[1] Not first in point of time, but first from his position, and from his influence over the destinies of Chatterton.

but his mantle, escaping the hands of all his contemporaries and successors, must have been preserved, notwithstanding the worse for time, and reserved to invest Chatterton from head to foot. I, who rather smile at the importance bestowed on this fantastic controversy, assure you, that as I was originally an actor in this interlude without my consent, so am I a spectator most indifferent how it shall terminate."

Next to the aristocrat comes the priest, Milles, dean of Exeter and president of the Antiquarian Society—O heavens! what a president!—appeared before the public as the champion of Rowley, with a splendid royal quarto edition of his poems, and comment upon comment, and dissertation upon dissertation, and notes on the complexion of parchment and the color of ink, and information from friends, and reminiscences of contemporaries, and pedigrees from the herald's office, and armorial bearings, and inquisitions and registers, and indentures, and epitaphs, and tomb-stones and brass-plates, made the eyes ache and the head swim, and obliged the reader to be convinced against his will. Never was such a clamour, such confusion worse confounded, such a heterogeneous intertanglement of ingenious arguments, based on the ground of self-delusion and distorted probability. One sentence will show how the Dean could furnish himself with a keen weapon, and cut the throat of his reasoning with it. Speaking of

the "Death of Syr Charles Bawdin," he affirms, "a greater variety of internal proofs may be produced for its authenticity, than for that of any other piece in the whole collection." Unfortunate assertion! Chatterton, it is a known and incontrovertible fact, *did* write the "Death of Syr Charles Bawdin;" so that it must be admitted, that, if he wrote that poem, which contains stronger proofs of its antique origin than any other in the collection, he was the author of the whole of the Rowley poems!

Of all the vindicators of Rowley, the most amusing, the most laboriously trifling, is Dr. Sherwin. To relieve the heaviness of the present essay, we shall give a few specimens of the glossarial observations of the erudite Doctor, extracted from his "Introduction to an Examination of the Rowleian Controversy." He asserts that the *evening* means the equalizing or rendering day and night as to light *even*, or equal; that the eaves of a house take their name from the exactness of the line; that *kers*, a water-cress, means a *curse;* that *lane* implies a path so narrow as to render it necessary for passengers to go *alane;* that a barbde hall and a barbde horse were so called, for the same reason that the defensive parapet was called barbican—what this reason was, he omits to inform us; that *hancel* differs only in one letter from *cancel*, which it will be easy to show is radically the same; for as mibri was written mihi, and nihil nichil, it fol-

lows, therefore, that hancelled, cancelled, chancelled, convey literally and identically the same meaning; and, lastly, that *Pentland* Frith is a corruption of *peincteland*, as that is synonymous with pict-land, *i. e.* pinch'd, pink't, pick't, pict, *Anglice* painted land.

Leaving Dr. Sherwin and his "curious felicity" of words, we next meet with the name of Chalmers, an Anti-Rowleyan, whose depreciating and puritanical Life of Chatterton has so righteously drawn down the severe castigation of the present Laureate. Scott and Southey himself are also to be included in the same ranks, and their illustrious names will probably carry conviction to the minds of those readers who are unable or unwilling to decide the question themselves. Stevens and Malone and Pinkerton, Jamieson and Herbert Croft, the author of "Love and Madness," have all drawn the sword for Chatterton, and wielded it with skill, energy, and effect.

Of all the vindicators of the reality of Rowley, none is more learned than Jacob Bryant; and so ably is his argument conducted, and so perfect a mastery of the subject does he exhibit, that it would not excite the least wonder in us, if the reader, after a perusal of his laborious work, were to side with the intrepid denier of the existence of Troy, and the bold asserter of the ancient origin of the Rowley poems, provided that he came to the investigation for the first time, and

had not read the arguments with which Bryant has been confuted.

Our controversialist reasons in this manner. He asserts that the diction of Rowley is provincial, and after adducing many examples to support his affirmation, he remarks: "The transcriber has given some notes, in order to explain words of this nature. But he is often very unfortunate in his solutions. He mistakes the sense grossly; and the words have often far more force and significance than he is aware of. This could not have been the case if he had been the author. His blunders would not have turned out to his advantage; nor could there have been more sense in the lines than in the head which conceived them. In short, chance could never have so contrived that the poetry should be better than the purpose."

After a few more remarks on the dialects of the English language, and some observations on Chatterton's ignorance of French, Latin, and Greek, whence he deduces the impossibility of his making such an "exotic collection" of words, Bryant proceeds:

"I lay it down for a fixed principle, that if a person transmits to me a learned and excellent composition, and does not understand the context, he cannot be the author.

"I lay it down for a certainty, if a person in any such composition has, in transcribing, varied any of the terms through ignorance, and the true

reading appears from the context, that he cannot have been the author. If, as the ancient Vicar is said to have done in respect to a portion of the Gospel, he, for *sumpsimus*, reads uniformly *mumpsimus*, he never composed the treatise in which he is so grossly mistaken. If a person, in his notes upon a poem, mistakes *Liber* Bacchus, for *liber* a book; and when he meets with *liber* a book, he interprets it *liber* free, he certainly did not compose the poem where those terms occur: he had not parts nor learning to effect it. In short, every writer must know his own meaning; and if any person, by his glossary or any other explanation, shows that he could not arrive at such meaning, he affords convincing proof that the original was by another hand. This ignorance will be found in Chatterton; and many mistakes in consequence of it will be seen,—of which mistakes and ignorance I will lay before the reader many examples. When these have been ascertained, let the reader judge whether this inexperienced and unlettered boy could have been the author of the poems in question."

Mr. Bryant, in accordance with this intimation, has favoured the world with a treatise of six hundred pages, containing instances of Chatterton's inaccuracy, with his own corrections and improvements, and occasional recurrences to his first positions, and clever and forensic vindications of those positions. There is a great deal of historical, topo-

graphical, and critical information; a vast amount of antiquarian lore and erudite research; a strange display of patience and partiality; and a fixed determination never to believe in the genius of Chatterton, and always to maintain the claims of the imaginary Rowley. We will subjoin one instance of what Mr. Bryant terms the misconceptions of Chatterton, with Mr. Malone's explanation.

"In the song to Ælla, which was given to Mr. Barrett in Chatterton's handwriting, two lines are found to be expressed in the following manner:—

Orr seest the hatchedd stede
Ifrayninge o'er the mede.

But when the original parchment, which was brought the next day, had been cleaned and examined more accurately, the true reading was found to be, not *ifrayninge*, but *ypraucynge;* which makes, in respect to sense, a material difference."

This is Mr. Bryant's account of the matter. Mr. Malone draws a very different deduction from the variation on which he lays so much stress.

"In one copy of the 'Songe to Ælla,' which Chatterton gave to Mr. Barrett, these lines were found:—

Or seest the hatched steed
Ifrayning o'er the meed.

Being called upon for the original, he the next

day produced a parchment containing the same poem, in which he had written *ypraunc*ing, instead of *ifrayning;* but by some artifice, he had obscured the MS. so much, to give it an ancient appearance, that Mr. Barrett could not make out the word without the use of galls. What follows from all this, but that Chatterton found, on examination, that there was no such word as *ifrayning*, and that he substituted another in its place? In the same poem he at one time wrote 'locks,' 'burlie,' 'brasting,' and 'kennest;' at another, 'hairs,' 'valiant,' 'bursting,' and 'hearest.' Variations of this kind he could have produced without end. What he called originals, indeed, were probably in general more perfect than what he called copies; because the former were always produced after the other, and were, in truth, nothing more than second editions of the same pieces."

Malone was a most vigorous and acute reasoner, and is deservedly ranked among the first controversialists on the Chatterton side of the question. He thus deals with the "fixed principles" of the asserter of the authenticity of Rowley's poems:—

"I cannot dismiss Mr. Bryant without taking notice of a position which he has laid down, and which is, indeed, the basis of almost all the arguments that he has urged to prove the authenticity of the Bristol MS. It is this—that as every author must know his own meaning, and as Chatterton has sometimes given wrong interpretations of words

that are found in the poems attributed to Rowley, he could not be the author of those poems."

"If Chatterton had originally written these poems in the form in which they now appear, this argument might, in a doubtful question, have some weight; but, although I have as high an opinion of his abilities as perhaps any person whatsoever, and do, indeed, believe him to have been the greatest genius that England has produced since the days of Shakspeare, I am not ready to acknowledge that he was endued with any miraculous powers.

"Devoted as he was, from his infancy, to the study of antiquities, he could not have been so conversant with ancient language, or have had all the words necessary to be used so present to his mind, as to write antiquated poetry of any considerable length off-hand. He, without doubt, wrote his verses in plain English, and afterwards embroidered them with such old words as would suit the sense and metre. With these he furnished himself, sometimes probably from memory, and sometimes from glossaries; and annexed such interpretations as he found or made. When he could not readily find a word that would suit his metre, he invented one. If, then, his old words afford some sense, and yet are sometimes interpreted wrong, nothing more follows than that his glossaries were imperfect, or his knowledge inaccurate; still, however, he might have had a con-

fused, though not a complete idea of their import. If, as the commentator asserts, the words that he has explained, not only suit the places in which they stand, but are often more apposite than he imagined, and have a latent and significant meaning that never occurred to him, this will only show that a man's book is sometimes wiser than himself; a truth of which we have every day so many striking instances, that it was sarcely necessary for this learned antiquarian to have exhibited a new proof of it.

"Let it be considered, too, that the glossary and the text were not always written at the same time; that Chatterton might not always remember the precise sense in which he had used antiquated words; and, from a confused recollection, or from the want of the very same books that he had consulted while he was writing his poems, might add sometimes a false, and sometimes an imperfect interpretation. This is not a mere hypothesis,—for in one instance he knew that the comment was written at some interval of time after the text. The glossary of the poem, entitled 'The English Metamorphosis,' was written down by Chatterton extemporally, without the assistance of any book, at the desire, and in the presence, of Mr. Barrett."

Mr. Malone thus satisfactorily accounts for the inconsistency of Chatterton's interpretations, and for the misapprehension under which it must be

admitted that Mr. Bryant has very convincingly demonstrated that the young poet laboured. Whether his misconceptions really originated in the precise sources which Mr. Malone indicates, is foreign to the argument, and no way affects the correctness of his logic. He was not obliged to show how they *did* arise, but only how they *might* have arisen. It was enough for him to account for the existence of error, without tracing the mode and processes of its existence.

If it be conceded that the positions which the stout old skeptic laid down at the commencement of his work are fairly shown to be untenable, the reader will not find any difficulty in refuting the arguments which are adduced in the remainder of his volume, grounded on Chatterton's incapacity and ignorance, and on the fact that there are *some* verses, or scraps of verses, to be found in ancient poetry equally melodious with the tragedy of Ælla, or the Battle of Hastings. When we add that, to establish the antiquity of the versification of Rowley, and to prove that the appearance of novelty which it exhibits is no argument against that antiquity, the critic cites two passages from the poems of Spenser, one of which is harsh and feeble, the other musical and nervous, the reader will not entertain a very high character of the candour or the poetical judgment of this celebrated controversialist.

The last of the combatants engaged in the

Chattertonian war, whom we shall mention, is Thomas Warton, the Professor of Poetry in the University of Oxford. In the twenty-sixth section of his "History of English Poetry," he has furnished us with a complete analysis of the Rowley Poems, and perhaps a more judicious method of conducting the argument could not have been adopted. He supports his view of the question by demonstrating that the writing of the parchment which contained the Ode to Ælla, the Epistle to Lydgate, with his Answer, was, in the opinion of an ingenious critic and an intelligent antiquary, a gross and palpable forgery; that the form of the letters in the parchment differed very essentially from every one of our earlier alphabets; that the characters wanted consistency and uniformity; that the appearance of antiquity had been attempted by the application of ochre, which was easily rubbed off with a linen cloth; that the original manuscript, containing the Accounte of W. Cannynge's Feast, is totally unlike the three or four authentic manuscripts of the time of Edward the Fourth, with which it was compared; and that the style and drawing of the armorial bearings depicted in it discover the hand of a modern herald. This is an analysis of his external argument.

The internal evidences of the fabrication of the Poems are, an unnatural affectation of ancient spelling and of obsolete words not belonging to

the period assigned them; combinations of old words which never existed in the unpolished state of the English language;[1] an artificial misapplication of antiquated diction; and the poet's forgetfulness of his assumed character, displayed in the perspicuity and freedom from uncouth expressions which not unfrequently characterize his productions.

Among the internal evidences he numbers many anachronisms. In the Battle of Hastings, Turgot has anticipated every conjecture of the moderns as regards the origin of Stonehenge. It is called by him a Druidical temple; whereas the established and uniform opinion of the Welsh and Armorican bards, and of the historians and chroniclers through successive ages, indicates that it was erected in memory of Hengist's massacre.

[1] No person acquainted with the rudiments of the history of our language could for a moment be deceived by the pretended obsolete diction of the Rowley poems, which, so far from being good Bristol English of the 15th century, is a heterogeneous jargon of no age or locality whatever. To the reader of our day, it is almost incomprehensible that the authenticity of these forgeries should have been thought to require so anxious and learned a refutation. An easy and sufficient demonstration of the point might have been found in one simple fact. The word *yttes* (its) is constantly employed in the Rowley poems, as the genitive of the neuter pronoun (see pp. 27, 34, 57, 62, &c.); but it is now well known that this very irregular formation did not make its appearance in English, until more than a century after the epoch of "dygne Mastre Canynge." C.

In the Epistle to Lydgate, the impropriety of religious dramas is condemned, and some great story of human manners is recommended as most suitable for theatrical representation; but when we reflect that this opinion would have exposed the writer to the censures of the Church, and that it was not till the lapse of another century, that the true philosophy of the drama was understood in the lowest degree in this country, we are constrained to acknowledge that this could not be the doctrine inculcated by a priest in the reign of the Fourth Edward.

Warton next adduces the inequality so conspicuous in the productions of our old writers, but without its counterpart in the Rowley Poems, as an additional proof of their modern origin. In the former, splendid descriptions, poetical imagery and ornamental comparisons occur but rarely; while the latter are, throughout, poetical and animated. Our old English bards abound in unnatural conceptions, strange imaginations, and ridiculous absurdities; but Rowley's poems present us with no incongruous combinations, no mixture of manners, institutions, customs, and characters. The anachronisms in the Battle of Hastings are such as no old poet could possible have fallen into, and betray an unskilful imitation of ancient manners. The verses of Lydgate and his immediate successors are often rugged and unmusical; but Rowley's poetry sustains one uniform tone of har-

mony; and if we brush away the asperities of the antiquated spelling, conveys its cultivated imagery in a polished and agreeable strain of versification. In conclusion, Warton gives it as his opinion that the real author of these poems was Chatterton: he supports this opinion by the merit of his acknowledged compositions; by the testimony of those who were acquainted with his conversation; by the vast acquisitions of knowledge which he had attained; and by the possession of that comprehensiveness of mind, and activity of understanding, which predominated over his situation in life, and his opportunities of instruction; by his propensity to literary forgery; by his predilection for the study of antiquities; and by his enterprising and ambitious character; and the necessity which constrained him to subsist by expedients.

Such is the acute and simple reasoning of the Oxford Professor. To the writer of this essay it seems unanswerable. It is based not on probabilities, or arguments drawn from incidental verisimilitudes, but on the eternal and indestructible principles of poetical thought and composition; on analogy, on experiment, on comparison.

We have endeavoured to furnish the reader with a brief but comprehensive account of this celebrated controversy. It would have been easy to analyze the whole works of the different controversialists on each side of the question: but as in that case we must have added at least another

volume to the edition of Chatterton's poems now given to the world, we concluded that it would be the more advisable course to draw up a short account of the principal asserters of the ancient origin of the Rowley Poems, with the answers which have been returned by those who believe in the genius and acquirements of the marvellous Boy of Bristol.

ROWLEY POEMS.

BRISTOWE TRAGEDIE;

OR, THE DETHE OF SYR CHARLES BAWDIN.

BRISTOWE TRAGEDIE;

OR, THE DETHE OF SYR CHARLES BAWDIN.

The person here celebrated, under the name of Syr Charles Bawdin, was probably Sir Baldewyn Fulford, Knt., a zealous Lancastrian, who was executed at Bristol in the latter end of 1461, the first year of Edward the Fourth. He was attainted, with many others, in the general act of attainder, 1 Edward IV., but he seems to have been executed under a special commission for the trial of treasons, &c., within the town of Bristol. The fragment of the old chronicle published by Hearne at the end of Sprotti Chronica, p. 289, says only, "(1 Edward IV.) was taken Sir Baldewine Fulford and behedid at Bristow." But the matter is more fully stated in the act which passed in 7 Edward IV., for the restitution in blood and estate of Thomas Fulford, Knt., eldest son of Baldewyn Fulford, late of Fulford, in the county of Devonshire, Knt., Rot. Pat. 8 Edward IV., p. 1. m. 13. The preamble of this act, after stating the attainder by the act 1 Edward IV., goes on thus: "And also the said Baldewyn, the said first yere of your noble reign, at Bristowe, in the shere of Bristowe, before Henry Erle of Essex, William Hastyngs, of Hastyngs, Knt., Richard Chock, William Canyng, Maire of the said towne of Bristowe, and Thomas Yong, by force of your letters patentes to theym and other directe, to here and determine all treesons, &c., doon withyn the said towne of Bristowe before the vth day of September, the first yere of your said reign, was atteynt of dyvers tresons by him doon ayenst your Highness," &c. If the commission sat soon after the vth of September, as is most probable, King Edward might very possibly be at Bristol at the time

of Sir Baldewyn's execution; for in the interval between his coronation and the parliament which met in November, he made a progress (as the Continuator of Stowe informs us, p. 416) by the south coast in the west, and was (among other places) at Bristol. Indeed, there is a circumstance which might lead us to believe, that he was actually a spectator of the execution from the minster window, as described in the poem. In an old accompt of the Procurators of St. Ewin's Church, which was then the minster, from xx March in the 1 Edward IV. to 1 April in the year next ensuing, is the following article, according to a copy made by Mr. Catcott, from the original book.

"Item for washynge the church payven ageyns Kynge Edward 4th is comynge . . } iiijd. ob.

—SOUTHEY'S *Chatterton*, ii. 85.

I.

The feathered songster chaunticleer
Han wounde hys bugle horne,
And tolde the earlie villager
The commynge of the morne:

II.

Kynge Edwarde sawe the ruddie streakes
Of lygthe eclypse the greie;
And herde the raven's crokynge throte
Proclayme the fated daie.

III.

"Thou'rt righte," quod hee, "for, by the Godde
That syttes enthron'd on hyghe!
Charles Bawdin, and hys fellowes twaine,
To daie shall surelie die."

IV.

Thenne wythe a jugge of nappy ale
Hys Knyghtes dydd onne hymm waite;
"Goe tell the traytour, thatt to daie
Hee leaves thys mortall state."

V.

Syr Canterlone thenne bendedd lowe,
Wythe harte brymm-fulle of woe;
Hee journey'd to the castle-gate,
And to Syr Charles dydd goe.

VI.

But whenne hee came, hys children twaine,
And eke hys lovynge wyfe,
Wythe brinie tears dydd wett the floore,
For goode Syr Charleses lyfe.

VII.

"O goode Syr Charles!" sayd Canterlone,
"Badde tydings I doe brynge."
"Speke boldlie, manne," sayd brave Syr Charles,
Whatte says thie traytor kynge?"

VIII.

"I greeve to telle, before yonne sonne
Does fromme the welkin flye,
Hee hathe uponne hys honnour sworne,
Thatt thou shalt surelie die."

IX.

"Wee all must die," quod brave Syr Charles,
"Of thatte I'm not affearde;
Whatte bootes to lyve a little space?
"Thanke Jesu, I'm prepar'd;

X.

"Butt telle thye kynge, for myne hee's not,
I'de sooner die to daie
Thanne lyve hys slave, as manie are,
Tho' I shoulde lyve for aie."

XI.

Thenne Canterlone hee dydd goe out,
To tell the maior straite
To gett all thynges ynn reddyness
For goode Syr Charles's fate.

XII.

Thenne Maisterr Canynge saughte the kynge,
And felle down onne hys knee;
"I'm come," quod hee, "unto your grace
To move your clemencye."

XIII.

Thenne quod the kynge, "youre tale speke out,
You have been much oure friende;
Whatever youre request may bee,
Wee wylle to ytte attende."

XIV.

"My nobile leige! alle my request
Ys for a nobile knyghte,
Who, tho' mayhap hee has donne wronge,
Hee thoughte ytte stylle was ryghte:

XV.

"Hee has a spouse and children twaine,
Alle rewyn'd are for aie;
Yff thatt you are resolv'd to lett
Charles Bawdin die to daie."

XVI.

"Speke nott of such a traytour vile."
The kynge ynne furie sayde;
Before the evening starre doth sheene,
Bawdin shall loose hys hedde;

XVII.

"Justice does loudlie for hym calle,
And hee shalle have hys meede:
Speke, Maister Canynge! Whatte thynge else
Att present doe you neede?"

XVIII.

"My nobile leige," goode Canynge sayde,
"Leave justice to our Godde,
And laye the yronne rule asyde;
Be thyne the olyve rodde.

XIX.

"Was Godde to serche our hertes and reines,
The best were synners grete;
Christ's vycarr only knowes ne synne,
Ynne alle thys mortall state.

XX.

"Lette mercie rule thyne infante reigne,
'Twylle faste thye crowne fulle sure;
From race to race thy familie
Alle sov'reigns shall endure:

XXI.

"But yff wythe bloode and slaughter thou
Beginne thy infante reigne,
Thy crowne uponne thy childrennes brows
Wylle never long remayne."

XXII.

"Canynge, awaie! thys traytour vile
Has scorn'd my power and mee;
Howe canst thou thenne for such a manne
Intreate my clemencye?"

XXIII.

"Mie nobile leige! the trulie brave
Wylle val'rous actions prize,
Respect a brave and nobile mynde,
Altho' ynne enemies."

XXIV.

"Canynge, awaie! By Godde ynne Heav'n
Thatt dydd mee being gyve,
I wylle nott taste a bitt of breade
Whilst thys Syr Charles dothe lyve.

XXV.

"Bie Marie, and alle Seinctes ynne Heav'n,
Thys sunne shall be hys laste;"
Thenne Canynge dropt a brinie teare,
And from the presence paste.

XXVI.

Wyth herte brymm-fulle of gnawynge grief,
Hee to Syr Charles dydd goe,
And satt hymm downe uponne a stoole,
And teares beganne to flowe.

XXVII.

"Wee alle must die," quod brave Syr Charles;
"Whatte bootes ytte howe or whenne;
Dethe ys the sure, the certaine fate
Of all wee mortall menne.

XXVIII.

"Saye, why, my friend, thie honest soul
Runns overr att thyne eye;
Is ytte for my most welcome doome
Thatt thou doste child-lyke crye?"

XXIX.

Quod godlie Canynge, "I doe weepe,
Thatt thou soe soone must dye,
And leave thy sonnes and helpless wyfe;
'Tys thys thatt wettes myne eye."

XXX.

"Thenne drie the teares thatt out thyne eye
From godlie fountaines sprynge;
Dethe I despise, and alle the power
Of Edwarde, traytor kynge.

XXXI.

"Whan through the tyrant's welcom means
I shall resigne my lyfe,
The Godde I serve wylle soone provyde
For bothe mye sonnes and wyfe.

XXXII.

"Before I sawe the lyghtsome sunne,
Thys was appointed mee;
Shall mortal manne repyne or grudge
Whatt Godde ordeynes to bee?

XXXIII.

"Howe oft ynne battaile have I stoode,
Whan thousands dy'd arounde;
Whan smokynge streemes of crimson bloode
Imbrew'd the fatten'd grounde:

XXXIV.

"Howe dydd I knowe thatt ev'ry darte,
That cutte the airie waie,
Myghte nott fynde passage toe my harte,
And close myne eyes for aie?

XXXV.

"And shall I nowe, forr feere of dethe,
Looke wanne and bee dysmayde?
Ne! fromme my herte flie childyshe feere,
Bee alle the manne display'd.

XXXVI.

"Ah! goddelyke Henrie! Godde forefende,
And guarde thee and thye sonne,
Yff 'tis hys wylle; but yff 'tis nott,
Why thenne hys wylle bee donne.

XXXVII.

"My honest friende, my faulte has beene
To serve Godde and mye prynce;
And thatt I no tyme-server am,
My dethe wylle soone convynce.

XXXVIII.

"Ynne Londonne citye was I borne,
Of parents of grete note;
My fadre dydd a nobile armes
Emblazon onne hys cote:

XXXIX.

"I make ne doubte butt hee ys gone
Where soone I hope to goe;
Where wee for ever shall bee blest,
From oute the reech of woe:

XL.

"Hee taughte mee justice and the laws
Wyth pitie to unite;
And eke hee taughte mee howe to knowe
The wronge cause fromme the ryghte:

XLI.

"Hee taughte mee wythe a prudent hande
To feede the hungrie poore,
Ne lette mye servants dryve awaie
The hungrie fromme my doore:

XLII.

"And none can saye butt alle mye lyfe
I have hys wordyes kept;
And summ'd the actyonns of the daie
Ecke nyghte before I slept.[1]

[1] If we look to the ballad of Sir Charles Bawdin, and translate it into modern English, we shall find its strength and interest to have no dependence on obsolete words. In the striking passage of the martyr Bawdin standing erect in his car to rebuke Edward, who beheld him from the window, when

XLIII.

"I have a spouse, goe aske of her,
Yff I defyl'd her bedde?
I have a kynge, and none can laie
Blacke treason onne my hedde.

XLIV.

"Ynne Lent, and onne the holie eve,
Fromme fleshe I dydd refrayne;
Whie should I thenne appeare dismay'd
To leave thys worlde of payne?

XLV.

"Ne! hapless Henrie! I rejoyce,
I shalle ne see thye dethe;
Moste willinglie ynne thye just cause
Doe I resign my brethe.

"The tyrant's soul rushed to his face,"

and when he exclaimed,

"Behold the man! he speaks the truth,
He 's greater than a king;"

in these, and all the striking parts of the ballad, no effect is owing to mock antiquity, but to the simple and high conception of a great and just character, who

"Summ'd the actions of the day,
Each night before he slept."

What a moral portraiture from the hand of a boy! — CAMPBELL.

XLVI.

"Oh, fickle people! rewyn'd londe!
Thou wylt kenne peace ne moe;
Whyle Richard's sonnes exalt themselves,
Thye brookes wythe bloude wylle flowe.

XLVII.

"Saie, were ye tyr'd of godlie peace,
And godlie Henrie's reigne,
Thatt you dydd choppe youre easie daies
For those of bloude and peyne?

XLVIII.

"Whatte tho' I onne a sledde bee drawne,
And mangled by a hynde,
I doe defye the traytor's pow'r,
Hee can ne harm my mynde;

XLIX.

"Whatte tho', uphoisted onne a pole,
Mye lymbes shall rotte ynne ayre,
And ne ryche monument of brasse
Charles Bawdin's name shall bear;

L.

"Yett ynne the holie booke above,
Whyche tyme can't eate awaie,
There wythe the servants of the Lorde
Mye name shall lyve for aie.

LI.

"Thenne welcome dethe! for lyfe eterne
I leave thys mortall lyfe:
Farewell, vayne worlde, and alle that's deare,
Mye sonnes and lovynge wyfe!

LII.

"Nowe dethe as welcome to mee comes,
As e'er the moneth of Maie;
Nor woulde I even wyshe to lyve,
Wyth my dere wyfe to staie."

LIII.

Quod Canynge, "'Tys a goodlie thynge
To bee prepar'd to die;
And from thys world of peyne and grefe
To Godde ynne Heav'n to flie."

LIV.

And nowe the bell beganne to tolle,
And claryonnes to sounde;
Syr Charles hee herde the horses' feete
A prauncing onne the grounde:

LV.

And just before the officers
His lovynge wyfe came ynne,
Weepynge unfeigned teeres of woe,
Wythe loude and dysmalle dynne.

LVI.

"Sweet Florence! nowe I praie forbere,
Ynne quiet lett mee die;
Praie Godde, thatt ev'ry Christian soule
Maye looke onne dethe as I.

LVII.

"Sweet Florence! why these brinie teeres?
Theye washe my soule awaie,
And almost make mee wyshe for lyfe,
Wythe thee, sweete dame, to staie.

LVIII.

"'Tys butt a journie I shalle goe
Untoe the lande of blysse;
Nowe, as a proofe of husbande's love,
Receive thys holie kysse."

LIX.

Thenne Florence, fault'ring ynne her saie,
Tremblynge these wordyes spoke,
"Ah, cruele Edwarde! bloudie kynge!
My herte ys welle nyghe broke:

LX.

"Ah, sweete Syr Charles! why wylt thou goe,
Wythoute thye lovynge wyfe!
The cruelle axe thatt cuttes thye necke,
Ytte eke shall ende mye lyfe."

LXI.

And nowe the officers came ynne
To brynge Syr Charles awaie,
Whoe turnedd toe hys lovynge wyfe,
And thus to her dydd saie:

LXII.

"I goe to lyfe, and nott to dethe;
Truste thou ynne Godde above,
And teache thye sonnes to feare the Lorde,
And ynne theyre hertes hym love:

LXIII.

"Teache them to runne the nobile race
Thatt I theyre fader runne:
Florence! shou'd dethe thee take — adieu!
Yee officers, leade onne."

LXIV.

Thenne Florence rav'd as anie madde,
And dydd her tresses tere;
"Oh! staie, mye husbande! lorde! and lyfe!"—
Syr Charles thenne dropt a teare.

LXV.

'Tyll tyredd oute wythe ravynge loud,
Shee fellen onne the flore;
Syr Charles exerted alle hys myghte,
And march'd fromme oute the dore.

LXVI.

Uponne a sledde hee mounted thenne,
Wythe lookes fulle brave and swete;
Lookes, thatt enshone ne more concern
Thanne anie ynne the strete.

LXVII.

Before hym went the council-menne,
Ynne scarlett robes and golde,
And tassils spanglynge ynne the sunne,
Muche glorious to beholde:

LXVIII.

The Freers of Seincte Augustyne next
Appeared to the syghte,
Alle cladd ynne homelie russett weedes,
Of godlie monkysh plyghte:

LXIX.

Ynne diffraunt partes a godlie psaume
Moste sweetlie theye dydd chaunt;
Behynde theyre backes syx mynstrelles came,
Who tun'd the strunge bataunt.

LXX.

Thenne fyve-and-twentye archers came;
Echone the bowe dydd bende,
From rescue of kynge Henrie's friends
Syr Charles forr to defend.

LXXI.

Bolde as a lyon came Syr Charles,
Drawne onne a clothe-layde sledde,
Bye two blacke stedes ynne trappynges white,
Wyth plumes uponne theyre hedde:

LXXII.

Behynde hym fyve-and-twentye moe
Of archers stronge and stoute,
Wyth bended bowe echone ynne hande,
Marched ynne goodlie route:

LXXIII.

Seincte Jameses Freers marched nèxt,
Echone hys parte dydd chaunt;
Behynde theyre backes syx mynstrelles came,
Who tun'd the strunge bataunt:

LXXIV.

Thenne came the maior and eldermenne,
Ynne clothe of scarlett deck't;
And theyre attendyng menne echone,
Lyke Easterne princes trickt

LXXV.

And after them, a multitude
Of citizenns dydd thronge;
The wyndowes were alle fulle of heddes,
As hee dydd passe alonge.

LXXVI.

And whenne hee came to the hyghe crosse,
Syr Charles dydd turne and saie,
"O Thou, thatt savest manne fromme synne,
Washe mye soule clean thys daie!"

LXXVII.

At the grete mynsterr wyndowe sat
The kynge ynne myckle state,
To see Charles Bawdin goe alonge
To hys most welcom fate.

LXXVIII.

Soone as the sledde drewe nyghe enowe,
Thatt Edwarde hee myghte heare,
The brave Syr Charles hee dydd stande uppe,
And thus hys wordes declare:

LXXIX.

"Thou seest mee, Edwarde! traytour vile!
Expos'd to infamie;
Butt bee assur'd, disloyall manne!
I 'm greaterr nowe thanne thee.

LXXX.

"Bye foule proceedyngs, murdre, bloude,
Thou wearest nowe a crowne;
And hast appoynted mee to dye,
By power nott thyne owne.

LXXXI.

"Thou thynkest I shall dye to-daie;
I have bëene dede 'till nowe,
And soone shall lyve to weare a crowne
For aie uponne my browe;

LXXXII.

"Whylst thou, perhapps, for som few yeares,
Shalt rule thys fickle lande,
To lett them knowe howe wyde the rule
'Twixt kynge and tyrant hande:

LXXXIII.

"Thye pow'r unjust, thou traytour slave!
Shall falle onne thye owne hedde"—
Fromme out of hearyng of the kynge
Departed thenne the sledde.

LXXXIV.

Kynge Edwarde's soule rush'd to hys face,
Hee turn'd hys hedde awaie,
And to hys broder Gloucester
Hee thus dydd speke and saie:

LXXXV.

"To hym that soe-much-dreaded dethe
Ne ghastlie terrors brynge,
Beholde the manne! hee spake the truthe,
Hee's greater thanne a kynge!"

LXXXVI.

"Soe lett hym die!" Duke Richard sayde;
"And maye echone oure foes
Bende downe theyre neckes to bloudie axe,
And feede the carryon crowes."

LXXXVII.

And nowe the horses gentlie drewe
Syr Charles uppe the hyghe hylle;
The axe dydd glysterr ynne the sunne,
Hys pretious bloude to spylle.

LXXXVIII.

Syr Charles dydd uppe the scaffold goe,
As uppe a gilded carre
Of victorye, bye val'rous chiefs
Gayn'd ynne the bloudie warre:

LXXXIX.

And to the people hee dydd saie,
"Beholde you see mee dye,
For servynge loyally mye kynge,
Mye kynge most rightfullie.

XC.

"As long as Edwarde rules thys lande,
Ne quiet you wylle knowe;
Youre sonnes and husbandes shalle bee slayne,
And brookes wythe bloude shalle flowe.

XCI.

"You leave youre goode and lawfulle kynge,
Whenne ynne adversitye;
Lyke mee, untoe the true cause stycke,
And for the true cause dye."

XCII.

Thenne hee, wyth preestes, uponne hys knees,
A pray'r to Godde dydd make,
Beseechynge hym unto hymselfe
Hys partynge soule to take.

XCIII.

Thenne, kneelynge downe, hee layde hys hedde
Most seemlie onne the blocke;
Whyche fromme hys bodie fayre at once
The able heddes-manne stroke;

XCIV.

And oute the bloude beganne to flowe,
And rounde the scaffolde twyne;
And teares, enowe to washe't awaie,
Dydd flow fromme each mann's eyne.

XCV.

The bloudie axe hys bodie fayre
Ynnto foure parties cutte;
And ev'rye parte, and eke hys hedde,
Uponne a pole was putte.

XCVI.

One parte dydd rotte onne Kynwulph-hylle,
  One onne the mynster-tower,
And one from off the castle-gate
  The crowen dydd devoure;

XCVII.

The other onne Seyncte Powle's goode gate,
  A dreery spectacle;
Hys hedde was plac'd onne the hyghe crosse,
  Ynne hyghe-streete most nobile.

XCVIII.

Thus was the ende of Bawdin's fate:
  Godde prosper longe oure kynge,
And grante hee maye, wyth Bawdin's soule,
  Ynne heav'n Godd's mercie synge!

ÆLLA,

A

TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE,

OR

DISCOORSEYNGE TRAGEDIE,

WROTENN BIE

THOMAS ROWLEIE;

PLAIEDD BEFORE

MASTRE CANYNGE,

ATTE HYS HOWSE NEMPTE THE RODDE LODGE;

ALSOE BEFORE THE DUKE OF NORFOLCK,

JOHAN HOWARD.

EPISTLE TO MASTRE CANYNGE ON ÆLLA.

I.

'Tys songe bie mynstrelles, thatte yn auntyent tym,
Whan Reasonn hylt herselfe in cloudes of nyghte,
The preeste delyvered alle the lege yn rhym;
Lyche peyncted tyltynge-speares to please the syghte,
The whych yn yttes felle use doe make moke dere,
Syke dyd theire auncyante lee deftlie delyghte the eare.

II.

Perchaunce yn Vyrtues gare rhym mote bee thenne,
Butte efte nowe flyeth to the odher syde;
In hallie preeste apperes the ribaudes penne,
Inne lithie moncke apperes the barronnes pryde:
But rhym wythe somme, as nedere widhout teethe,
Make pleasaunce to the sense, botte maie do lytte scathe.

III.

Syr Johne, a knyghte, who hath a barne of lore,
Kenns Latyn att fyrst syghte from Frenche or Greke;
Pyghtethe hys knowlachynge ten yeres or more,
To rynge upon the Latynne worde to speke.
Whoever spekethe the Englysch ys despysed,
The Englysch hym to please moste fiyrste be latynized.

IV.

Vevyan a moncke, a good requiem synges;
Can preache so wele, eche hynde hys meneynge knowes;
Albeytte these gode guyfts awaie he flynges,
Beeynge as badde yn vearse as goode yn prose.
Hee synges of seynctes who dyed for yer Godde,
Everych wynter nyghte afresche he sheddes theyr blodde.

V.

To maydens, huswyfes, and unlored dames,
Hee redes hys tales of merryment and woe.
Loughe loudlie dynneth from the dolte adrames;
He swelles on laudes of fooles, tho' kennes hem soe,
Sommetyme at tragedie theie laughe and synge,
At merrie yaped fage somme hard-drayned water brynge.

VI.

Yette Vevyan ys ne foole, beyinde hys lynes.
Geofroie makes vearse, as handycraftes theyr ware;
Wordes wythoute sense full groffyngelye he twynes,
Cotteynge hys storie off as wythe a sheere;
Waytes[1] monthes on nothynge, and hys storie donne,
Ne moe you from ytte kenn, than gyf you neere begonne.

VII.

Enowe of odhers; of mieselfe to write,
Requyrynge whatt I doe notte nowe possess,
To you I leave the taske; I kenne your myghte
Wyll make mie faultes, mie meynte of faultes, be less.
Ælla wythe thys I sende, and hope that you
Wylle from ytte cast awaie, whatte lynes maie be untrue.

VIII.

Playes made from hallie tales I holde unmeete;
Lette somme greate storie of a manne be songe;
Whanne, as a manne, we Godde and Jesus treate,

[1] Qu. 'waystes?'

In mie pore mynde, we do the Godhedde wronge.
Botte lette ne wordes, whyche droorie mote ne heare,
Bee placed yn the same. Adieu untylle anere.

THOMAS ROWLEIE.

LETTER TO THE DYGNE MASTRE CANYNGE.[1]

I.

STRAUNGE dome ytte ys, that, yn these daies of oures,
Nete butte a bare recytalle can hav place;
Nowe shapelie poesie hath loste yttes powers,
And pynant hystorie ys onlie grace;
Heie pycke up wolsome weedes, ynstedde of flowers,
And famylies, ynstedde of wytte, theie trace;
Nowe poesie canne meete wythe ne regrate,
Whylste prose, and herehaughtrie, ryse yn estate.

[1] There can be no doubt concerning the existence of Master Canynge, since it is attested by such a number of contemporary historians, and his remains lie interred in the church of which he was the founder. He was the younger son of a citizen of Bristol, and in his youth afforded early prognostics of wisdom and ability. He was a handsome person, and married for love without a fortune. Of his native city he was mayor five times; and in the year 1461, when Sir Baldwin Fulford was executed for treason, Canynge pleaded for him in vain. Among the proofs of his munificence there still exist an almshouse or hospital, with a chapel, and the beautiful church of St. Mary Redcliffe, in Bristol.—DR. GREGORY.

II.

Lette kynges, and rulers, whan heie gayne a throne,
Shew whatt theyre grandsieres, and great grandsieres bore,
Emarschalled armes, yatte, ne before theyre owne,
Now raung'd wythe whatt yeir fadres han before:
Lette trades, and toune folck, lett syke thynges alone,
Ne fyghte for sable yn a fielde of aure;
Seldomm, or never, are armes vyrtues mede,
Shee nillynge to take myckle aie dothe hede.

III.

A man ascaunse uponn a piece maye looke,
And shake hys hedde to styre hys rede aboute;
Quod he, gyf I askaunted oere thys booke,
Schulde fynde thereyn that trouthe ys left wythoute;
Eke, gyf unto a view percase I tooke
The long beade-rolle of al the wrytynge route,
Asserius, Ingolphus, Torgotte, Bedde,
Thorow hem al nete lyche ytte I coulde rede.—

IV.

Pardon, yee Graiebarbes, gyff I saie, onwise
Yee are to stycke so close and bysmarelie
To hystorie; you doe ytte tooe moche pryze,

Whyche amenused thoughtes of poesie;
Somme drybblette share you shoulde to yatte alyse,
Nott makynge everyche thynge bee hystorie;
Instedde of mountynge onn a wynged horse,
You onn a rouncy dryve ynn dolefull course.

V.

Canynge and I from common course dyssente;
Wee ryde the stede, botte yev to hym the reene;
Ne wylle betweene crased molterynge bookes bepente,
Botte soare on hyghe, and yn the sonne-bemes sheene;
And where wee kenn somme ishad floures besprente,
We take ytte, and from oulde rouste doe ytte clene;
Wee wylle ne cheynedd to one pasture bee,
Botte sometymes soare 'bove trouthe of hystorie.

VI.

Saie, Canynge, whatt was vearse yn daies of yore?
Fyne thoughtes, and couplettes fetyvelie bewryen,
Notte syke as doe annoie thys age so sore,
A keppened poyntelle restynge at eche lyne.
Vearse maie be goode, botte poesie wantes more,
An onlist lecturn, and a songe adygne;
Accordynge to the rule I have thys wroughte,
Gyff ytt please Canynge, I care notte a groate.

VII.

The thynge ytts moste bee yttes owne defense;
Som metre maie notte please a womannes ear.
Canynge lookes notte for poesie, botte sense;
And dygne, and wordie thoughtes, ys all hys care.
Canynge, adieu! I do you greete from hence;
Full soone I hope to taste of your good cheere:
Goode Byshoppe Carpynter dyd byd mee saie,
He wysche you healthe and selinesse for aie.

T. Rowleie.

ENTRODUCTIONNE.

I

Somme cherisaunei[1] 'tys to gentle mynde,
Whan theie have chevyced theyre londe from bayne,
Whan theie ar dedd, theie leave yer name behynde,
And theyre goode deedes doe on the earthe remayne;
Downe yn the grave wee ynhyme everych steyne,
Whylest al her gentlenesse ys made to sheene,
Lyche fetyve baubels geasonne to be seene.

II.

Ælla, the wardenne of thys castell stede,
Whylest Saxons dyd the Englysche sceptre swaie,
Who made whole troopes of Dacyan men to blede,
Then seel'd hys eyne, and seeled hys eyne for aie,
Wee rowze hym uppe before the judgment daie,
To saie what he, as clergyond, can kenne,
And howe hee sojourned in the vale of men.

[1] 'Comfort.' Chatterton. — The proper word is 'cherisaunce.' But in Kersey's Dictionary, a book which is known to have been frequently in the hands of Chatterton, through some error of the printer, it is spelt as we have it in the text. This is by no means the only instance in which Chatterton, in searching for obsolete words, has ignorantly copied the mistakes of his authorities.

ÆLLA.

PERSONNES REPRESENTEDD.

Ælla,	bie Thomas Rowleie, Preeste, the Aucthoure.
Celmonde,	Johan Iscamm, Preeste.
Hurra,	Syrr Thybbotte Gorges, Knyghte.
Birtha,	Mastre Edwarde Canynge.

Odherr Parties bie Knyghtes, Mynstrelles, &c.

CELMONDE, (*att Bristowe.*)

Before yonne roddie sonne has droove his wayne
Throwe half his joornie, dyghte yn gites of goulde,
Mee, happeless me, hee wylle a wretche behoulde,
Mieselfe, and al that's myne, bounde ynne myschaunces chayne.
Ah! Birtha, whie did Nature frame thee fayre?
Whie art thou all thatt poyntelle canne bewreene?
Whie art thou nott as coarse as odhers are? —
Botte thenn thie soughle woulde throwe thy vysage sheene,
Yatt shemres on thie comelie semlykeene,

Lyche nottebrowne cloudes, whann bie the sonne
made redde,
Orr scarlette, wyth waylde lynnen clothe
ywreene,
Syke would thie spryte upponn thie vysage
spredde.
Thys daie brave Ælla dothe thyne honde and
harte
Clayme as hys owne to be, whyche nee fromm hys
moste parte.
And cann I lyve to see herr wythe anere!
Ytt cannotte, muste notte, naie, ytt shalle not
bee.
Thys nyghte I'll putte stronge poysonn ynn the
beere,
And hymm, herr, and myselfe, attenes wyll
slea.
Assyst mee, Helle! lett Devylles rounde mee
tende,
To slea mieselfe, mie love, and eke mie doughtie
friende.

ÆLLA, BIRTHA.

ÆLLA.

Notte, whanne the hallie prieste dyd make me
knyghte,
Blessynge the weaponne, tellynge future dede,
Howe bie mie honde the prevyd Dane shoulde
blede,

Howe I schulde often bee, and often wynne, ynn fyghte ;
Notte, whann I fyrste behelde thie beauteous hue,
Whyche strooke mie mynde, and rouzed my softer soule ;
Nott, whann from the barbed horse yn fyghte dyd viewe
The flying Dacians oere the wyde playne roule,
Whan all the troopes of Denmarque made grete dole,
Dydd I fele joie wyth syke reddoure as nowe,
Whann hallie preest, the lechemanne of the soule,
Dydd knytte us both ynn a caytysnede[1] vowe :
Now hallie Ælla's selynesse ys grate ;
Shap[2] haveth nowe ymade hys woes for to emmate.

1 'Caytysnede,' properly a participle, and not an adjective, as it is here used by Chatterton.

In Chaucer's translation of Boethius, we find it in the sense of 'separated by imprisonment;' or, if derived, as Skinner thinks, from the Latin *catenatus*, 'chained,' 'tied up.' "Thus witlesse, thoughtfull, sightlesse lokynge, I endure my penaunce in this derke prisonne *caitisned* fro frendshippe and acquaintaunce." In line 1103 of this tragedy, we find it again in the sense of 'being taken captive.' Its signification in Bailey (Chatterton's probable authority) is 'chained,' 'bound with chains.' His own interpretation of the word in the passage before us is 'enforcing.' 'Caytysnede vowe,' a vow that may not be broken.

2 'Shap,' fate. Bailey and Kersey; not found in Chaucer, or other old writers. In the translation of the Æneid, by

BIRTHA.

Mie lorde, and husbande, syke a joie is myne ;
Botte mayden modestie moste ne soe saie,
Albeytte thou mayest rede ytt ynn myne eyne,
Or ynn myne harte, where thou shalte be for aie ;
Inne sothe, I have botte needed oute thie faie ;
For twelve tymes twelve the mone hath bin yblente,
As manie tymes hathe vyed the Godde of daie,
And on the grasse her lemes of sylverr sente,
Sythe thou dydst cheese mee for thie swote to bee,
Enactynge ynn the same moste faiefullie to mee.

Ofte have I seene thee atte the none-daie feaste,
Whanne deysde bie thieselfe, for wante of pheeres,
Awhylst thie merryemen dydde laughe and jeaste,
Onn mee thou semest all eyne, to mee all eares.
Thou wardest mee as gyff ynn hondred feeres,
Alest a daygnous looke to thee be sente,
And offrendes made mee, moe thann yie compheeres,

Gawin Douglas, 'fate' is rendered by 'werdis schap,' where it does not signify 'fate,' but the shaping or disposition of the fates. Kersey, who is often a blunderer, in his misapprehension of Skinner, affixed to it the meaning of 'fate,' 'destiny,' and this error was copied by Chatterton.

Offe scarpes of scarlette, and fyne paramente;
All thie yntente to please was lyssed to mee,
I saie ytt, I moste streve thatt you ameded bee.

ÆLLA.

Mie lyttel kyndnesses whyche I dydd doe,
Thie gentleness doth corven them soe grete,
Lyche bawsyn olyphauntes mie gnattes doe shewe;
Thou doest mie thoughtes of paying love amate.
Botte hann mie actyonns straughte the rolle of fate,
Pyghte thee fromm hell, or brought heaven down to thee,
Layde the whol worlde a falldstole atte thie feete,
One smyle would be suffycyll mede for mee.
I amm loves borro'r, and canne never paie,
Bott be hys borrower stylle, and thyne, mie swete, for aie.

BIRTHA.

Love, doe notte rate your achevments soe smalle;
As I to you, syke love untoe mee beare;
For nothynge paste will Birtha ever call,
Ne on a foode from heaven thynke to cheere.
As farr as thys frayle brutylle flesch wylle spere,

Syke, and ne fardher I expecte of you;
Be notte toe slack in love, ne overdeare;
A smalle fyre, yan a loud flame, proves more
true.

ÆLLA.

Thie gentle wordis toe thie volunde kenne
To bee moe clergionde thann ys ynn meyncte of
menne.

ÆLLA, BIRTHA, CELMONDE, MYNSTRELLES.

CELMONDE.

Alle blessynges showre on gentle Ælla's hedde!
Oft maie the moone, yn sylverr sheenynge
lyghte,
Inne varied chaunges varyed blessynges shedde,
Besprengeynge far abrode mischaunces nyghte;
And thou, fayre Birtha! thou, fayre dame, so
bryghte,
Long mayest thou wyth Ælla fynde muche
peace,
Wythe selynesse as wyth a roabe, be dyghte,
Wyth everych chaungynge mone new joies en-
crease!
I, as a token of mie love to speake,
Have brought you jubbes of ale, at nyghte youre
brayne to breake.

ÆLLA.

Whan sopperes paste we 'lle drenche youre ale
soe stronge,
Tyde lyfe, tyde death.

CELMONDE.

Ye mynstrelles, chaunt your songe!

Mynstrelles Songe, bie a Manne and Womanne.

MANNE.

Tourne thee to thie Shepsterr swayne;
Bryghte sonne has ne droncke the dewe
From the floures of yellowe hue;
Tourne thee, Alyce, backe agayne.

WOMANNE.

No, bestoikerre I wylle go,
Softlie tryppynge o'ere the mees,
Lyche the sylver-footed doe,
Seekeynge shelterr yn grene trees.

MANNE.

See the moss-growne daisey'd banke,
Pereynge ynne the streme belowe;
Here we'lle sytte, yn dewie danke;
Tourne thee, Alyce, do notte goe.

WOMANNE.

I've hearde erste mie grandame saie,
Yonge damoyselles schulde ne bee,
Inne the swotie moonthe of Maie,
Wythe yonge menne bie the grene wode tree.

MANNE.

Sytte thee, Alyce, sytte, and harke,
Howe the ouzle chauntes hys noate,
The chelandree, greie morn larke,
Chauntynge from theyre lyttel throate.

WOMANNE.

I heare them from eche grene wode tree,
Chauntynge owte so blatauntlie,
Tellynge lecturnyes to mee,
Myscheefe ys whanne you are nygh.

MANNE.

See alonge the mees so grene
Pied daisies, kynge-coppes swote;
Alle wee see, bie non bee seene,
Nete botte shepe settes here a fote.

WOMANNE.

Shepster swayne, you tare mie gratche,
Oute uponne ye! lette me goe.
Leave mee swythe, or I'lle alatche.
Robynne, thys youre dame shall knowe.

MANNE.

See! the crokynge brionie
Rounde the popler twyste hys spraie;
Rounde the oake the greene ivie
Florryschethe and lyveth aie.

Lette us seate us bie thys tree,
Laughe, and synge to lovynge ayres;
Comme, and doe notte coyen bee;
Nature made all thynges bie payres.
Drooried cattes wylle after kynde;
Gentle doves wylle kyss and coe.

WOMANNE.

Botte manne, hee moste bee ywrynde,
Tylle syr preeste make one of two.
Tempte mee ne to the foule thynge;
I wylle no mannes lemanne be;
Tyll syr preeste hys songe doethe synge;
Thou shalt neere fynde aught of mee.

MANNE.

Bie oure ladie her yborne,
To-morrowe, soone as ytte ys daie,
I'll make thee wyfe, ne bee forsworne,
So tyde me lyfe or dethe for aie.

WOMANNE.

Whatt dothe lette, botte thatte nowe
Wee attenes, thos honde yn honde,

Unto divinistre goe,
And bee lyncked yn wedlocke bonde?

MANNE.

I agree, and thus I plyghte
Honde, and harte, and all that's myne;
Goode syr Rogerr, do us ryghte,
Make us one, at Cothbertes shryne.

BOTHE.

Wee wylle ynn a bordelle lyve,
Hailie, thoughe of no estate;
Everyche clocke moe love shall gyve;
Wee ynn godenesse wylle bee greate.

ÆLLA.

I lyche thys songe, I lyche ytt myckle well;
And there ys monie for yer syngeyne nowe;
Butte have you noone thatt marriage-blessynges telle?

CELMONDE.

In marriage, blessynges are botte fewe, I trowe.

MYNSTRELLES.

Laverde, we have; and, gyff you please, wille synge,
As well as owre choughe-voyces wylle permytte.

ÆLLA.

Comme then, and see you swotelie tune the strynge,
And stret, and engyne all the human wytte,
Toe please mie dame.

MYNSTRELLES.

We'lle strayne owre wytte and synge.

Mynstrelles Songe.

FYRSTE MYNSTRELLE.

The boddynge flourettes bloshes atte the lyghte;
The mees be sprenged wyth the yellowe hue;
Ynn daiseyd mantels ys the mountayne dyghte;
The nesh yonge coweslepe bendethe wyth the dewe;
The trees enlefed, yntoe heavenne straughte,
Whenn gentle wyndes doe blowe, to whestlyng dynne ys broughte.

The evenynge commes, and brynges the dewe alonge;
The roddie welkynne sheeneth to the eyne;
Arounde the alestake mynstrelles synge the songe;
Yonge ivie rounde the doore poste do entwyne;
I laie mee onn the grasse; yette, to mie wylle,
Albeytte alle ys fayre, there lackethe somethynge stylle.

SECONDE MYNSTRELLE.

So Adam thoughtenne, whann, ynn Paradyse,
All heavenn and erthe dyd hommage to hys mynde;
Ynn womman alleyne mannes pleasaunce lyes;
As instrumentes of joie were made the kynde.
Go, take a wyfe untoe thie armes, and see
Wynter, and brownie hylles, wyll have a charme for thee.

THYRDE MYNSTRELLE.

Whanne Autumpne blake and sonne-brente doe appere,
Wyth hys goulde honde guylteynge the fall-eynge lefe,
Bryngeynge oppe Wynterr to folfylle the yere,
Beerynge uponne hys backe the riped shefe;
Whan al the hyls wythe woddie sede ys whyte;
Whanne levynne-fyres and lemes do mete from far the syghte;

Whann the fayre apple, rudde as even skie,
Do bende the tree unto the fructyle grounde;
When joicie peres, and berries of blacke die,
Doe daunce yn ayre, and call the eyne arounde;
Thann, bee the even foule, or even fayre,
Meethynckes mie hartys joie ys steynced wyth somme care.

SECONDE MYNSTRELLE.

Angelles bee wrogte to bee of neidher kynde;
Angelles alleyne fromme chafe desyre bee free:
Dheere ys a somwhatte evere yn the mynde,
Yatte, wythout wommanne, cannot stylled bee;
Ne seyncte yn celles, botte, havynge blodde and tere,
Do fynde the spryte to joie on syghte of wommanne fayre:

Wommen bee made, notte for hemselves botte manne,
Bone of hys bone, and chyld of hys desire;
Fromme an ynutylle membere fyrste beganne,
Ywroghte with moche of water, lyttele fyre;
Therefore theie seke the fyre of love, to hete
The milkyness of kynde, and make hemselves complete.

Albeytte, wythout wommen, menne were pheeres
To salvage kynde, and wulde botte lyve to slea,
Botte wommenne efte the spryghte of peace so cheres,
Tochelod yn Angel joie heie Angeles bee;
Go, take thee swythyn to thie bedde a wyfe,
Bee bante or blessed hie yn proovynge marryage lyfe.

Anodher Mynstrelles Songe bie Syr Thybbot Gorges.

As Elynour bie the green lesselle was syttynge,
As from the sones hete she harried,
She sayde, as herr whytte hondes whyte hosen was knyttynge,
Whatte pleasure ytt ys to be married![1]

[1] From the sublime irregularity of the Pindaric and the stately solemnity of the Rithme royal, our author sometimes descends to sport in lighter strains. The desultory genius of Rowley disdained the dull identity, not only of a beaten, but of a common track.

In the 'Tragedy of Ella,' we have an ode, of which this is one of the stanzas:—

"Mie husbande, lorde Thomas, a forrester boulde,
As every clove pynne, or the baskette,
Does no cherysauncys from Elynoure houlde,
I have ytte as soon as I aske ytte."

In Durfey's 'Pills to purge Melancholy,' or some other book of Pills for the same salutary purpose, I remember an old Somersetshire ballad, yet certainly not older than the latter end of the last century, which exhibits, I believe for the first time, the same structure of stanza.

"Go find out the vicar of Taunton Dean,
And he'll tell you the banns they were asked,
A thumping fat capon he had for his pains,
And I skewer'd her up in a basket."

The old Chaucerian word 'cherisauncey,' in Chatterton's stanza, never danced so gayly before. But it is not so much to the movement, as to the double rhymes, that I here object.

There are, I confess, some double rhymes in Chaucer's 'Romant of the Rose,' but they are accidental, and they were suggested by correspondent French words and couplets in the French original. In our present instance, the double

Mie husbande, Lorde Thomas, a forrester boulde,
As ever clove pynne, or the baskette,
Does no cherysauncys from Elynour houlde,
I have ytte as soone as I aske ytte.

Whann I lyved wyth my fadre yn merrie Clouddell,
Tho' twas at my liefe to mynde spynnynge,
I stylle wanted somethynge, botte whatte ne coulde telle,
Mie lorde fadres barbde [1] haulle han ne wynnynge.

Eche mornynge I ryse, doe I sette mie maydennes,
Somme to spynn, somme to curdell, somme bleachynge,
Gyff any new entered doe aske for mie aidens,
Thann swythynne you fynde mee a teachynge.

rhyme is constitutive of a peculiar conformation of stanza, of which it is one of the essential properties. An ode was to be written with a regular and imposed return of this duplication. To say nothing in the mean time, that Chatterton took, perhaps imperceptibly, the two words here employed for double rhymes, from the ballad I have cited. The double rhyme is now adapted to the comic and familiar style; and the unexpected consonancy often gives an air of burlesque. Not one example occurs in Chaucer's burlesque poem of Sir Thopas. Nor was it scarcely ever used under any circumstances by the elder poets, except in translation.—WARTON.

[1] The word 'barbde' is peculiarly appropriated to horses, and therefore misapplied here.—SOUTHEY. Its meaning in the text is, "Hung with armour."

Lorde Walterre, mie fadre, he loved me welle,
And nothynge unto mee was nedeynge,
Botte schulde I agen goe to merrie Cloud-dell,
In sothen twouldè bee wythoute redeynge.

Shee sayde, and lorde Thomas came over the lea,
As hee the fatte derkynnes was chacynge,
Shee putte uppe her knyttynge, and to hym wente shee;
So wee leave hem bothe kyndelie embracynge.

ÆLLA.

I lyche eke thys; goe ynn untoe the feaste;
Wee wylle permytte you antecedente bee;
There swotelie synge eche carolle, and yaped jeaste;
And there ys monnie, that you merrie bee;
Comme, gentle love, wee wylle toe spouse-feaste goe,
And there ynn ale and wyne bee dreyncted everych woe.

ÆLLA, BIRTHA, CELMONDE, MESSENGERE.

MESSENGERE.

Ælla, the Danes ar thondrynge onn our coaste;
Lyche scolles of locusts, caste oppe bie the sea,
Magnus and Hurra, wythe a doughtie hoaste,
Are ragyng, to be quansed bie none botte thee;

Haste, swyfte as Levynne to these royners flee:
Thie dogges alleyne can tame thys ragynge bulle.
Haste swythyn, fore anieghe the towne theie bee,
And Wedecesterres rolle of dome bee fulle.
Haste, haste, O Ælla, to the byker flie,
For yn a momentes space tenne thousand menne maie die.

ÆLLA.

Beshrew thee for thie newes! I moste be gon,
Was ever lockless dome so hard as myne!
Thos from dysportysmente to warr to ron,
To chaunge the selke veste for the gaberdyne!

BIRTHA.

O! lyche a nedere, lette me rounde thee twyne,
And hylte thie boddie from the schaftes of warre.
Thou shalte nott, must not, from thie Birtha ryne,
Botte kenn the dynne of slughornes from afarre.

ÆLLA.

O love, was thys thie joie, to shewe the treate,
Than groffyshe to forbydde thie hongered guestes to eate?
O mie upswalynge harte, whatt wordes can saie

The peynes, thatte passethe ynn mie soule ybrente?
Thos to bee torne uponne mie spousalle daie,
O! 'tys a peyne beyond entendemente.
Yee mychtie Goddes, and is yor favoures sente
As thous faste dented to a loade of peyne?
Moste wee aie holde yn chace the shade content,
And for a bodykyn a swarthe obteyne?
O! whie, yee seynctes, oppress yee thos mie sowle?
How shalle I speke mie woe, mie freme, mie dreerie dole?

CELMONDE.

Sometyme the wyseste lacketh pore mans rede.
Reasonne and counynge wytte efte flees awaie.
Thanne, loverde lett me saie, wyth hommaged drede,
(Bienth your fote ylayn) mie counselle saie;
Gyff thos wee lett the matter lethlen laie,
The foemenn, everych honde-poyncte, getteth fote.
Mie loverde, lett the speere-menne, dyghte for fraie,
And all the sabbataners goe aboute.
I speke, mie loverde, alleyne to upryse
Youre wytte from marvelle, and the warriour to alyse.

ÆLLA.

Ah! nowe thou pottest takells yn mie harte;
Mie soulghe dothe nowe begynne to see herselle;
I wylle upryse mie myghte, and doe mie parte,
To slea the foemenne yn mie furie felle.
Botte howe canne tynge mie rampynge fourie telle,
Whyche ryseth from mie love to Birtha fayre?
Ne coulde the queede, and alle the myghte of Helle,
Founde out impleasaunce of syke blacke ageare.
Yette I wylle bee mieselfe, and rouze mie spryte
To acte wythe rennome, and goe meet the bloddie fyghte.

BIRTHA.

No, thou schalte never leave thie Birtha's syde;
Ne schall the wynde uponne us blowe alleyne;
I, lyche a nedre, wylle untoe thee byde;
Tyde lyfe, tyde deathe, ytte shall behoulde us twayne.
I have mie parte of dreerie dole and peyne;
Itte brasteth from mee atte the holtred eyne;
Ynne tydes of teares mie swarthynge spryte wyll drayne,
Gyff drerie dole ys thyne, tys twa tymes myne.
Goe notte, O Ælla; wythe thie Birtha staie;
For wyth thie semmlykeed mie spryte wyll goe awaie.

ÆLLA.

O! tys for thee, for thee alleyne I fele;
Yett I muste bee mieselfe; with valoures gear
I'lle dyghte mie hearte, and notte mie lymbes yn stele,
And shake the bloddie swerde and steyned spere.[1]

BIRTHA.

Can Ælla from hys breaste hys Birtha teare?
Is shee so rou and ugsomme to hys syghte?

[1] These poems exhibit, both in the connection of words and sentences, a facility of combination, a quickness of transition, a rapidity of apostrophe, a frequent variation of form and phrase, and a firmness of contexture, which must have been the result of a long establishment of the arts and habits of writing. The versification is equally vigorous and harmonious, and is formed on a general elegance and stability of expression. It is remarkable, that whole stanzas sparkle with that brilliancy, which did not appear in our poetry till towards the middle of the present century. The lines have all the tricks and trappings, all the sophistications of poetical style, belonging to those models which were popular when Chatterton began to write verses.

Our old English poets are minute and particular. They do not deal in abstraction and general exhibition, the effects of affectation and a restless pursuit of novelty. They dwell on realities. Even in the course of narration or description, where poets of the fourteenth or fifteenth centuries would have used the literal expression, and represented the subject by the mention of natural circumstances, the writer of these pieces adopts ideal terms and artificial modes of telling a fact, and too frequently falls into metaphor, metaphysical imagery, and incidental personification.—WARTON.

Entrykeynge wyght! ys leathall warre so deare?
Thou pryzest mee belowe the joies of fyghte.
Thou scalte notte leave mee, albeytte the erthe
Hong pendaunte bie thie swerde, and craved for thy morthe.

ÆLLA.

Dyddest thou kenne howe mie woes, as starres ybrente,
Headed bie these thie wordes doe onn mee falle,
Thou woulde stryve to gyve mie harte contente,
Wakyng mie slepynge mynde to honnoures calle.
Of selynesse I pryze thee moe yan all
Heaven can mee sende, or counynge wytt acquyre,
Yette I wylle leave thee, onne the foe to falle,
Retournynge to thie eyne with double fyre.

BIRTHA.

Moste Birtha boon requeste and bee denyd?
Receyve attenes[1] a darte yn selynesse and pryde?
Doe staie, att leaste tylle morrowes sonne apperes.

[1] At once. Bailey, Kersey, and Speght, who evidently copied it from one another. "I very much suspect that the word *attenes* stands upon no better authority than a misprint in Chaucer, C. T. ver. 4072."—TYRWHITT.

ÆLLA.

Thou kenneste welle the Dacyannes myttee powere;
Wythe them a mynnute wurchethe bane for yeares;
Theie undoe reaulmes wythyn a syngle hower.
Rouze all thie honnoure, Birtha; look attoure
Thie bledeynge countrie, whych for hastie dede
Calls, for the rodeynge of some doughtie power,
To royn yttes royners, make yttes foemenne blede.

BIRTHA.

Rouze all thie love; false and entrykynge wyghte!
Ne leave thie Birtha thos uponne pretence of fyghte.
Thou nedest notte goe, untyll thou haste command
Under the sygnette of oure lord the kynge.

ÆLLA.

And wouldest thou make me then a recreande?
Hollie Seyncte Marie, keepe mee from the thynge!
Heere, Birtha, thou hast potte a double stynge,
One for thie love, anodher for thie mynde.

BIRTHA.

Agylted Ælla, thie abredynge blynge.

'Twas love of thee thatte foule intente ywrynde.[1]
Yette heare mie supplycate, to mee attende,
Hear from mie groted harte the lover and the friende.

Lett Celmonde yn thie armour-brace be dyghte;
And yn thie stead unto the battle goe;
Thie name alleyne wylle putte the Danes to flyghte,
The ayre thatt beares ytt woulde presse downe the foe.

ÆLLA.

Birtha, yn vayne thou wouldste mee recreande doe;
I moste, I wylle, fyghte for mie countries wele,
And leave thee for ytt. Celmonde, sweftlie goe,
Telle mie Brystowans to [be] dyghte yn stele;
Tell hem I scorne to kenne hem from afar,
Botte leave the vyrgyn brydall bedde for bedde of warre.

ÆLLA, BIRTHA.

BIRTHA.

And thou wylt goe: O mie agroted harte!

[1] 'Ywrynde,' revealed, whispered. — The proper word is 'yrowned.' Thus Chaucer, in the *Wife of Bath's Prologue*—

"What rown'st 'ow with our maid?"

for "What rownest (or whisperest) thou?" &c.

ÆLLA.

Mie countrie waites mie marche; I muste awaie;
Albeytte I schulde goe to mete the darte
Of certen dethe, yette here I woulde notte staie.
Botte thos to leave thee, Birtha, dothe asswaie
Moe torturynge peynes yanne canne be sedde bie tyngue.
Yette rouze thie honoure uppe, and wayte the daie,
Whan rounde aboute mee songe of warre heie synge.
O Birtha, strev mie agreeme to accaie,
And joyous see mie armes, dyghte oute ynn warre arraie.

BIRTHA.

Difficile ys the pennaunce, yette I'lle strev
To keepe mie woe behyltren yn mie breaste.
Albeytte nete maye to mee pleasaunce yev,
Lyche thee, I'lle strev to sette mie mynde atte reste.
Yett oh! forgeve, yff I have thee dystreste;
Love, doughtie love, wylle beare no odher swaie.
Juste as I was wythe Ælla to be bleste,
Shappe foullie thos hathe snatched hym awaie.
It was a tene too doughtie to bee borne,
Wydhout an ounde of teares and breaste wyth syghes ytorne.

ÆLLA.

Thie mynde ys now thieselfe; why wylte thou bee
All blanche, al kyngelie, all soe wyse yn mynde,
Alleyne to lett pore wretched Ælla see,
Whatte wondrous bighes he now muste leave behynde?
O Birtha fayre, warde everyche commynge wynde,
On everych wynde I wylle a token sende:
Onn mie longe shielde ycorne thie name thoul't fynde.
Butte here commes Celmonde, wordhie knyghte and friende.

ÆLLA, BIRTHA, CELMONDE *speaking.*

Thie Brystowe knyghtes for thie forth-comynge lynge
Echone athwarte hys backe hys longe warre-shield dothe slynge.

ÆLLA.

Birtha, adieu; but yette I cannotte goe.

BIRTHA.

Lyfe of mie spryte, mie gentle Ælla, staie.
Engyne mee notte wyth syke a dreerie woe.

ÆLLA.

I muste, I wylle ; tys honnoure cals awaie.

BIRTHA.

O mie agroted harte, braste, braste ynn twaie.
Ælla, for honnoure, flyes awaie from mee.

ÆLLA.

Birtha, adieu ; I maie notte here obaie.
I'm flyynge from mieselfe yn flying thee.

BIRTHA.

O Ælla, housband, friend, and loverde staie.
He's gon, he's gone, alass ! percase he's gone for aie.

CELMONDE.

Hope, hallie suster, sweepeynge thro' the skie,
In crowne of goulde, and robe of lillie whyte,
Whyche farre abrode ynne gentle ayre doe flie,
Meetynge from dystaunce the enjoyous syghte,
Albeytte efte thou takest thie hie flyghte
Hecket ynne a myste, and wyth thyne eyne yblente,
Nowe commest thou to mee wythe starrie lyghte ;
Ontoe thie veste the rodde sonne ys adente ;
The Sommer tyde, the month of Maie appere,
Depycte wythe skylledd honde upponn thie wyde aumere.

I from a nete of hopelen am adawed,
Awhaped atte the fetyveness of daie;
Ælla, bie nete moe thann hys myndbruche awed,
Is gone, and I moste followe, toe the fraie.
Celmonde canne ne'er from anie byker staie.
Dothe warre begynne? there's Celmonde yn the place;
Botte whanne the warre ys donne, I'll haste awaie.
The reste from nethe tymes masque must shew yttes face.
I see onnombered joies arounde mee ryse;
Blake stondethe future doome, and joie dothe mee alyse.

O honnoure, honnoure, what ys bie thee hanne?
Hailie the robber and the bordelyer,
Who kens ne thee, or ys to thee bestanne,
And nothynge does thie myckle gastness fere.
Faygne woulde I from mie bosomme all thee tare.
Thou there dysperpellest thie levynne-bronde;
Whylest mie soulgh's forwyned, thou art the gare;
Sleene ys mie comforte bie thie ferie honde;
As somme talle hylle, whann wynds doe shake the ground,
Itte kerveth all abroade, bie brasteynge hyltren wounde.

Honnoure, whatt bee ytte? tys a shadowes shade,
A thynge of wychencref, an idle dreme;
On of the fonnis whych the clerche have made
Menne wydhoute sprytes, and wommen for to fleme,
Knyghtes, who efte kenne the loude dynne of the beme,
Schulde be forgarde to syke enfeeblynge waies,
Make everych acte, alyche theyr soules, be breme,
And for theyre chyvalrie alleyne have prayse.
O thou, whatteer thie name,
Or Zabalus or Queed,
Comme, steel mie sable spryte,
For fremde and dolefulle dede.

MAGNUS, HURRA, *and* HIE PREESTE, *wyth the* ARMIE, *neare* WATCHETTE.

MAGNUS.

Swythe lette the offrendes to the Goddes begynne,
To knowe of hem the issue of the fyghte.
Potte the blodde-steyned sword and pavyes ynne;
Spreade swythyn all arounde the hallie lyghte.

HIE PREESTE *syngeth.**

Yee, who hie yn mokie ayre
Delethe seasonnes foule or fayre,

* The ancient language of these Poems is affected and un-

Yee, who, whanne yee weere agguylte,
The mone yn bloddie gyttelles hylte,
Mooved the starres, and dyd unbynde
Everyche barriere to the wynde:
Whanne the oundynge waves dystreste,
Storven to be overest,
Sockeynge yn the spyre-gyrte towne,
Swolterynge wole natyones downe,
Sendynge dethe, on plagues astrodde,
Moovynge lyke the erthys Godde;
To mee send your heste dyvyne,
Lyghte eletten all myne eyne,
Thatt I maie now undevyse
All the actyonnes of th' empprize,
[*falleth downe and efte rysethe.*
Thus sayethe the Goddes; goe, yssue to the playne;
Forr there shall meynte of mytte menne bee slayne.

natural. Antiquated expressions are ingrafted on present modes of speech. The diction and versification are at perpetual variance. Our author is smooth and mellifluous as Pope and Mason, and yet more obscure and inexplicable than Gower or Chaucer. The conclusion must be that he borrowed his language from glossaries and etymological English lexicons, and not from life or practice. But he borrowed without selection or discernment. He seems to have been persuaded that no other ingredient was necessary for his fiction than old words. He viewed ancient language as all of one age and one district. In dictionaries of old English he saw words detached and separated from their context; these he seized and combined with others, without considering their relative or other accidental significations.—WARTON.

MAGNUS.

Whie, soe there evere was, whanne Magnus foughte.
Efte have I treynted noyance throughe the hoaste,
Athorowe swerdes, alyche the Queed dys-traughte,
Have Magnus pressynge wroghte hys foemen loaste,
As whanne a tempeste vexethe soare the coaste,
The dyngeynge ounde the sandeie stronde doe tare.
So dyd I inne the warre the javlynne toste,
Full meynte a champyonnes breaste received mie spear.
Mie sheelde, lyche sommere morie gronfer droke,
Mie lethalle speere, alyche a levyn-mylted oke.

HURRA.

Thie wordes are greate, full hyghe of sound, and eeke
Lyche thonderre, to the whych dothe comme no rayne.
Itte lacketh notte a doughtie honde to speke;
The cocke saiethe drefte, yett armed ys he alleyne.
Certis thie wordes maie, thou motest have sayne

Of mee, and meynte of moe, who eke canne fyghte,
Who haveth trodden downe the adventayle,
And tore the heaulmes from heades of myckle myghte.
Sythence syke myghte ys placed yn thie honde,
Lette blowes thie actyons speeke, and bie thie corrage stonde.

MAGNUS.

Thou are a warrioure, Hurra, thatte I kenne,
And myckle famed for thie handie dede.
Thou fyghtest anente maydens and ne menne,
Nor aie thou makest armed hartes to blede.
Efte I, caparyson'd on bloddie stede,
Havethe thee seene binethe mee ynn the fyghte,
Wythe corses I investynge everich mede,
And thou aston, and wondrynge at mie myghte.
Thanne wouldest thou comme yn for mie renome,
Albeytte thou wouldst reyne awaie from bloddie dome.

HURRA.

How! butte bee bourne mie rage. I kenne aryghte
Bothe thee and thyne maie ne bee wordhye peene,
Eftsoones I hope wee scalle engage yn fyghte;

Thanne to the souldyers all thou wylte bewreene.
I'll prove mie courage onne the burled greene;
Tys there alleyne I'll telle thee whatte I bee.
Gyf I weelde notte the deadlie sphere adeene,
Thanne lett mie name be fulle as lowe as thee.
Thys mie adented shielde, thys mie warrespeare,
Schalle telle the falleynge foe gyf Hurra's harte can feare.

MAGNUS.

Magnus woulde speke, butte thatte hys noble spryte
Dothe soe enrage, he knowes notte whatte to saie.
He'dde speke yn blowes, yn gottes of blodde he'd wryte,
And on thie heafod peyncte hys myghte for aie.
Gyf thou anent an wolfynnes rage wouldest staie,
'Tys here to meet ytt; botte gyff nott, bee goe;
Lest I in furrie shulde mie armes dysplaie,
Whyche to thie boddie wylle wurche myckle woe.
Oh! I bee madde, dystraughte wyth brendyng rage;
Ne seas of smethynge gore wylle mie chafed harte asswage.

HURRA.

I kenne thee, Magnus, welle; a wyghte thou art
That doest aslee alonge ynn doled dystresse,
Strynge bulle yn boddie, lyoncelle yn harte,
I almost wysche thie prowes were made lesse.
Whan Ælla (name drest uppe yn ugsomness
To thee and recreandes) thondered on the playne,
Howe dydste thou thorowe fyrste of fleers presse!
Swefter thanne federed takelle dydste thou reyne.
A ronnynge pryze onn seyncte daie to ordayne,
Magnus, and none botte hee, the ronnynge pryze wylle gayne.

MAGNUS.

Eternalle plagues devour thie baned tyngue!
Myrriades of neders pre upponne thie spryte!
Maiest thou fele al the peynes of age whylst yynge,
Unmanned, uneyned, exclooded aie the lyghte,
Thie senses, lyche thieselfe, enwrapped yn nyghte,
A scoff to foemen and to beastes a pheere;
Maie furched levynne onne thie head alyghte,
Maie on thee falle the fhuyr of the unweere,
Fen vaipoures blaste thie everiche manlie powere,

Maie thie bante boddie quycke the wolsome peenes devoure.
Faygne woulde I curse thee further, botte mie tyngue
Denies mie harte the favoure soe toe doe.

HURRA.

Nowe bie the Dacyanne goddes, and Welkyns kynge,
Wythe fhurie, as thou dydste begynne, persue;
Calle on mie heade all tortures that bee rou,
Bane onne, tylle thie owne tongue thie curses fele.
Sende onne mie heade the blyghteynge levynne blewe,
The thonder loude, the swellynge azure rele;
Thie wordes be hie of dynne, botte nete besyde;
Bane on, good chieftayn, fyghte wythe wordes of myckle pryde.
Botte doe notte waste thie breath, lest Ælla come.

MAGNUS.

Ælla and thee togyder synke toe helle!
Bee youre names blasted from the rolle of dome!
I feere noe Ælla, thatte thou kennest welle.
Unlydgefulle traytoure, wylt thou nowe rebelle?
'Tys knowen, thatte yie menn bee lyncked to myne,

Bothe sente, as troopes of wolves to sletre
felle ;
Botte nowe thou lackest hem to be all yyne.
Nowe, bie the goddes yatte reule the Dacyanne
state,
Speacke thou yn rage once moe, I wyll thee
dysregate.

HURRA.

I pryze thie threattes joste as I doe thie banes,
The sede of malyce and recendize al.
Thou arte a steyne unto the name of Danes ;
Thou alleyne to thie tyngue for proofe canst
calle.
Thou beest a worme so groffile and so smal,
I wythe thie bloude woulde scorne to foul mie
sworde,
Botte wythe thie weaponnes woulde upon thee
falle,
Alyche thie owne feare, slea thee wythe a
worde.
I Hurra amme miesel, and aie wylle bee,
As greate yn valourous actes, and yn commande
as thee.

MAGNUS, HURRA, ARMYE, AND MESSENGERE.

MESSENGERE.

Blynne your contekions, chiefs ; for, as I stode
Uponne mie watche, I spiede an armie com-
mynge,

Notte lyche ann handfulle of a fremded foe,
Botte blacke wythe armoure, movynge ug-
somlie,
Lyche a blacke fulle cloude, thatte dothe goe
alonge
To droppe yn hayle, and hele the thonder
storme.

MAGNUS.

Ar there meynte of them?

MESSENGERR.

Thycke as the ante-flyes ynne a sommer's none,
Seemynge as tho' theie stynge as persante too.

HURRA.

Whatte matters thatte? lettes sette oure warr-
arraie.
Goe, sounde the beme, lette champyons pre-
pare;
Ne doubtynge, we wylle stynge as faste as heie.
Whatte? doest forgard thie blodde? ys ytte for
feare?
Wouldest thou gayne the towne, and castle-stere,
And yette ne byker wythe the soldyer guarde?
Go, hyde thee ynn mie tente annethe the lere;
I of thie boddie wylle keepe watche and warde.

MAGNUS.

Oure goddes of Denmarke know mie harte ys
goode.

HURRA.

For nete uppon the erthe, botte to be choughens foode.

MAGNUS, HURRA, ARMIE, SECONDE MESSENGERRE.

SECONDE MESSENGERRE.

As from mie towre I kende the commynge foe,
I spied the crossed shielde, and bloddie swerde,
The furyous Ælla's banner; wythynne kenne
The armie ys. Dysorder throughe oure hoaste
Is fleynge, borne onne wynges of Ælla's name;
Styr, styr, mie lordes!

MAGNUS.

What? Ælla? and soe neare?
Thenne Denmarques roiend; oh mie rysynge feare!

HURRA.

What doeste thou mene? thys Ælla's botte a mañne.
Nowe bie my sworde, thou arte a verie berne.
Of late I dyd thie creand valoure scanne,
Whanne thou dydst boaste soe moche of actyon derne.
Botte I toe warr mie doeynges moste atturne,
To cheere the Sabbataneres to deere dede.

MAGNUS.

I to the knyghtes onne everyche syde wylle
burne,[1]
Telleynge 'hem alle to make her foemen blede;
Sythe shame or deathe onne eidher syde wylle
bee,
Mie harte I wylle upryse, and inne the battelle
slea.

ÆLLA, CELMONDE, AND ARMIE *near* WATCHETTE.

ÆLLA.

Now havynge done oure mattynes and oure
vowes,
Lette us for the intended fyghte be boune,
And everyche champyone potte the joyous
crowne
Of certane masterschyppe upon hys glestreynge
browes.

As for mie harte, I owne ytt ys, as ere
Itte has beene ynn the sommer-sheene of fate,
Unknowen to the ugsomme gratche of fere;
Mie blodde embollen, wythe masterie elate,
Boyles ynne mie veynes, and rolles ynn rapyd state,
Impatyente forr to mete the persante stele,

[1] "Burne," says Dean Milles, "is probably a mistake for 'turne,'" in which sense it must be read in the text.

And telle the worlde, thatte Ælla dyed as greate
As anie knyghte who foughte for Englondes weale.
Friends, kynne, and soldyerres, ynne blacke armore drere,
Mie actyons ymytate, mie presente redynge here.

There ys ne house, athrow thys shap-scurged isle,
Thatte has ne loste a kynne yn these fell fyghtes,
Fatte blodde has sorfeeted the hongerde soyle,
And townes enlowed lemed oppe the nyghtes.
Inne gyte of fyre oure hallie churche dheie dyghtes;
Oure sonnes lies torven ynne theyre smethynge gore;
Oppe bie the rootes oure tree of lyfe dheie pyghtes,
Vexynge oure coaste, as byllowes doe the shore.
Yee menne, gyf ye are menne, displaie yor name,
Ybrende yer tropes, alyche the roarynge tempest flame.

Ye Chrystyans, doe as wordhie of the name;
These roynerres of oure hallie houses slea;
Braste, lyke a cloude, from whence doth come the flame,

Lyche torrentes, gushynge downe the mountaines, bee.
And whanne alonge the grene yer champyons flee,
Swefte as the rodde for-weltrynge levyn-bronde,
Yatte hauntes the flyinge mortherer oere the lea,
Soe flie oponne these royners of the londe.
Lette those yatte are unto yer battayles fledde,
Take slepe eterne uponne a feerie lowynge bedde.

Let cowarde Londonne see herre towne on fyre,
And strev wythe goulde to staie the royners honde,
Ælla and Brystowe have the thoughtes thattes hygher,
Wee fyghte notte forr ourselves, botte all the londe.
As Severnes hyger[1] lyghethe banckes of sonde,

[1] The most favourite allusion of Rowley, because it is three times mentioned, (Battle of Hastings, ver. 326, 691, and above in Ælla,) is the 'hygra,' or as it is vulgarly called 'The bore of the Severn,' which consists of a high wall of water, gradually accumulated from the strong influence of the Atlantic ocean into the Bristol channel, and contracted by the narrowing banks on each side, till at last it breaks with fury against them, and on the channel of the river. Drayton has given a picturesque description of this 'hygra' at the beginning of his seventh Canto.— Dean Milles. See additional notes at the end of Ælla.

Pressynge ytte downe binethe the reynynge streme,
Wythe dreerie dynn enswolters the hyghe stronde,
Beerynge the rockes alonge ynn fhurye breme,
Soe wylle wee beere the Dacyanne armie downe,
And throughe a storme of blodde wyll reache the champyon crowne.

Gyff ynn thys battelle locke ne wayte oure gare,
To Brystowe dheie wylle tourne yeyre fhuyrie dyre;
Brystowe, and alle her joies, wylle synke toe ayre,
Brendeynge perforce wythe unenhantende fyre:
Thenne lette oure safetie doublie moove oure ire,
Lyche wolfyns, rovynge for the evnynge pre,
Seeing the lambe and shepsterr nere the brire,
Doth th'one forr safetie, th'one for hongre slea;
Thanne, whanne the ravenne crokes uponne the playne,
Oh! lette ytte bee the knelle to myghtie Dacyanns slayne.

Lyche a rodde gronfer, shalle mie anlace sheene,
Lyche a strynge lyoncelle I'lle bee ynn fyghte,

Lyche fallynge leaves the Dacyannes shall bee sleene,
Lyche aloud dynnynge streeme scalle be mie myghte.
Ye menne, who woulde deserve the name of knyghte,
Lette bloddie teares bie all your paves be wepte;
To commynge tymes no poyntelle shalle ywrite,
Whanne Englonde han her foemenn, Brystow slepte.
Yourselfes, youre chyldren, and youre fellowes crie,
Go, fyghte ynn rennomes gare, be brave, and wynne or die.

I saie ne moe; youre spryte the reste wylle saie;
Youre spryte wylle wrynne, thatte Brystow ys yer place;
To honoures house I nede notte marcke the waie;
Inne youre owne hartes you maie the foote-pathe trace.
'Twexte shappe and us there ys botte lyttelle space;
The tyme ys nowe to proove yourselves bee menne;
Drawe forthe the bornyshed bylle wythe fetyve grace,

Rouze, lyche a wolfynne rouzing from hys denne.
Thus I enrone mie anlace; go thou shethe;
I'lle potte ytt ne ynn place, tyll ytte ys sycke wythe deathe.

SOLDYERS.

Onn, Ælla, onn; we longe for bloddie fraie;
Wee longe to here the raven synge yn vayne;
Onn, Ælla, onn; we certys gayne the daie,
Whanne thou doste leade us to the leathal playne.

CELMONDE.

Thie speche, O Loverde, fyreth the whole trayne;
Theie pancte for war, as honted wolves for breathe;
Go, and sytte crowned on corses of the slayne;
Go, and ywielde the massie swerde of deathe.

SOLDYERRES.

From thee, O Ælla, alle oure courage reygnes;
Echone yn phantasie do lede the Danes ynne chaynes.

ÆLLA.

Mie countrymenne, mie friendes, your noble sprytes
Speke yn youre eyne, and doe yer master telle.

Swefte as the rayne-storme toe the erthe alyghtes,
Soe wylle we fall upon these royners felle.
Oure mowynge swerdes shalle plonge hem downe to helle;
Theyre throngynge corses shall onlyghte the starres;
The barrowes brastynge wythe the sleene schall swelle,
Brynnynge to commynge tymes our famous warres;
Inne everie eyne I kenne the lowe of myghte,
Sheenynge abrode, alyche a hylle-fyre ynne the nyghte.

Whanne poyntelles of oure famous fyghte shall saie,
Echone wylle marvelle atte the dernie dede,
Echone wylle wyssen hee hanne seene the daie,
And bravelie holped to make the foemenn blede;
Botte for yer holpe oure battelle wylle notte nede;
Oure force ys forcé enowe to staie theyre honde;
Wee wylle retourne unto thys grened mede,
Oer corses of the foemen of the londe.
Nowe to the warre lette all the slughornes sounde,
The Dacyanne troopes appere on yinder rysynge grounde.
Chiefes, heade youre bandes, and leade.

DANES *flyinge, neare* WATCHETTE.

FYRSTE DANE.

Fly, fly, ye Danes! Magnus, the chiefe, ys sleene;
The Saxonnes come wythe Ælla atte theyre heade;
Lette's strev to gette awaie to yinder greene;
Flie, flie; thys ys the kyngdomme of the deadde.

SECONDE DANE.

O goddes! have thousandes bie mie anlace bledde,
And muste I nowe for safetie flie awaie?
See! farre besprenged alle oure troopes are spreade,
Yette I wylle synglie dare the bloddie fraie.
Botte ne; I'lle flie, and morther yn retrete;
Deathe, blodde, and fyre, scalle marke the goeynge of my feete.

THYRDE DANE.

Enthoghteynge forr to scape the brondeynge foe,
As nere unto the byllowd beche I came,
Farr offe I spied a syghte of myckle woe,
Oure spyrynge battayles wrapte ynn sayles of flame.

The burled Dacyannes, who were ynne the same,
Fro syde to syde fledde the pursuyte of deathe;
The swelleynge fyre yer corrage doe enflame,
Theie lepe ynto the sea, and bobblynge yield yer breathe;
Whylest those thatt bee uponne the bloddie playne,
Bee deathe-doomed captyves taene, or yn the battle slayne.

HURRA.

Nowe bie the goddes, Magnus, dyscourteous knyghte,
Bie cravente havyoure havethe don oure woe,
Despendynge all the talle menne yn the fyghte,
And placeyng valourous menne where draffs mote goe.
Sythence oure fourtunie havethe tourned soe,
Gader the souldyers lefte to future shappe,
To somme newe place for safetie we wylle goe,
Inne future daie wee wylle have better happe.
Sounde the loude slughorne for a quicke forloyne;
Lette all the Dacyannes swythe unto oure banner joyne.

Throw hamlettes wee wylle sprenge sadde dethe and dole,
Bathe yn hotte gore, and wasch ourselves thereynne:

Goddes! here the Saxonnes lyche a byllowe rolle.
I heere the anlacis detested dynne.
Awaie, awaie, ye Danes, to yonder penne;
Wee now wylle make forloyne yn tyme to fyghte agenne.

CELMONDE, *near* WATCHETTE.

O forr a spryte al feere! to telle the daie,
The daie whyche scal astounde the herers rede,
Makeynge oure foemennes envyynge hartes to blede,
Ybereynge thro the worlde oure rennomde name for aie.

Bryghte sonne han ynn hys roddie robes byn dyghte,
From the rodde Easte he flytted wythe hys trayne,
The howers drewe awaie the geete of nyghte,
Her sable tapistrie was rente yn twayne.
The dauncynge streakes bedecked heavennes playne,
And on the dewe dyd smyle wythe shemrynge eie,
Lyche gottes of blodde whyche doe blacke armoure steyne,
Sheenynge upon the borne whyche stondeth bie;[1]

[1] See the additional notes at the end of Ælla.

The souldyers stoode uponne the hillis syde,
Lyche yonge enlefed trees whyche yn a forreste byde.

Ælla rose lyche the tree besette wythe brieres ;
Hys talle speere sheenynge as the starres at nyghte,
Hys eyne ensemeynge as a lowe of fyre ;
Whanne he encheered everie manne to fyghte,
Hys gentle wordes dyd moove eche valourous knyghte ;
Itte moovethe 'hem, as honterres lyoncelle ;
In trebled armoure ys theyre courage dyghte ;
Eche warrynge harte forr prayse and rennome swelles ;
Lyche slowelie dynnynge of the croucheynge streme,
Syche dyd the mormrynge sounde of the whol armie seme.

Hee ledes 'hem onne to fyghte ; oh ! thenne to saie
How Ælla loked, and lokyng dyd encheere,
Moovynge alyche a mountayne yn affraie,
Whanne a lowde whyrlevynde doe yttes boe-somme tare
To telle howe everie loke wuld banyshe feere,
Woulde aske an angelles poyntell or hys tyngue.
Lyche a talle rocke yatte ryseth heaven-were,

Lyche a yonge wolfynne brondeous and strynge,
Soe dydde he goe, and myghtie warriours hedde;
Wythe gore-depycted wynges masterie arounde hym fledde.

The battelle jyned; swerdes uponne swerdes dyd rynge;
Ælla was chafed as lyonns madded bee;
Lyche fallynge starres, he dydde the javlynn flynge;
Hys mightie anlace mightie menne dyd slea;
Where he dydde comme, the flemed foe dydde flee,
Or felle benethe hys honde, as fallynge rayne,
Wythe sythe a fhuyrie he dydde onn 'hemm dree,
Hylles of yer bowkes dyd ryse opponne the playne;
Ælla, thou arte—botte staie, mie tynge; saie nee;
Howe greate I hymme maye make, stylle greater hee wylle bee.

Nor dydde hys souldyerres see hys actes yn vayne.
Heere a stoute Dane uponne hys compheere felle;
Heere lorde and hyndlette sonke uponne the playne;

Heere sonne and fadre trembled ynto helle.
Chief Magnus soughthyswaie, and, shame to telle!
Hee soughte hys waie for flyghte; botte Ælla's speere
Uponne the flyynge Dacyannes schoulder felle,
Quyte throwe hys boddie, and hys harte ytte tare,
He groned, and sonke uponne the gorie greene,
And wythe hys corse encreased the pyles of Dacyannes sleene.

Spente wythe the fyghte, the Danyshe champyons stonde,
Lyche bulles, whose strengthe and wondrous myghte ys fledde;
Ælla, a javelynne grypped yn eyther honde,
Flyes to the thronge, and doomes two Dacyannes deadde.
After hys acte, the armie all yspedde;
Fromm everich on unmyssynge javlynnes flewe;
Theie straughte yer doughtie swerdes; the foemenn bledde;
Fulle three of foure of myghtie Danes dheie slewe;
The Danes, wythe terroure rulynge att their head,
Threwe downe theyr bannere talle, and lyche a ravenne fledde.

The soldyerres followed wythe a myghtie crie,
Cryes, yatte welle myghte the stouteste hartes affraie.
Swefte, as yer shyppes, the vanquyshed Dacyannes flie;
Swefte, as the rayne uponne an Aprylle-daie,
Pressynge behynde, the Englysche soldyerres slaie.
Botte halfe the tythes of Danyshe menne remayne;
Ælla commaundes 'heie shoulde the sleetre staie,
Botte bynde 'hem prysonners on the bloddie playne.
The fyghtynge beynge done, I came awaie,
In odher fieldes to fyghte a moe unequalle fraie.
Mie servant squyre!

CELMONDE, SERVITOURE.

CELMONDE.

Prepare a fleing horse,
Whose feete are wynges, whose pace ys lycke the wynde,
Whoe wylle outestreppe the morneynge lyghte yn course,
Leaveynge the gyttelles of the merke behynde.
Somme hyltren matters doe mie presence fynde.

Gyv oute to alle yatte I was sleene ynne fyghte.
Gyff ynne thys gare thou doest mie order mynde,
Whanne I returne, thou shalte be made a knyghte;
Flie, flie, be gon; an howerre ys a daie;
Quycke dyghte mie beste of stedes, and brynge hymm heere—awaie!

CELMONDE. [*solus.*]

Ælla ys woundedd sore, and ynne the toune
He waytethe, tylle hys woundes be broghte to ethe.
And shalle I from hys browes plocke off the croune,
Makynge the vyctore yn hys vyctorie blethe?
O no! fulle sooner schulde mie hartes blodde smethe,
Fulle soonere woulde I tortured bee toe deathe;
Botte—Birtha ys the pryze; ahe! ytte were ethe
To gayne so gayne a pryze wythe losse of breathe;
Botte thanne rennome æterne—ytte ys botte ayre;
Bredde ynne the phantasie, and alleyn lyvynge there.

Albeytte everyche thynge yn lyfe conspyre
To tellę me of the faulte I now schulde doe,
Yette woulde I battentlie assuage mie fyre,
And the same menes, as I scall nowe, pursue.
The qualytyes I fro mie parentes drewe,
Were blodde, and morther, masterie, and warre;
Thie[1] I wylle holde to now, and hede ne moe
A wounde yn rennome, yanne a boddie scarre.
Nowe, Ælla, nowe Ime plantynge of a thorne,
Bie whyche thie peace, thie love, and glorie shalle be torne.

Brystowe.

BIRTHA, EGWINA.

BIRTHA.

Gentle Egwina, do notte preche me joie;
I cannotte joie ynne anie thynge bottę weere.
Oh! yatte aughte schulde oure sellynesse destroie,
Floddynge the face wythe woe, and brynie teare!

EGWINA.

You muste, you muste endeavour for to cheere
Youre harte unto somme cherisaunied reste.
Youre loverde from the battelle wylle appere,
Ynne honnoure, and a greater love, be dreste;

[1] 'Thie' is a mistake, or, at least misprint for 'these.'—Dean Milles.

Botte I wylle call the mynstrelles roundelaie ;
Perchaunce the swotie sounde maie chase your
wiere awaie.

BIRTHA, EGWINA, MYNSTRELLES.

MYNSTRELLES SONGE.

I.

O ! synge untoe mie roundelaie,
O ! droppe the brynie teare wythe mee,
Daunce ne moe atte hallie daie,
Lycke a reynynge ryver bee ;
Mie love ys dedde,
Gon to hys death-bedde,
Al under the wyllowe tree.

II.

Blacke hys cryne as the wyntere nyghte,[1]
Whyte hys rode as the sommer snowe,

[1] 'Black his hair as the winter night,' &c.

" His beard was white as snow,
All flaxen was his poll;
He's gone, and he's gone, and we'll cast away moan,
Gramercy on his soul."—*Hamlet*, Act iv. Sc. 3.

In the romance of *Sir Launfal*, quoted by Warton, we have

" Har faces was white as snowe on downe,
Har *rode* was red, har eyne were browne."

Rodde hys face as the mornynge lyghte,
Cale he lyes ynne the grave belowe;
Mie love ys dedde,
Gon to hys deathe-bedde,
Al under the wyllowe tree.

III.

Swote hys tyngue as the throstles note,
Quycke ynn daunce as thoughte canne bee,
Defte hys taboure, codgelle stote,
O! hee lyes bie the wyllowe tree;
Mie love ys dedde,
Gonne to hys deathe-bedde,
Alle underre the wyllowe tree.

IV.

Harke! the ravenne flappes hys wynge,
In the briered delle belowe;
Harke! the dethe-owle loude dothe synge,
To the nyghte-mares as heie goe;
Mie love ys dedde,
Gonne to hys deathe-bedde,
Al under the wyllowe tree.

V.

See! the whyte moone sheenes onne hie;
Whyterre ys mie true loves shroude;
Whyterre yanne the mornynge skie,
Whyterre yanne the evenynge cloude;
Mie love ys dedde,

Gon to hys deathe-bedde,
Al under the wyllowe tree.

VI.

Heere, uponne mie true loves grave,
Schalle the baren fleurs be layde,
Nee one hallie Seyncte to save
Al the celness of a mayde.
Mie love ys dedde,
Gonne to hys deathe-bedde,
Alle under the wyllowe tree.

VII.

Wythe mie hondes I'lle dente the brieres
Rounde his hallie corse to gre,
Ouphante fairie, lyghte youre fyres,
Heere mie boddie stylle schalle bee.
Mie love ys dedde,
Gon to hys deathe-bedde,
Al under the wyllowe tree.

VIII.

Comme, wythe acorne-coppe and thorne,
Drayne mie hartys blodde awaie;
Lyfe and all yttes goode I scorne,
Daunce bie nete, or feaste by daie.
Mie love ys dedde,
Gon to hys death-bedde,
Al under the wyllowe tree.

IX.

Waterre wytches, crownede wythe reytes,
Bere mee to yer leathalle tyde.
I die! I comme! mie true love waytes.
Thos the damselle spake and dyed.[1]

BIRTHA.

Thys syngeyng haveth whatte coulde make ytte please;
Butte mie uncourtlie shappe benymmes mee of all ease.

ÆLLA, *atte* WATCHETTE.

Curse onne mie tardie woundes! brynge mee a stede!
I wylle awaie to Birtha bie thys nyghte;
Albeytte fro mie woundes mie soul doe blede,
I wylle awaie, and die wythynne her syghte.
Brynge mee a stede, wythe eagle-wynges for flyghte;
Swefte as mie wyshe, and, as mie love ys, stronge.
The Danes have wroughte mee myckle woe ynne fyghte,
Inne kepeynge mee from Birtha's armes so longe.

[1] This very beautiful song has been lately set to music by my esteemed friend, Henry Hugh Pearson, Esq., of Trinity College, Cambridge.

O! whatte a dome was myne, sythe masterie
Canne yeve ne pleasaunce, nor mie londes goode
leme myne eie!

Yee goddes, howe ys a loverres temper formed!
Sometymes the samme thynge wylle bothe
bane, and blesse;
One tyme encalede, yanne bie the same thynge
warmd,
Estroughted foorthe, and yanne ybrogten less.
'Tys Birtha's loss whyche doe mie thoughtes
possesse;
I wylle, I muste awaie: whie staies mie stede?
Mie huscarles, hyther haste; prepare a dresse,
Whyche couracyers yn hastie journies nede.
O heavens! I moste awaie to Byrtha eyne,
For yn her lookes I fynde mie beynge doe
entwyne.

CELMONDE, *atte* BRYSTOWE.

The worlde ys darke wythe nyghte; the wyndes
are stylle;[1]

[1] To have been dull would not have suited Chatterton's purpose, nor indeed was it consistent with his genius. His aim was to dazzle and surprise, by producing such high wrought pieces of ancient poetry as never before existed. But to secure our credulity, he should have pleased us less. He has shown too much genius, and too little skill. Overacting his part, and unable or unwilling to repress his abilities, he awakened our suspicions, and exposed his want of address in attempting to deceive. He sacrificed his veracity

Fayntelie the mone her palyde lyghte makes gleme;
The upryste sprytes the sylente letten fylle,
Wythe ouphant faeryes joynyng ynne the dreme;
The forreste sheenethe wythe the sylver leme;
Nowe maie mie love be sated ynn yttes treate;
Uponne the lynche of somme swefte reynyng streme,
At the swote banquette I wylle swotelie eate.
Thys ys the howse; yee hyndes, swythyn appere.

CELMONDE, SERVYTOURE.

CELMONDE.

Go telle to Birtha strayte, a straungerr waytethe here.

to an imprudent ambition. Instead of wondering at his contrivance, we find he had none. A mediocrity of poetical talents would have succeeded much better in this imposture. He was too good a poet to conduct and execute such a forgery. He conceived that his old poetry would be sufficiently marked by old words and old spelling. But he took no caution about thoughts and imagery, the sentiment and the substance. He had forgot, or never knew, or was not inclined to believe, that the garb of antiquity would but ill become the elegance of Pope, or the spirit of Dryden.—WARTON.

CELMONDE, BIRTHA.

BIRTHA.

Celmonde! yee seynctes! I hope thou haste goode newes.

CELMONDE.

The hope ys loste; for heavie newes prepare.

BIRTHA.

Is Ælla welle?

CELMONDE.

Hee lyves; and stylle maie use
The behylte blessynges of a future yeare.

BIRTHA.

Whatte heavie tydynge thenne have I to feare?
Of whatte mischaunce dydste thou so latelie saie?

CELMONDE.

For heavie tydynges swythyn nowe prepare.
Ælla sore wounded ys, yn bykerous fraie;
In Wedecester's wallid toune he lyes.

BIRTHA.

O mie agroted breast!

CELMONDE.

Wythoute your syghte, he dyes.

BIRTHA.

Wylle Birtha's presence ethe her Ælla's payne?
I flie; newe wynges doe from mie schoulderrs sprynge.

CELMONDE.

Mie stede wydhoute wylle deftelie beere us twayne.

BIRTHA.

Oh! I wyll flie as wynde, and no waie lynge;
Sweftlie caparisons for rydynge brynge;
I have a mynde wynged wythe the levyn ploome.
O Ælla, Ælla! dydste thou kenne the stynge,
The whyche doeth canker ynne mie hartys roome,
Thou wouldste see playne thieselfe the gare to bee;
Aryse, uponne thie love, and flie to meeten me.

CELMONDE.

The stede, on whyche I came, ys swefte as ayre;
Mie servytoures doe wayte mee nere the wode;
Swythynne wythe mee unto the place repayre;
To Ælla I wylle gev you conducte goode.
Youre eyne, alyche a baulme, wylle staunche hys bloode,
Holpe oppe hys woundes, and yev hys harte alle cheere;

Uponne your eyne he holdes hys lyvelyhode ;
You doe hys spryte, and alle hys pleasaunce bere.
Comme, lette's awaie, albeytte ytte ys moke,
Yette love wille be a tore to tourne to feere
nyghtes smoke.

BIRTHA.

Albeytte unwears[1] dyd the welkynn rende,
Reyne alyche fallynge ryvers, dyd ferse bee,
Erthe wythe the ayre enchafed dyd contende,
Everychone breathe of wynde wythe plagues
dyd slee,
Yette I to Ælla's eyne eftsoones woulde flee ;
Albeytte hawethornes dyd mie fleshe enseme,
Owlettes, wythe scrychynge, shakeynge everyche
tree,
And water-neders wrygglynge yn eche streme,
Yette woulde I flie, ne under coverte staie,
Botte seke mie Ælla owte ; brave Celmonde,
leade the waie.

A Wode.

HURRA, DANES.

HURRA.

Heere ynn yis forreste lette us watche for pree,

[1] Tempests. The interpretation of this word rests solely on the testimony of Chatterton. It is used again in the third Eclogue.

Bewreckeynge on oure foemenne oure ylle warre;
Whatteverre schalle be Englysch wee wylle slea,
Spreddynge our ugsomme rennome to afarre.
Ye Dacyanne menne, gyff Dacyanne menne yee are,
Lette nete botte blodde suffycyle for yee bee;
On everich breaste yn gorie letteres scarre,
Whatt sprytes you have, and howe those sprytes maie dree.
And gyf yee gette awaie to Denmarkes shore,
Eftesoones we will retourne, and wanquished bee ne moere.
The battelle loste, a battelle was yndede;
Note queedes hemselfes culde stonde so harde a fraie;
Oure verie armoure, and oure heaulmes dyd blede,
The Dacyannes sprytes, lyche dewe drops, fledde awaie,
Ytte was an Ælla dyd commaunde the daie;
Ynn spyte of foemanne, I moste saie hys myghte;
Botte wee ynn hynd-lettes blodde the loss wylle paie,
Brynnynge, thatte we knowe howe to wynne yn fyghte;

Wee wylle, lyke wylfes enloosed from chaynes,
destroie ;—
Oure armoures—wynter nyghte shotte oute the
daie of joie.

Whene swefte-fote tyme doe rolle the daie
alonge,
Somme hamlette scalle onto oure fhuyrie
brende ;
Brastynge alyche a rocke, or mountayne stronge,
The talle chyrche-spyre upon the grene shalle
bende ;
Wee wylle the walles, and auntyante tourrettes
rende,
Pete everych tree whych goldyn fruyte doe
beere,
Downe to the goddes the ownerrs dhereof sende,
Besprengynge alle abrode sadde warre and bloddie
weere.
Botte fyrste to yynder oke-tree wee wylle flie ;
And thence wylle yssue owte onne all yatte com-
meth bie.

Anodher parte of the Woode.

CELMONDE, BIRTHA.

BIRTHA.

Thys merkness doe affraie mie wommanns
breaste.
Howe sable ys the spreddynge skie arrayde !

Hallie the bordeleire, who lyves to reste,
Ne ys att nyghtys flemynge hue dysmayde;
The starres doe scantillie the sable brayde;
Wyde ys the sylver lemes of comforte wove;
Speke, Celmonde, does ytte make thee notte afrayde?

CELMONDE.

Merker the nyghte, the fitter tyde for love.

BIRTHA.

Saiest thou for love? ah! love is far awaie.
Faygne would I see once moe the roddie lemes of daie.

CELMONDE.

Love maie bee nie, woulde Birtha calle ytte here.

BIRTHA.

How, Celmonde, dothe thou mene?

CELMONDE.

Thys Celmonde menes:
No leme, no eyne, ne mortalle manne appere,
Ne lyghte, an acte of love for to bewreene;
Nete in thys forreste, botte thys tore, dothe sheene,
The whych, potte oute, do leave the whole yn nyghte;
See! howe the brauncynge trees doe here entwyne,

Makeynge thys bower so pleasynge to the syghte ;
Thys was for love fyrste made, and heere ytt stondes,
Thatte hereynne lovers maie enlyncke yn true loves bondes.

BIRTHA.

Celmonde, speake whatte thou menest, or alse mie thoughtes
Perchaunce maie robbe thie honestie so fayre.

CELMONDE.

Then here, and knowe, hereto I have you broughte,
Mie longe hydde love unto you to make clere.

BIRTHA.

Oh heaven and earthe! whatte ys ytt I doe heare?
Am I betraste? where ys my Ælla, saie!

CELMONDE.

O! do nete nowe to Ælla syke love bere,
Botte geven some onne Celmondes hedde.

BIRTHA.

Awaie!
I wylle be gone, and groape mie passage oute,
Albeytte neders stynges mie legs do twyne aboute.

CELMONDE.

Nowe bie the seynctes I wylle notte lette thee goe,
Ontylle thou doeste mie brendynge love amate.
Those eyne have caused Celmonde myckle woe,
Yenne lette yer smyle fyrst take hymm yn regrate.
O! didst thou see mie breastis troblous state,
Theere love doth harrie up mie joie, and ethe!
I wretched bee, beyonde the hele of fate,
Gyff Birtha stylle wylle make mie harte-veynes blethe.
Softe as the sommer flowreets, Birtha, looke,
Fulle ylle I canne thie frownes and harde dyspleasaunce brooke.

BIRTHA.

Thie love ys foule; I woulde bee deafe for aie,
Radher thanne heere syche deslavatie sedde.
Swythynne flie from mee, and ne further saie;
Radher thanne heare thie love, I woulde bee dead.
Yee seynctes! and shal I wronge mie Ælla's bedde,
And wouldst thou, Celmonde, tempte me to the thynge?
Lett mee be gone—alle curses onne thie hedde!
Was ytte for thys thou dydste a message brynge?

Lette mee be gone, thou manne of sable harte!
Or welkyn and her starres wyll take a maydens parte.

CELMONDE.

Sythence you wylle notte lette mie suyte avele,
Mie love wylle have yttes joie, altho wythe guylte;
Youre lymbes shall bende, albeytte strynge as stele;
The merkye seesonne wylle your bloshes hylte.

BIRTHA.

Holpe, holpe, yee seynctes! oh thatte mie blodde was spylte!

CELMONDE.

The seynctes att distaunce stonde ynn tyme of nede.
Strev notte to goe; thou canste notte, gyff thou wylte.
Unto mie wysche bee kinde, and nete alse hede.

BIRTHA.

No, foule bestoykerre, I wylle rende the ayre,
Tylle dethe do staie mie dynne, or some kynde roder heare.
Holpe! holpe! oh godde!

CELMONDE, BIRTHA, HURRA, DANES.

HURRA.

Ah! thatts a wommanne cries.
I kenn hem; saie who are you, yatte be theere?

CELMONDE.

Yee hyndes, awaie! orre bie thys swerde yee dies.

HURRA.

Thie wordes wylle ne mie hartis sete affere.

BIRTHA.

Save mee, oh! save me from thys royner heere!

HURRA.

Stonde thou bie mee; nowe saie thie name and londe;
Or swythyne schall mie swerde thie boddie tare.

CELMONDE.

Bothe I wylle shewe thee bie mie brondeous honde.

HURRA.

Besette hym rounde, yee Danes.

CELMONDE.

Comme onne, and see
Gyff mie strynge anlace maie bewryen whatte I bee.

[*Fyghte al aneuste Celmonde, meynte Danes ke sleath, and faleth to Hurra.*]

CELMONDE.

Oh! I forslagen be! ye Danes, now kenne,
I amme yatte Celmonde, seconde yn the fyghte,
Who dydd, atte Watchette, so forslege youre menne;
I fele myne eyne to swymme yn æterne nyghte;—
To her be kynde. [*Dieth.*

HURRA.

Thenne felle a wordhie knyghte.
Saie, who bee you?

BIRTHA.

I am greate Ælla's wyfe.

HURRA.

Ah!

BIRTHA.

Gyff anenste hym you harboure foule despyte,
Nowe wythe the lethal anlace take mie lyfe,

Mie thankes I ever onne you wylle bestowe,
From ewbryce you mee pyghte, the worste of mortal woe.

HURRA.

I wylle; ytte scalle bee soe: yee Dacyans, heere.
Thys Ælla havethe been oure foe for aie.
Thorrowe the battelle he dyd brondeous teare,
Beyng the lyfe and head of everych fraie;
From everych Dacyanne power he won the daie,
Forslagen Magnus, all our schippes ybrente;
Bie hys felle arme wee now are made to straie;
The speere of Dacya he ynne pieces shente;
Whanne hantoned barckes unto oure londe dyd comme,
Ælla the gare dheie sed, and wysched hym bytter dome.

BIRTHA.

Mercie!

HURRA.

Bee stylle.
Botte yette he ys a foemanne goode and fayre;
Whanne wee are spente, he soundethe the forloyne;
The captyves chayne he tosseth ynne the ayre,
Cheered[1] the wounded bothe wythe bredde and wyne;

[1] So in all the copies. It should however be 'cheereth.'

Has hee notte untoe somme of you bynn dygne?
You woulde have smethd onne Wedecestrian fielde,
Botte hee behylte the slughorne for to cleyne,
Throwynge onne hys wyde backe, hys wyder spreddynge shielde.
Whanne you, as caytysned, yn fielde dyd bee,
He oathed you to be stylle, and strayte didd sette you free.

Scalle wee forslege hys wyfe, because he's brave?
Bicaus hee fyghteth for hys countryes gare?
Wylle hee, who havith bynne yis Ælla's slave,
Robbe hym of whatte percase he höldith deere?
Or scalle we menne of mennys sprytes appere,
Doeynge hym favoure for hys favoure donne,
Swefte to hys pallace thys damoiselle bere,
Bewrynne oure case, and to oure waie be gonne?
The last you do approve; so lette ytte bee;
Damoyselle, comme awaie; you safe scalle bee wythe mee.

BIRTHA.

Al blessynges maie the seynctes unto yee gyve!
Al pleasaunce maie youre longe-straughte lyvynges bee!
Ælla, whanne knowynge thatte bie you I lyve,

Wylle thyncke too smalle a guyfte the londe
and sea.
O Celmonde ! I maie deftlie rede by thee,
Whatte ille betydethe the enfouled kynde ;
Maie ne thie cross-stone of thie cryme bewree !
Maie alle menne ken thie valoure, fewe thie
mynde !
Soldyer ! for syke thou arte ynn noble fraie,
I wylle thie goinges 'tende, and doe thou lede the
waie.

HURRA.

The mornynge' gyns alonge the easte to sheene ;
Darklinge the lyghte doe onne the waters plaie ;
The feynte rodde leme slowe creepeth oere the
greene,
Toe chase the merkyness of nyghte awaie ;
Swifte flie the howers thatte wylle brynge oute
the daie ;
The softe dewe falleth onne the greeynge
grasse ;
The shepster mayden, dyghtynge her arraie,
Scante sees her vysage yn the wavie glasse ;
Bie the fulle daylieghte wee scalle Ælla see,
Or Brystowes wallyd towne ; damoyselle, followe
mee.

At Brystowe.

ÆLLA AND SERVITOURES.

ÆLLA.

Tys nowe fulle morne; I thoughten, bie laste nyghte
To have been heere; mie stede han notte mie love;
Thys ys mie pallace; lette mie hyndes alyghte,
Whylste I goe oppe, and wake mie slepeynge dove.
Staie here, mie hyndlettes; I shal goe above.
Nowe, Birtha, wyll thie loke enhele mie spryte,
Thie smyles unto mie woundes a baulme wylle proove;
Mie ledanne boddie wylle bee sette aryghte.
Egwina, haste, and ope the portalle doore,
Yatte I on Birtha's breste maie thynke of warre ne more.

ÆLLA, EGWINA.

EGWINA.

Oh Ælla![1]

[1] Nothing can be more in the manner of modern tragedy than the following dialogue, to mention no other, consisting of exclamations, short and hasty sentences, sudden transi-

ÆLLA.

Ah! that semmlykeene[1] to mee
Speeketh a legendary tale of woe.

EGWINA.

Birtha is —

ÆLLA.

Whatt? where? how? saie, whatte of shee?

EGWINA.

Gone —

ÆLLA.

Gone! ye goddes!

EGWINA.

Alas! ytte ys toe true.
Yee seynctes, hee dies awaie wythe myckle woe!
Ælla! what? Ælla! oh! hee lyves agen!

ÆLLA.

Cal mee notte Ælla; I am hymme ne moe.

tions, and frequent interruption. A better scene for showing the shrug and start to the greatest advantage, never appeared at Drury-lane theatre.—WARTON.

[1] Appearance. In other places it is written 'semlykeed.' It seems plain to me, that both these words owe their original to the following article in Kersey, 'SEMELIHEED, (O.) seemliness, comeliness.'—TYRWHITT.

Where ys shee gon awaie? ah! speake! how? when?

EGWINA.

I will.

ÆLLA.

Caparyson a score of stedes; flie, flie!
Where ys shee? swythynne speeke, or instante thou shalte die.

EGWINA.

Stylle thie loud rage, and here thou whatte I knowe.

ÆLLA.

Oh! speek.

EGWINA.

Lyche prymrose, droopynge wythe the heavie rayne,
Laste nyghte I lefte her, droopynge with her wiere,
Her love the gare, thatte gave her harte syke peyne —

ÆLLA.

Her love! to whomme?

EGWINA.

To thee, her spouse, alleyne.
As ys mie hentylle everyche morne to goe,
I wente, and oped her chamber doore ynn twayne,

Botte found her notte, as I was wont to doe;
Thanne alle arounde the pallace I dyd seere,
Botte culde (to mie hartes woe) ne fynde her anie wheere.

ÆLLA.

Thou lyest, foul hagge! thou lyest; thou art her ayde
To chere her louste;—botte noe; ytte cannotte bee.

EGWINA.

Gyff trouthe appear notte inne whatte I have sayde,
Drawe forthe thie anlace swythyn, thanne mee slea.

ÆLLA.

Botte yette ytte muste, ytte must bee soe; I see,
Shee wythe somme loustie paramoure ys gone;
Itte moste bee soe—oh! howe ytte wracketh mee!
Mie race of love, mie race of lyfe ys ronne;
Nowe rage, and brondeous storm, and tempeste comme;
Nete lyvynge upon erthe can now enswote mie domme.

ÆLLA, EGWINA, SERVYTOURE.

SERVYTOURE.

Loverde! I am aboute the trouthe to saie.
Laste nyghte, fulle late I dydde retourne to reste.

As to mie chamber I dydde bende mie waie,
To Birtha one hys name and place addreste ;
Downe to hym camme shee ; butte thereof the reste
I ken ne matter ; so, mie hommage made—

ÆLLA.

O ! speake ne moe ; mie harte flames yn yttes heste ;
I once was Ælla ; nowe bee notte yttes shade.
Hanne alle the fuirie of mysfortunes wylle
Fallen onne mie benned headde I hanne been Ælla stylle.

Thys alleyn was unburled of alle mie spryte :
Mie honnoure, honnoure, frownd on the dolce[1] wynde,
Thatte steeked on ytte : nowe wyth rage Im pyghte ;
A brondeous unweere ys mie engyned mynde.
Mie hommeur yette somme drybblet joie maie fynde,
To the Danes woundes I wylle another yeve ;
Whanne thos mie rennome and mie peace ys rynde,

[1] Soft, gentle. — If Chatterton did not glean this word from some music-book that fell in his way, it would be a satisfactory proof that he used Bailey's Dictionary in constructing his forgery, as 'dolce' is not to be found in Kersey or Speght. From his father's musical turn, however, the former is most likely.

Itte were a recrandize to thyncke toe lyve;
Mie huscarles, untoe everie asker telle,
Gyffe noblie Ælla lyved, as noble Ælla felle.
[*Stabbeth hys breste.*

SERVITOURE.

Ælla ys sleene; the flower of Englonde's marrde!

ÆLLA.

Be stylle: stythe lette the chyrches rynge mie knelle.
Call hyther brave Coernyke; he, as warde
Of thys mie Brystowe castle, wylle doe welle.
[*Knelle ryngeth.*

ÆLLA, EGWINA, SERVYTOURE, COERNYKE.

ÆLLA.

Thee I ordeyne the warde; so alle maie telle.
I have botte lyttel tym to dragge thys lyfe;
Mie lethal tale, alyche a lethalle belle,
Dynne yn the eares of her I wyschd mie wyfe!
Botte, ah! shee maie bee fayre.

EGWINA.

Yatte shee moste bee.

ÆLLA.

Ah! saie notte soe; yatte worde woulde Ælla dobblie slee.

ÆLLA, EGWINA, SERVYTOURE, COERNYKE, BIRTHA, HURRA.

ÆLLA.

Ah! Birtha here!

BIRTHA.

Whatte dynne ys thys? whatte menes yis leathalle knelle?
Where ys mie Ælla? speeke; where? howe ys hee?
Oh Ælla! art thou yanne alyve and welle!

ÆLLA.

I lyve yndeed; botte doe notte lyve for thee.

BIRTHA.

Whatte menes mie Ælla?

ÆLLA.

Here mie meneynge see.
Thie foulness urged mie honde to gyve thys wounde,
Ytte mee unsprytes.

BIRTHA.

Ytte hathe unspryted mee.

ÆLLA.

Ah heavens! mie Birtha fallethe to the grounde!
Botte yette I am a manne, and so wylle bee.

HURRA.

Ælla! I amme a Dane; botte yette a friende to thee.
Thys damoyselle I founde wythynne a woode,
Strevynge fulle harde anenste a burled swayne;
I sente hym myrynge ynne mie compheeres blodde,
Celmonde hys name, chief of thie warrynge trayne.
Yis damoiselle soughte to be here agayne;
The whyche, albeytte foemen, wee dydd wylle;
So here wee broughte her wythe you to remayne.

COERNIKE.

Yee nobylle Danes! wythe goulde I wyll you fylle.

ÆLLA.

Birtha, mie lyfe! mie love! oh! she ys fayre.
Whatte faultes coulde Birtha have; whatte faultes could Ælla feare?

BIRTHA.

Amm I yenne thyne? I canniotte blame thie
feere.
Botte doe reste mee uponne mie Ælla's breaste;
I wylle to thee bewryen the woefulle gare.
Celmonde dyd comme to mee at tyme of reste.
Wordeynge for mee to flie, att your requeste,
To Watchette towne, where you deceasynge
laie;
I wyth hym fledde; thro' a murke wode we
preste,
Where hee foule love unto mie eares dyd saie:
The Danes—

ÆLLA.

Oh! I die contente.— [*Dieth.*

BIRTHA.

Oh! ys mie Ælla dedde?
Oh! I wyll make hys grave mie vyrgyn spousal
bedde. [*Birtha feyncteth.*

COERNYKE.

Whatte? Ælla deadde! and Birtha dyynge
toe!
Soe falles the fayrest flourettes of the playne.
Who canne unplyte the wurchys heaven can
doe,
Or who untweste the role of shappe yn twayne?

Ælla, thie rennome was thie onlie gayne ;
For yette, thie pleasaunce, and thie joie was loste,
Thie countrymen shall rere thee on the playne,
A pyle of carnes, as anie grave can boaste :
Further, a just amede to thee to bee,
Inne heaven thou synge of Godde, on erthe we'lle synge of thee.*

* The Tragedy of Ælla with the Epistle, Letter, and Entroductionne, was originally printed from a folio MS. in Chatterton's handwriting, furnished by Mr. Catcott, in the beginning of which he has written "Chatterton's transcript, 1769."

ADDITIONAL NOTES TO ÆLLA.

I. "*Playes made from hallie tales I holde unmeete*," *&c.*
EPISTLE TO CANYNGE, page 29.

It is well known to every searcher into our ancient stage, that the miserable interludes, even of the decline of the sixteenth century, are infinitely subordinate to every other species of poetry then subsisting: that they are utterly destitute of contrivance, character, sentiment, and even of common decorum. The truth is, the tragedy of Ælla, to which I will add the imperfect tragedy of Godwyn, in which is the fine Ode on Freedom, is indebted to the Grecian school, revived in the eighteenth century. Both are the effusions of a young mind, warm from studying Mason's *Elfrida* and *Caractacus*.

It is another unsurmountable objection to the antiquity and authenticity of Ælla, that the subject is historical or civil. Representations of religious subjects, were only fashionable in the reign of Edward the Fourth. And these, exclusive of the subject, by no means resembled what we call a play. They made a part of the great drama of superstition. Rowley, as a priest, was very unlikely to have begun this heterodox innovation, and to have been the first to compose a play not religious. The pious mayor of Bristol never would have patronized so profane a confessor. Churches were our chief theatres before the Reformation: and the *dygne maistre* Canynge, the builder of a church, would have more naturally employed the dramatic talents of Rowley, to decorate his new edifice with the exhibition of a splendid Mystery. If Rowley had penetration and taste, yet he had caution, he had prudence, and a reverence for his establishment. But Rowley proceeds still further. He openly defends his new attempt, not in a palliative apology, but in a peremptory declaration of his opinion of the absurdity of scriptural plays.

"Playes made from hallie tales I holde unmeete,
Lette somme greate storie of a manne be songe."

This was too bold and too refined a philosophy for a priest of the fifteenth century. The first line is absolute heresy, and would have exposed the writer to the censure of the church. But this passage is perfectly consistent with the general spirit and turn of the epistle in which it appears: and which, according to the Dean of Exeter, contains "specimens of the author's abilities in judicious criticism, and pleasant raillery, in neither of which does he appear at all inferior to Pope." This is an unlucky concession.—WARTON.

II. "*As Severn's hyger lyghethe banckes of sonde,*" *&c.* Page 75.

The following is Drayton's 'picturesque description' of the 'hygra' to which Dean Milles alludes in the note to this passage.

"Shut up in narrower bounds the Higre wildly raves,
And frights the straggling flocks, the neighboring shores to fly,
Afar as from the main it comes with hideous cry,
And on the angry front the curled foam doth bring:
The billows 'gainst the banks when fiercely it doth fling,
Hurls up the slimy ooze, and makes the scaly brood
Leap madding to the land affrighted from the flood;
O'erturns the toiling barge, whose steersman doth not launch,
And thrusts the furrowing beak into her ireful paunch."
Poly-olbion. Bk. VII. l. 10—18.

III. It is asked, how Chatterton could have gained a knowledge of the raven-standard of the Danes, [p. 76, v. 14,] or that the raven was revered by that people? We have these instances in the tragedy of Ælla, a Danish story:—

"The Danes, wythe terroure rulynge at their hedde,
Threw downe their banner talle, and lyche a raven fledde."

Again, the Danish soldiers say,

"Onne, Ælla, onn, we long for bloddie fraie,
We longe to heare the raven," &c.

And the Danish leader Ælla says,

"Thanne, whanne the ravenn crokes uponne the playne,
Oh lette ytt be the knelle to myghtie Dacians slayne."

And the chorus says,

"Harke the ravenne flaps hys wing."

Mr. Bryant supposes that this piece of recondite northern mythology was inaccessibly shut up in Spelman, Asser, the Saxon Chronicle, Pontanus, and Olaus Wormius." But Chatterton seems to have had his intelligence from Thomson's *Masque of Alfred*, a common play-book, where the raven-standard of the Danes is thus poetically described :—

——— Is not yon pictured raven
Their famous magic standard? Emblem fit
To speak the savage genius of the people.——
——— 'Tis the same,
Wrought by the sisters of the Danish king,
Of furious Ivar, in a midnight hour;
While the sick moon, at their enchanted song,
Wrapt in pale tempest, labour'd through the clouds:
The demons of destruction then, they say,
Were all abroad, and mixing with their woof
Their baleful power: the sisters ever sung,
"Shake, standard, shake this ruin on our foes!"

And the hermit says,

"The raven droops his wing—and, hark! the trumpet," &c. Let me add, that Chatterton's idea of writing a play on a Danish story might have been suggested by this very masque. He is allowed to have been a reader of Thomson. It is also to be observed, that both dramas are built on the same point of the Danish history in England, the landing of the Danes in Somersetshire. One of Chatterton's persons is 'Hurra.' Mr. Bryant says, that the proper name 'Hubba' might by an unexperienced transcriber be easily taken for 'Hurra.' It is very true, that Hubba is the right reading, as Chatterton well knew, from these lines in his favourite Thomson's *Masque:*

"The valiant Hubba bites the bloody field,
With twice six hundred Danes around him strow'd."

Chatterton, I presume, might have his reasons for converting 'Hubba' into 'Hurra.'—WARTON.

GODDWYN,

A

TRAGEDIE,

Bie THOMAS ROWLEIE.

This fragment (the manuscript in Chatterton's handwriting, mentioned in page 118), purports likewise to be the composition of Thomas Rowley. The very existence of any such person as Rowley is questioned, and on good ground. He is not so much as noticed by William of Worcestre, who lived nearly about the supposed time of Rowley, was himself of Bristol, and makes frequent mention of Canynge. Bale, who lived two hundred years nearer to Rowley than we, and who by unwearied industry dug a thousand bad authors out of obscurity, has never taken the least notice of such a person; nor yet Leland, Pitts, or Tanner, nor indeed any other literary biographer. That no copies of any of his works should exist, but those deposited in Redcliff church, is also an unaccountable circumstance not easy to be surmounted.—Dr. Gregory.

PROLOGUE.

MADE BIE MAISTRE WILLIAM CANYNGE.

Whylomme bie pensmenne moke ungentle
name
Have upon Goddwynne Erle of Kente bin layde,
Dherebie benymmynge hymme of faie and
fame;
Unliart divinistres haveth saide,
Thatte he was knowen toe noe hallie wurche;
Botte thys was all hys faulte, he gyfted ne the
churche.

The aucthoure of the piece whiche we enacte,
Albeytte a clergyon, trouthe wyll wrytte.
Inne drawynge of hys menne no wytte ys
lackte;
Entyn a kynge mote bee full pleased to nyghte.
Attende, and marcke the partes nowe to be
done;
Wee better for toe doe do champyon[1] anie onne.

[1] Challenge. The word 'champyon' is not used as a verb by any writer before Shakspeare.—Tyrwhitt.

GODDWYN.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Harolde,	bie T. Rowleie, the Aucthoure.
Goddwyn,	Johan de Iscamme.
Elwarde,	Syrr Thybbot Gorges.
Alstan,	Syrr Alan de Vere.
Kynge Edwarde	Mastre Willyam Canynge.

Odhers bie Knyghtes Mynstrelles.

GODDWYN AND HAROLDE.

GODDWYN.

Harolde!

HAROLDE.

Mie loverde!

GODDWYN.

O! I weepe to thyncke,
What foemen riseth to ifrete the londe.
Theie batten onne her flesh, her hartes bloude dryncke,
And all ys graunted from the roieal honde.

HAROLDE.

Lette notte thie agreme blyn, ne aledge stonde;
Bee I toe wepe? I wepe in teres of gore:

Am I betrassed? syke shulde mie burlie bronde
Depeyncte the wronges on hym from whom I bore.

GODDWYN.

I ken thie spryte ful welle; gentle thou art,
Stringe, ugsomme, rou, as smethynge armyes seeme;
Yett efte, I feare, thie chefes toe grete a parte,
And that thie rede bee efte borne downe bie breme.
What tydynges from the kynge!

HAROLDE.

His Normans knowe.
I make noe comvheere of the shemrynge trayne.

GODDWYN.

Ah Harolde! tis a syghte of myckle woe,
To kenne these Normannes everich rennome gayne.
What tydynge withe the foulke?

HAROLDE.

Stylle mormorynge atte yer shap, stylle toe the kynge
Theie rolle theire trobbles, lyche a sorgie sea.
Hane Englonde thenne a tongue, butte notte a stynge?
Dothe alle compleyne, yette none wylle ryghted bee?

GODDWYN.

Awayte the tyme, whanne Godde wylle sende us ayde.

HAROLDE.

No, we muste streve to ayde ourselves wyth powre.
Whan Godde wylle sende us ayde! tis fetelie prayde.
Moste we thos calke awaie the lyve-longe howre?
Thos croche oure armes, and ne toe lyve dareygne,
Unburled, undelievre, unespryte![1]
Far fro mie harte be fled thyk thoughte of peyne,
Ile free mie countrie, or Ille die yn fyghte.

GODDWYN.

Botte lette us wayte untylle somme season fytte
Mie Kentyshmen, thie Summertons shall ryse;
Adented prowess to the gite of witte,
Agayne the argent horse shall daunce yn skies.
Oh Harolde, heere forstraughteynge wanhope lies.
Englonde, oh Englonde, tis for thee I blethe.

[1] 'Unhousell'd, unanointed, unaneal'd!'—*Hamlet.*

Whylste Edwarde to thie sonnes wylle nete alyse,
Shulde anie of thie sonnes fele aughte of ethe?
Upponne the trone I sette thee, helde thie crowne;
Botte oh! twere hommage nowe to pyghte thee downe.
Thou arte all preeste, and notheynge of the kynge.
Thou arte all Norman, nothynge of mie blodde.
Know, ytte beseies thee notte a masse to synge;
Servynge thie leegefolcke thou arte servynge Godde.

HAROLDE.

Then Ille doe heaven a servyce. To the skyes
The dailie contekes of the londe ascende.
The wyddowe, fahdrelesse, and bondemennes cries
Acheke the mokie aire and heaven astende.
On us the rulers doe the folcke depende;
Hancelled from erthe these Normanne hyndes shalle bee;
Lyche a battently low, mie swerde shalle brende;
Lyche fallynge softe rayne droppes, I wyll hem slea;
Wee wayte too longe; oure purpose wylle defayte;
Aboune the hyghe empryze, and rouze the champyones strayte.

GODDWYN.

Thie suster—

HAROLDE.

Aye, I knowe, she is his queene.
Albeytte, dyd shee speeke her foemen fayre,
I wulde dequace her comlie semlykeene,
And foulde mie bloddie anlace yn her hayre.

GODDWYN.

Thyė f huir blyn.

HAROLDE.

No, bydde the leathal mere,
Upriste withe hiltrene wyndes and cause unkend,
Beheste it to be lete ; so twylle appeare,
Eere Harolde hyde hys name, hys countries friende.
The gule-steynct brygandyne, the adventayle,
The feerie anlace brede shal make mie gare prevayle.

GODDWYN.

Harolde, what wuldest doe?

HAROLDE.

Bethyncke thee whatt.
Here liethe Englonde, all her drites unfree,
Here liethe Normans coupynge her bie lotte,
Caltysnyng everich native plante to gre,—

Whatte woulde I doe? I brondeous wulde hem slee;
Tare owte theyre sable harte bie ryghtefulle breme;
Theyre deathe a meanes untoe mie lyfe shulde bee,
Mie spryte shulde revelle yn theyr harte-blodde streme.
Eftsoones I wylle bewryne mie ragefulle ire,
And Goddis anlace wielde yn furie dyre.

GODDWYN.

Whatte wouldest thou wythe the kynge?

HAROLDE.

Take offe hys crowne;
The ruler of somme mynster hym ordeyne;
Sette uppe som dygner than I han pyghte downe;
And peace in Englonde shulde be brayd agayne.

GODDWYN.

No, lette the super-hallie seyncte kynge reygne,
Ande somme moe reded rule the untentyff reaulme;
Kynge Edwarde, yn hys cortesie, wylle deygne
To yielde the spoiles, and alleyne were the heaulme:

Botte from mee harte bee everych thoughte of gayne,
Not anie of mie kin I wysche him to ordeyne.

HAROLDE.

Tell me the meenes, and I wylle boute ytte strayte;
Bete mee to slea mieselfe, ytte shalle be done.

GODDWYN.

To thee I wylle swythynne the menes unplayte,
Bie whyche thou, Harolde, shalte be proved mie sonne.
I have longe seen whatte peynes were undergon,
Whatte agrames braunce out from the general tree;
The tyme ys commynge, whan the mollock gron
Drented of alle yts swolynge owndes shalle bee;
Mie remedie is goode; our menne shall ryse:
Eftsoons the Normans and owre agrame flies.

HAROLDE.

I will to the West, and gemote alle mie knyghtes,
Wythe bylles that pancte for blodde, and sheeldes as brede

As the ybroched moon, when blaunch she dyghtes
The wodeland grounde or water-mantled mede ;
Wythe hondes whose myghte canne make the doughtiest blede,
Who efte have knelte upon forslagen foes,
Whoe wythe yer fote orrests a castle-stede,
Who dare on kynges for to bewrecke yiere woes ;
Nowe wylle the menne of Englonde haile the daie,
Whan Goddwyn leades them to the ryghtfulle fraie.

GODDWYN.

Botte firste we'll calle the loverdes of the West,
The erles of Mercia, Conventrie and all ;
The moe wee gayne, the gare wylle prosper beste,
Wythe syke a nomber wee can never fall.

HAROLDE.

True, so wee sal doe best to lyncke the chayne,
And alle attenes the spreddynge kyngedomme bynde.
No crouched champyone wythe an harte moe feygne
Dyd yssue owte the hallie swerde to fynde,
Than I nowe strev to ryd mie londe of peyne.

Goddwyn, what thanckes owre laboures wylle enhepe!
I'lle ryse mie friendes unto the bloddie pleyne;
I'lle wake the honnoure thatte ys now aslepe.
When wylle the chiefes mete atte thie feastive halle,
That I wythe voice alowde maie there upon 'em calle?

GODDWYN.

Next eve, mie sonne.

HAROLDE.

Nowe, Englonde, ys the tyme,
Whan thee or thie felle foemens cause moste die.
Thie geason wronges bee reyne ynto theyre pryme;
Now wylle thie sonnes unto thie succoure flie.
Alyche a storm egederinge yn the skie,
Tys fulle ande brasteth on the chaper grounde;
Sycke shalle mie fhuirye on the Normans flie,
And alle theyre mittee menne be sleene arounde.
Nowe, nowe, wylle Harolde or oppressionne falle,
Ne moe the Englyshmenne yn vayne for hele shal calle.

KYNGE EDWARDE AND HYS QUEENE.

QUEENE.

Botte, loverde, whie so manie Normannes here?
Mee thynckethe wee bee notte yn Englyshe londe.
These browded straungers alwaie do appere,
Theie parte yor trone, and sete at your ryghte honde.

KYNGE.

Go to, goe to, you doe ne understonde:
Theie yeave mee lyffe, and dyd mie bowkie kepe;
Theie dyd mee feeste, and did embowre me gronde;
To trete hem yll wulde lette mie kyndnesse slepe.

QUEENE.

Mancas you have yn store, and to them parte;
Youre leege-folcke make moke dole, you have theyr worthe asterte.

KYNGE.

I heste no rede of you. I ken mie friendes.
Hallie dheie are, fulle ready mee to hele.
Theyre volundes are ystorven to self endes;
No denwere yn mie breste I of them fele:

I muste to prayers; goe yn, and you do wele;
I muste ne lose the dutie of the daie;
Go inne, go ynne, ande viewe the azure rele,
Fulle welle I wote you have noe mynde toe praie.

QUEENE.

I leeve youe to doe hommage heaven-were;
To serve yor leege-folcke toe is doeynge hommage there.

KYNGE AND SYR HUGHE.

KYNGE.

Mie friende, Syr Hughe, whatte tydynges brynges thee here?

HUGHE.

There is no mancas yn mie loverdes ente;
The hus dyspense unpaied doe appere;
The laste receivure ys eftsoones dispente.

KYNGE.

Thenne guylde the Weste.

HUGHE.

Mie loverde, I dyd speke
Untoe the mitte Erle Harolde of the thynge;
He raysed hys honde, and smoke me onne the cheke,
Saieynge, go beare thatte message to the kynge.

KYNGE.

Arace hym of hys powere ; bie Goddis worde,
Ne moe thatte Harolde shall ywield the erlies swerde.

HUGHE.

Atte seeson fytte, mie loverde, lette itt bee ;
Botte nowe the folcke doe soe enalse hys name,
Inne strevvynge to slea hymme, ourselves we slea ;
Syke ys the doughtyness of hys grete fame.

KYNGE.

Hughe, I bethyncke, thie rede ys notte to blame.
Botte thou maiest fynde fulle store of marckes yn Kente.

HUGHE.

Mie noble loverde, Godwynn ys the same ;
He sweeres he wylle notte swelle the Normans ent.

KYNGE.

Ah traytoure ! botte mie rage I wylle commaunde.
Thou arte a Normanne, Hughe, a straunger to the launde.

Thou kenneste howe these Englysche erle doe bere
Such stedness in the yll and evylle thynge,

Botte atte the goode theie hover yn denwere,
Onknowlachynge gif thereunto to clynge.

HUGHE.

Onwordie syke a marvelle of a kynge!
O Edwarde, thou deservest purer leege;
To thee heie shulden al theire mancas brynge;
Thie nodde should save menne, and thie glomb forslege.
I amme no curriedowe, I lacke no wite,
I speke whatte bee the trouthe, and whatte all see is ryghte.

KYNGE.

Thou arte a hallie manne, I doe thee pryze.
Comme, comme, and here and hele mee ynn mie praires.
Fulle twentie mancas I wylle thee alise,
And twayne of hamlettes to thee and thie heyres.
Soe shalle all Normannes from mie londe be fed,
Theie alleyn have syke love as to acquyre yer bredde.

CHORUS.

Whan Freedom, dreste yn blodde-steyned veste,
To everie knyghte her warre-songe sunge,
Uponne her hedde wylde wedes were spredde;

A gorie anlace bye her honge.
She daunced onne the heathe ;
She hearde the voice of deathe ;
Pale-eyned affryghte, hys harte of sylver hue,
In vayne assayled her bosomme to acale ;
She hearde onflemed the shriekynge voice of woe,
And sadnesse ynne the owlette shake the dale.
She shooke the burled speere,
On hie she jeste her sheelde,
Her foemen all appere,
And flizze alonge the feelde.
Power, wythe his heafod straught ynto the skyes,
Hys speere a sonne-beame, and hys sheelde a starre,
Alyche twaie brendeynge gronfyres rolls hys eyes,
Chaftes with hys yronne feete and soundes to war.
She syttes upon a rocke,
She bendes before hys speere,
She ryses from the shocke,
Wieldynge her owne yn ayre.
Harde as the thonder dothe she drive ytte on,
Wytte scillye wympled gies ytte to hys crowne,
Hys longe sharpe speere, hys spreddynge sheelde ys gon,
He falles, and fallynge rolleth thousandes down.
War, goare-faced war, bie envie burld, arist,

Hys feerie heaulme noddynge to the ayre,
Tenne bloddie arrowes ynne hys streynynge fyste—[1]

* * * * * *

[1] We find among these Poems, Odes in irregular metres, Eclogues of the Pastoral kind, and Discoursing Tragedies; compositions, for not one of which any example could be found in England in the XVth century. Even in those compositions, of which the species was not entirely unknown, it is impossible not to observe a striking difference from the other compositions of that age, with respect to the *manner* in which they are constructed, and the *subjects* to which they are applied. Instead of tedious chronicles we have here interesting portions of history, selected and embellished with all the graces of epic poetry; instead of devotional hymns, legendary tales, and moralizations of scripture, we have elegant little poems upon *charitie* and *happinesse*, a *new church*, a *living worthy*, and other occurrences of the moment: no translations from the French, no allusions to the popular authors of the middle ages; nothing, in short, of what we see in so many other writers about that time. If Rowley really lived and wrote these poems in the XVth century, he must have stalked about, like Tiresias among the *Homeric ghosts*—

"He only wise, the rest mere fleeting shades."—

TYRWHITT.

ENGLYSH METAMORPHOSIS:[1]

BIE T. ROWLEIE.

BOOKE 1ST.

I.

Whanne Scythyannes, salvage as the wolves
theie chacde,
Peyncted in horrowe formes bie nature dyghte,
Heckled yn beastskyns, slepte uponne the
waste,
And wyth the morneynge rouzed the wolfe to
fyghte,
Swefte as descendeynge lemes of roddie lyghte
Plonged to the hulstred bedde of laveynge seas,
Gerd the blacke mountayn okes yn drybblets
twighte,
And ranne yn thoughte alonge the azure mees,
Whose eyne dyd feerie sheene, like blue-hayred
defs,
That dreerie hange upon Dover's emblaunched
clefs.

[1] This poem was originally printed from a single sheet in Chatterton's handwriting, communicated by Mr. Barrett, who received it from Chatterton.

II.

Soft boundeynge over swelleynge azure reles
The salvage natyves sawe a shyppe appere ;
An uncouthe denwere to theire bosomme steles ;
Theyre myghte ys knopped ynne the frost of fere.
The headed javlyn lisseth here and there ;
Theie stonde, theie ronne, theie loke wythe ger eyne ;
The shyppes sayle, boleynge wythe the kyndelie ayre,
Ronneth to harbour from the beateynge bryne ;
Theie dryve awaie aghaste, whanne to the stronde
A burled Trojan lepes, wythe Morglaien sweerde yn honde.

III.

Hymme followede eftsoones hys compheeres, whose swerdes
Glestred lyke gledeynge starres ynne frostie nete,
Hayleynge theyre capytayne in chirckynge wordes
Kynge of the lande, whereon theie set theyre fete.
The greete kynge Brutus thanne theie dyd hym greete,
Prepared for battle, mareschalled the fyghte ;

Theie urged the warre, the natyves fledde, as flete
As fleaynge cloudes that swymme before the syghte ;
Tyll tyred wythe battles, for to ceese the fraie,
Theie uncted Brutus kynge, and gave the Trojanns swaie.

IV.

Twayne of twelve years han lemed up the myndes,
Leggende the salvage unthewes of theire breste,
Improved in mysterk warre, and lymmed theyre kyndes,
Whenne Brute from Brutons sonke to æterne reste.
Eftsoons the gentle Locryne was possest
Of swaie, and vested yn the paramente ;
Halceld the bykrous Huns, who dyd infeste
Hys wakeynge kynydom wyth a foule intente ;
As hys broade swerde oer Homberres heade was honge,
He tourned toe ryver wyde, and roarynge rolled alonge.

V.

He wedded Gendolyne of roieal sede,
Upon whose countenance rodde healthe was spreade ;
Bloushing, alyche the scarlette of herr wede,
She sonke to pleasaunce on the marryage bedde.
Eftsoons her peacefull joie of mynde was fledde ;

Elstrid ametten with the kynge Locryne ;
Unnombered beauties were upon her shedde,
Moche fyne, moche fayrer thanne was Gendolyne ;
The mornynge tynge, the rose, the lillie floure,
In ever ronneynge race on her dyd peyncte theyre powere.

VI.

The gentle suyte of Locryne gayned her love ;
Theie lyved soft momentes to a swotie age ;
Eft wandringe yn the coppyce, delle, and grove,
Where ne one eyne mote theyre disporte engage ;
There dydde theie tell the merrie lovynge fage,
Croppe the prymrosen floure to decke theyre headde ;
The feerie Gendolyne yn woman rage
Gemoted warriours to bewreck her bedde ;
Theie rose ; ynne battle was greete Locryne sleene ;
The faire Elstrida fledde from the enchafed queene.

VII.

A tye of love, a dawter fayre she hanne,
Whose boddeynge morneyng shewed a fayre daie,
Her fadre Locrynne, once an hailie manne.
Wyth the fayre dawterre dydde she haste awaie,
To where the western mittee pyles of claie

Arise ynto the cloudes, and doe them beere;
There dyd Elstrida and Sabryna staie;
The fyrste tryckde out a whyle yn warryours gratch and gear,
Vyncente was she ycleped, butte fulle soone fate
Sente deathe to telle the dame she was notte yn regrate.

VIII.

The queene Gendolyne sente a gyaunte knyghte,
Whose doughtie heade swepte the emmert-leynge skies,
To slea her wheresoever she shulde be pyghte,
Eke everychone who shulde her ele emprize.
Swefte as the roareynge wyndes the gyaunte flies,
Stayde the loude wyndes, and shaded reaulmes yn nyghte,
Stepte over cytties, on meint acres lies,
Meeteynge the herehaughtes of morneynge lighte;
Tyll mooveynge to the weste, myschaunce hys gye,
He thorowe warriours gratch fayre Elstrid did espie.

IX.

He tore a ragged mountayne from the grounde,
Harried uppe noddynge forrests to the skie,
Thanne wythe a fuirie, mote the erthe astounde,
To meddle ayre he lette the mountayne flie.

The flying wolfynnes sente a yelleynge crie ;
Onne Vyncente and Sabryna felle the mount ;
To lyve æternalle dyd theie eftsoones die ;
Thorowe the sandie grave boiled up the pourple founte,
On a broade grassie playne was layde the hyllė,
Staieynge the rounynge course of meint a limmed rylle.

X.

The goddes, who kenned the actyons of the wyghte,
To leggen the sadde happe of twayne so fayre,
Houton dyd make the mountaine bie theire mighte.
Forth from Sabryna ran a ryverre cleere,
Roarynge and rolleynge on yn course bysmare ;
From female Vyncente shotte a ridge of stones,
Eche syde the ryver rysynge heavenwere ;
Sabrynas floode was helde ynne Elstryds bones.
So are theie cleped ; gentle and the hynde
Can telle, that Severnes streeme bie Vyncentes rocke's ywrynde.

XI.

The bawsyn gyaunt, hee who dyd them slee,
To telle Gendolyne quycklie was ysped ;
Whanne, as he strod alonge the shakeynge lee,
The roddie levynne glesterrd on hys headde ;
Into hys hearte the azure vapoures spreade ;
He wrythde arounde yn drearie dernie payne ;

Whanne from his lyfe-bloode the rodde lemes were fed,
He felle an hepe of ashes on the playne:
Stylle does hys ashes shoote ynto the lyghte,
A wondrous mountayne hie, and Snowdon ys ytte hyghte.

AN EXCELENTE BALADE OF CHARITIE:

AS WROTEN BIE THE GODE PRIESTE THOMAS ROWLEIE,[1] 1464.

I.

In Virgyne the sweltrie sun gan sheene,
And hotte upon the mees did caste his raie;
The apple rodded from its palie greene,
And the mole peare did bende the leafy spraie;
The peede chelandri sunge the livelong daie;
'Twas nowe the pride, the manhode of the yeare,
And eke the grounde was dighte in its mose defte aumere.

II.

The sun was glemeing in the midde of daie,
Deadde still the aire, and eke the welken blue,
When from the sea arist in drear arraie
A hepe of cloudes of sable sullen hue,
The which full fast unto the woodlande drewe,

[1] Thomas Rowley, the author, was born at Norton Malreward, in Somersetshire, educated at the Convent of St. Kenna, at Keynesham, and died at Westbury in Gloucestershire.—CHATTERTON.

Hiltring attenes the sunnis fetyve face,
And the blacke tempeste swolne and gatherd up apace.

III.

Beneathe an holme, faste by a pathwaie side,
Which dyde unto Seyncte Godwine's covent [1] lede,
A hapless pilgrim moneynge dyd abide,
Pore in his viewe, ungentle in his weede,
Longe bretful of the miseries of neede,
Where from the hail-stone coulde the almer flie?
He had no housen theere, ne anie covent nie.

IV.

Look in his glommed face, his sprighte there scanne;
Howe woe-be-gone, how withered, forwynd, deade!
Haste to thie church-glebe-house, asshrewed manne!
Haste to thie kiste, thie onlie dortoure bedde.
Cale, as the claie whiche will gre on thie hedde,

[1] 'Seyncte Godwine's Covent.' It would have been *charitable* if the author had not pointed at personal characters in this "Ballad of Charity." The Abbott of St. Godwin's at the time of the writing of this was Ralph de Bellomont, a great stickler for the Lancastrian family. Rowley was a Yorkist. —CHATTERTON.

Is Charitie and Love aminge highe elves;
Knightis and Barons live for pleasure and themselves.[1]

V.

The gatherd storme is rype; the bigge drops falle;
The forswat meadowes smethe, and drenche the raine;
The comyng ghastness do the cattle pall,
And the full flockes are drivynge ore the plaine;
Dashde from the cloudes the waters flott againe;
The welkin opes; the yellow levynne flies;
And the hot fierie smothe in the wide lowings dies.

VI.

Liste! now the thunder's rattling clymmynge sound
Cheves slowlie on, and then embollen clangs,
Shakes the hie spyre, and losst, dispended, drown'd,
Still on the gallard eare of terroure hanges;
The windes are up; the lofty elmen swanges;
Again the levynne and the thunder poures,
And the full cloudes are braste attenes in stonen showers.

[1] Chatterton probably alluded to his own deserted situation, since, it is said, he gave this ballad to the publisher of the 'Town and Country Magazine,' only a month before his death.—Dr. Gregory.

VII.

Spurreynge his palfrie oere the watrie plaine,
The Abbote of Seyncte Godwynes convente came;
His chapournette was drented with the reine,
And his pencte gyrdle met with mickle shame;
He aynewarde tolde his bederoll[1] at the same;
The storme encreasen, and he drew aside,
With the mist almes-craver neere to the holme to bide.

VIII.

His cope was all of Lyncolne clothe so fyne,
With a gold button fasten'd neere his chynne;
His autremete was edged with golden twynne,
And his shoone pyke a loverds mighte have binne;
Full well it shewn he thoughten coste no sinne:
The trammels of the palfrye pleasde his sighte,
For the horse-millanare[2] his head with roses dighte.

[1] He told his beads backwards; a figurative expression to signify cursing.—CHATTERTON.

[2] One morning while Mr. Tyrwhitt and I were at Bristol, in 1776, we had not proceeded far from our lodging before he found he had left on his table a memorandum-book, which it was necessary he should have about him. He therefore returned to fetch it while I stood still in the very place we parted at, looking on the objects about me. By this spot, as I was subsequently assured, the young Chatterton would naturally pass to the charity school, on St. Augustine's back,

IX.

An almes, sir prieste! the droppynge pilgrim saide,
O! let me waite within your covente dore,
Till the sunne sheneth hie above our heade,
And the loude tempeste of the aire is oer;
Helpless and ould am I alas! and poor;
No house, ne friend, ne moneie in my pouche;
All yatte I calle my owne is this my silver crouche.

X.

Varlet, replyd the Abbatte, cease your dinne;
This is no season almes and prayers to give;

where he was educated. But whether this circumstance be correctly stated or not, is immaterial to the general tendency of the following remark. On the spot, however, where I was standing, our retentive observer had picked up an idea which afterwards found its way into his "Excelente Balade of Charitie, as wroten by the gode prieste Thomas Rowleie, 1464."

"For the 'horse-millanare' his head with roses dighte."

The considerate reader must obviously have stared on being informed that such a term and such a trade had been extant in 1464; but his wonder would have ceased, had he been convinced, as I am, that in a public part of Bristol, full in sight of every passer by, was a sadler's shop, over which was inscribed 'A' or 'B,' no matter which, 'horse-milliner.' On the outside of one of the windows of the same operator stood (and I suppose yet stands) a wooden horse dressed out with ribbons, to explain the nature of horse-millinery. We have here perhaps the history of this modern image, which was impressed by Chatterton into his description of an "Abbote of Seyncte Godwynes Convente."—STEEVENS.

Mie porter never lets a faitour in ;
None touch mie rynge who not in honour live.
And now the sonne with the blacke cloudes did stryve,
And shettynge on the grounde his glairie raie,
The Abbatte spurrde his steede, and eftsoones roadde awaie.

XI.

Once moe the skie was blacke, the thounder rolde ;
Faste reyneynge oer the plaine a prieste was seen ;
Ne dighte full proude, ne buttoned up in golde ;
His cope and jape were graie, and eke were clene ;
A Limitoure he was of order seene ;
And from the pathwaie side then turned hee,
Where the pore almer laie binethe the holmen tree.

XII.

An almes, sir priest! the droppynge pilgrim sayde,
For sweete Seyncte Marie and your order sake.
The Limitoure then loosen'd his pouche threade,
And did thereoute a groate of silver take ;
The mister pilgrim dyd for halline shake.
Here take this silver, it maie eathe thie care ;
We are Goddes stewards all, nete of oure owne we bare.

XIII.

But ah! unhailie pilgrim, lerne of me,
Scathe anie give a rentrolle to their Lorde.
Here take my semecope, thou arte bare I see;
Tis thyne; the Seynctes will give me mie reward.
He left the pilgrim, and his waie aborde.
Virgynne and hallie Seyncte, who sitte yn gloure,
Or give the mittee will, or give the gode man power!

TO JOHNE LADGATE.

[SENT WITH THE FOLLOWING SONGE TO ELLA.]

Well thanne, goode Johne, sythe ytt must needes be soe,
Thatt thou and I a bowtynge matche must have,
Lette ytt ne breakynge of oulde friendshyppe bee,
Thys ys the onelie all-a-boone I crave.

Rememberr Stowe,[1] the Bryghtstowe Carmalyte,
Who whanne Johne Clarkynge, one of myckle lore,
Dydd throwe hys gauntlette-penne, wyth hym to fyghte,
Hee showd smalle wytte, and showd hys weaknesse more.

Thys ys mie formance, whyche I nowe have wrytte,
The best performance of mie lyttel wytte.

1 'Stowe' should be 'Stone,' a Carmelite friar of Bristol, educated at Cambridge, and a famous preacher.—WARTON.

SONGE TO ÆLLA,

LORDE OF THE CASTEL OF BRYSTOWE YNNE DAIES OF YORE.

Oh thou, orr whatt remaynes of thee,
Ælla, the darlynge of futurity,
Lett thys mie songe bolde as thie courage be,
As everlastynge to posteritye.
Whanne Dacya's sonnes, whose hayres of bloude redde hue
Lyche kynge-cuppes brastynge wythe the morning due,
Arraung'd ynne dreare arraie,
Upponne the lethale daie,
Spredde farre and wyde onne Watchets shore;
Than dyddst thou furiouse stande,
And bie thie valyante hande
Beesprengedd all the mees wythe gore.

Drawne bie thyne anlace felle,
Downe to the depthe of helle
Thousandes of Dacyanns went;
Brystowannes, menne of myghte,

Ydar'd the bloudie fyghte,
And actedd deeds full quent.

Oh thou, whereer (thie bones att reste)
Thye Spryte to haunte delyghteth beste,
Whetherr upponne the bloude-embrewedd pleyne,
Orr whare thou kennst fromm farre
The dysmall crye of warre,
Orr seest somme mountayne made of corse of sleyne;

Orr seest the hatchedd stede,
Ypraunceynge o'er the mede,
And neighe to be amenged the poynctedd speeres:
Orr ynne blacke armoure staulke arounde
Embattel'd Brystowe, once thie grounde,
And glowe ardurous onn the Castle steeres;

Orr fierye round the mynsterr glare;
Lette Brystowe stylle be made thie care;
Guarde ytt fromme foemenne and consumynge fyre;
Lyche Avones streme ensyrke ytte rounde,
Ne lette a flame enharme the grounde,
Tylle ynne one flame all the whole worlde expyre.[1]

[1] The stanza of old English poetry is most commonly formed of lines of equal feet, and constantly preserves an uniform recurrence of the same systematic alternation of

rhyme. The ' Songe to Ælla ' is composed in that devious and irregular measure, which has been called the ' Pindaric.' What shall we think of a Pindaric ode in the reign of Edward the Fourth? It is well known, that this novelty was reserved for the capricious ambition of Cowley's muse. The writers of the fifteenth century were not so fond of soaring. They had neither skill nor strength for such towering flights.— WARTON.

THE UNDERWRITTEN LINES WERE

COMPOSED BY JOHN LADGATE, A PRIEST IN LONDON,

AND SENT TO ROWLIE, AS AN ANSWER TO THE PRECEDING SONGE OF ELLA.

Havynge wythe mouche attentyon redde
Whatt you dydd to mee sende,
Admyre the varses mouche I dyd,
And thus an answer lende.

Amongs the Greeces Homer was
A Poett mouche renownde,
Amongs the Latyns Vyrgilius
Was beste of Poets founde.

The Brytish Merlyn oftenne hanne
The gyfte of inspyration,
And Afled to the Sexonne menne
Dydd synge wythe elocation.

Ynne Norman tymes, Turgotus and
Goode Chaucer dydd excelle,

Thenn Stowe, the Bryghtstowe Carmelyte,
Dydd bare awaie the belle.

Nowe Rowlie ynne these mokie dayes
Lendes owte hys sheenynge lyghtes,
And Turgotus and Chaucer lyves
Ynne ev'ry lyne he wrytes.

Mr. Tyrwhitt compared the copy of the 'Songe to Ælla' and 'Ladgate's Answer,' supplied by Mr. Catcott, with one made by Mr. Barrett, from the piece of vellum which Chatterton gave to him as the original MS. These are the variations of importance, exclusive of many in the spelling.

VERSES TO LADGATE.

In the title, for 'Ladgate,' *r.* 'Lydgate.'
ver. 2. *r.* 'Thatt I and thee.'
3. for 'bee,' *r.* 'goe.'
7. for 'fyghte,' *r.* 'wryte.'

SONGE TO ÆLLA.

The title in the vellum MS. was simply 'Songe toe Ælla,' with a small mark of reference to a note below, containing the following wordes—'Lord of the Castelle of Brystowe ynne daies of yore.' It may be proper also to take notice, that the whole song was there written like prose, without any breaks, or divisions into verses.

ver. 6. for 'brastynge,' *r.* 'burstynge.'
11. for 'valyante,' *r.* 'burlie.'
23. for 'dysmall,' *r.* 'honore.'

LADGATE'S ANSWER.

No title in the Vellum MS.
ver. 3. for 'varses' *r.* 'pene.'
antep. for 'Lendes,' *r.* 'Sendes.'
ult. for 'lyne,' *r.* 'thynge.'

Mr. Barrett had also a copy of these Poems by Chatterton,

which differed from that which Chatterton afterwards produced as the original, in the following particulars, among others:

IN THE TITLE OF THE VERSES TO LADGATE.

Orig. 'Lydgate.' — Chat. 'Ladgate.'
ver. 3. Orig. 'goe.' — Chat. 'doe.'
7. Orig. 'wryte.' — Chat. 'fyghte.'

SONGE TO ÆLLA.

ver. 5. Orig. 'Dacyane.' — Chat. 'Dacya's.'
Orig. 'whose lockes.' — Chat. 'whose hayres.'
11. Orig. 'burlie.' — Chat. 'bronded.'
22. Orig. 'kennest.' — Chat. 'hearst.'
23. Orig. 'honore.' — Chat. 'dysmall.'
26. Orig. 'Ypraucynge.' — Chat. 'Ifrayning.'
30. Orig. 'gloue.' — Chat. 'glare.'

TYRWHITT's *Edition of Rowley.*

Upon these variations we have these remarks: "In one copy of the 'Songe to Ælla,' which Chatterton gave to Mr. Barrett, these lines were found:

"Or seest the hatched steed,
Ifrayning o'er the meed."

Being called upon for the original, he the next day produced a parchment, containing the same poem, in which he had written 'ypraucing,' instead of 'ifrayning;' but by some artifice he had obscured the MS. so much, to give it an ancient appearance, that Mr. Barrett could not make out the word without the use of galls. What follows from all this, but that Chatterton found on examination that there was no such word as 'ifrayning,' and that he substituted another in its place? In the same poem he at one time wrote 'locks,'—'burlie'—'brasting,' and 'kennest;' at another, 'hairs'—'valiant'—'bursting,' and 'hearest.' Variations of this kind he could have produced without end. What he called originals, indeed, were probably in general more perfect than what he called copies; because the former were always produced after the other, and were, in truth, nothing more than second editions of the same pieces."—MALONE.

THE TOURNAMENT

AN INTERLUDE.

This poem was originally printed from a copy made by Mr. Catcott, from one in Chatterton's handwriting.

Sir Simon de Bourton, the hero of this poem, is supposed to have been the first founder of a church dedicated to "oure Ladie," in the place where the church of St. Mary Redcliffe now stands.

The following account is transcribed from one of the parchment manuscripts produced by Chatterton:—

Symonne de Byrtonne eldest sonne of Syrre Baldwynus de Byrtonne, was born on the eve of the annunciation, M.C.C.XXXXXXV. hee was desyrabelle of aspect, and in hys yowthe much yeven to Tourneyeynge, and M.C.C.XXXXXXXX at Wynchestre yule games won myckle honnoure, he abstaynyd from marryage, he was myckle learned and ybuyldea a house in the Yle of Wyghte after fashyon of a pallayse royaul, goodlye to behoulde, wyth carvell'd pyllars on whych was thys ryme wroten:

Fulle nobille is thys Kyngelie howse
And eke fulle nobille thee,
Echone is for the other fytte,
As saynctes for heaven bee.

Hee ever was fullen of almesdeeds, and was of the poore beloved: in M.C.C.LXXXV Kynge Edwarde* kepte hys Chrystmasse at Bryghtstowe and proceeded agaynste the Welchmenne ebroughtenne manye stronge and dowghtee knyghts, amongst whom were Syrre Ferrars Nevylle, Geoffroie Free-

* This circumstance is proved by our old chronicles under the year 1285, "Rex Edw. 1. per Walliam progrediens occidentalem intravit Glamorganciam, quæ ad Comitem Gloveruiæ noscitur pertinere: Rex dein Bristolliam veniens festum Dominicæ nativitatis eo Anno ibi tenuit."—BARRETT.

man, Clymar Percie, Heldebrand Gournie, Ralph Mohun, Syr Lyster Percie, and Edgare Knyvet, knyghtes of renowne, who established a three days' jouste on Saynets Maryes Hylle: Syrre Ferrars Nevylle appeared dyghte in ruddy armoure bearyng a rampaunte lyon Gutte de Sangue, agaynste hym came Syr Gervayse Teysdylle, who bearyd a launce issuynge proper but was quycklie overthrowen: then appeared Leonarde Ramsay, who had a honde issuante holdeynge a bloudie swerde peercynge a couroune wyth a sheelde peasenue with sylver; he ranne twayne tyltes, but Neville throwen hym on the thyrde rencountre: then dyd the aforesayd Syrre Symonne de Byrtonne avow that if he overthrowen Syrre Ferrars Neville, he woulde there erecte and buylde a chyrche to owre Ladye; allgate there stoode anigh Lamyngtonnes Ladies chamber: hee then encountred vygorously and bore Syrre Ferrars horse and man to the grounde, remaynynge konynge, victore knyght of the Jouste, ande settynge atte the ryghte honde of K. Edwarde. Inne M.CCLXXXXI hee performed hys vowen ybuylden a godelye chyrche from a pattern of St. Oswaldes Abbyes Chyrche and the day of our Lordes natyvyty M.C.CCI. Gylbert de Sante Leonfardoe Byshope of Chychestre dyd dedicate it to the Holie Vyrgynne Marye moder of Godde."

This MS., one of the pretended originals, entitled "Vita Burtoni," is 6½ inches square, partly written with *brown* ink, and partly with perfectly *black*. It is smeared in the centre with glue or brown varnish, but for the most part is in an attorney's regular engrossing hand. The parchment, where it has not been disfigured, appears new and of its natural colour. Some drops of red ink appear in different parts of the parchment.—SOUTHEY's *Edition of Chatterton*.

THE TOURNAMENT.

ENTER AN HERAWDE.

THE Tournament begynnes; the hammerrs sounde;
The courserrs lysse about the mensuredd fielde;
The shemrynge armoure throws the sheene arounde;
Quayntyssed fons depicted onn eche sheelde.
The feerie heaulmets, wythe the wreathes amielde,
Supportes the rampynge lyoncell orr beare,
Wythe straunge depyctures, nature maie nott yeelde,
Unseemelie to all orderr doe appere,
Yett yatte to menne, who thyncke and have a spryte,
Makes knowen thatt the phantasies unryghte.

I, sonne of honnoure, spencer of her joies,
Muste swythen goe to yeve the speeres arounde;
Wythe advantayle and borne I meynte emploie,
Who withoute mee woulde fall untoe the grounde.
Soe the tall oake the ivie twysteth rounde;

Soe the neshe flowerr grees ynne the woodeland shade.
The worlde bie diffraunce ys ynne orderr founde;
Wydhoute unlikenesse nothynge could bee made.
As ynn the bowke nete alleyn cann bee donne,
Syke ynn the weal of kynde all thynges are partes of onne.

ENTERR SYRR SYMONNE DE BOURTONNE.

Herawde, bie heavenne these tylterrs staie too longe,
Mie phantasie ys dyinge forr the fyghte.
The mynstrelles have begonne the thyrde warr songe,
Yett notte a speere of hemm hath grete mie syghte.
I feere there be ne manne wordhie mie myghte.
I lacke a Guid,[1] a Wyllyamm [2] to entylte.

To reine anente a fele embodiedd knyghte,
Ytt gettes ne rennome gyff hys blodde bee spylte.
Bie heavenne and Marie ytt ys tyme they're here;
I lyche nott unthylle thus to wielde the speare.

[1] Guie de Sancto Egidio, the most famous tilter of his age. —CHATTERTON. Rather Guy of Warwick.—DEAN MILLES.
[2] William Rufus. — CHATTERTON. Rather William the Conqueror.—DEAN MILLES.

HERAWDE.

Methynckes I heare yer slugghornes dynn fromm farre.

BOURTONNE.

Ah! sywthenn mie shielde and tyltynge launce bee bounde.
Eftsoones beheste mie Squyerr to the warre.
I flie before to clayme a challenge grownde.
[*Goeth oute.*

HERAWDE.

Thie valourous actes woulde meinte of menne astounde;
Harde bee yer shappe encontrynge thee ynn fyghte;
Anenst alle menne thou berest to the grounde,
Lyche the hard hayle dothe the tall roshes pyghte.
As whanne the mornynge sonne ydronks the dew,
Syche dothe thie valourous actes drocke eche knyghte's hue.

THE LYSTES. THE KYNGE. SYRR SYMONNE DE BOURTONNE, SYRR HUGO FERRARIS, SYRR RANULPH NEVILLE, SYRR LODOVICK DE CLYNTON, SYRR JOHAN DE BERGHAMME, AND ODHERR KNYGHTES, HERAWDE, MYNSTRELLES, AND SERVYTOURS.

KYNGE.

The barganette; yee mynstrelles tune the strynge,
Somme actyonn dyre of auntyante kynges now synge.

MYNSTELLES.

I.

Wyllyamm, the Normannes floure botte Englondes thorne,
The manne whose myghte delievretie hadd knite,
Snett oppe hys long strunge bowe and sheelde aborne,
Behesteynge all hys hommageres to fyghte.
Goe, rouze the lyonn fromm hys hylted denne,
Let thie floes drenche the blodde of anie thynge bott menne.

II.

Ynn the treed forreste doe the knyghtes appere;
Wyllyamm wythe myghte hys bowe enyronn'd plies;
Loude dynns the arrowe ynn the wolfynn's eare;
Hee ryseth battent, roares, he panctes, hee dyes.
Forslagenn att thie feete lett wolvynns bee,
Lett thie floes drenche theyre blodde, bott do ne bredrenn slea.

III.

Throwe the merke shade of twistynde trees hee rydes;
The flemed owlett flapps herr eve-speckte wynge;
The lordynge toade ynn all hys passes bides;
The berten neders att hymm darte the stynge;
Stylle, stylle, hee passes onn, hys stede astrodde,
Nee hedes the daungerous waie gyff leadynge untoe bloodde.

IV.

The lyoncel, fromme sweltrie countries braughte,
Coucheynge binethe the sheltre of the brierr,
Att commyng dynn doth rayse himselfe distraughte,
Hee loketh wythe an eie of flames of fyre.
Goe, stycke the lyonn to hys hyltren denne,
Lette thie floes drenche the blood of anie thynge botte menn.

V.

Wythe passent steppe the lyonn mov'th alonge;
Wyllyamm hys ironne-woven bowe hee bendes,
Wythe myghte alych the roghlynge thonderr stronge;
The lyonn ynn a roare hys spryte foorthe sendes.
Goe, slea the lion ynn hys blodde-steyn'd denne,
Botte bee thie takelle drie fromm blodde of odherr menne.

VI.

Swefte fromm the thyckett starks the stagge awaie;
The couraciers as swefte doe afterr flie.
Hee lepethe hie, hee stondes, hee kepes at baie,
Botte metes the arrowe, and eftsoones dothe die.
Forslagenn atte thie fote lette wylde beastes bee,
Lette thie floes drenche yer blodde, yett do ne bredrenn slee.

VII.

Wythe murtherr tyredd, hee sleynges hys bowe alyne.
The stagge ys ouch'd[1] wythe crownes of lillie flowerrs.
Arounde theire heaulmes theie greene verte doe entwyne;
Joying and rev'lous ynn the grene wode bowerrs.
Forslagenn wyth thie sloe lette wylde beastes bee,
Feeste thee upponne theire fleshe, doe ne thie bredrenn slee.

KYNGE.

Nowe to the Tourneie; who wylle fyrste affraie?

[1] Garlands of flowers being put round the neck of the game, it was said to be 'ouch'd,' from 'ouch,' a chain worn by earls round their necks.—CHATTERTON.

HERAULDE.

Nevylle, a baronne, bee yatte honnoure thyne.

BOURTONNE.

I clayme the passage.

NEVYLLE.

I contake thie waie.

BOURTONNE.

Thenn there's mie gauntlette on mie gaberdyne.

HEREHAULDE.

A leegefull challenge, knyghtes and champyonns dygne,
A leegefull challenge, lette the slugghorne sounde.

[*Syrr Symonne and Nevylle tylte.*

Nevylle ys goeynge, manne and horse, toe grounde.

[*Nevylle falls.*

Loverdes, how doughtilie the tylterrs joyne!
Yee champyonnes, heere Symonne de Bourtonne fyghtes,
Onne hee hathe quacedd, assayle hymm, yee knyghtes.

FERRARIS.

I wylle anente hymm goe; mie squierr, mie shielde;

Orr onne orr odherr wyll doe myckle scethe
Before I doe departe the lissedd fielde,
Mieselfe orr Bourtonne hereupponn wyll blethe,
Mie shielde!

BOURTONNE.

Comme onne, and fitte thie tylte-launce ethe.
Whanne Bourtonn fyghtes, hee metes a doughtie foe.

[*Theie tylte. Ferraris falleth.*

Hee falleth; nowe bie heavenne thie woundes doe smethe;
I feere mee, I have wroughte thee myckle woe.

HERAWDE.

Bourtonne hys seconde beereth to the feelde.
Comme onn, yee knyghtes, and wynn the honnour'd sheeld.

BERGHAMME.

I take the challenge; squyre, mie launce and stede.
I, Bourtonne, take the gauntlette; forr mee staie.
Botte, gyff thou fyghteste mee, thou shalt have mede;
Somme odherr I wylle champyonn toe affraie;
Perchaunce fromme hemm I maie possess the daie,
Thenn I schalle be a foemanne forr the spere.

Herehawde, toe the bankes of Knyghtys faie,
De Berghamme wayteth forr a foemann heere.

CLINTON.

Botte longe thou schalte ne tende; I doe thee fie,
Lyche forreying levyn, schalle mie tylte-launce flie.
[*Berghamme and Clinton tylte. Clinton fallethe.*

BERGHAMME.

Nowe, nowe, Syrr Knyghte, attoure thie bee-veredd eyne.
I have borne downe, and efte doe gauntlette thee.
Swythenne begynne, and wrynn thie shappe orr myne;
Gyff thou dyscomfytte, ytt wylle dobblie bee.
[*Bourtonne and Burghamm tylteth. Berghamme falls.*

HERAWDE.

Symonne de Bourtonne haveth borne downe three,
And bie the thyrd hathe honnoure of a fourthe.
Lett hymm bee sett asyde, tylle hee doth see
A tyltynge forr a knyghte of gentle wourthe.
Heere commethe straunge knyghtes; gyff corteous heie,
Ytt welle beseies to yeve hemm ryghte of fraie.

FIRST KNYGHTE.

Straungerrs wee bee, and homblie doe wee clayme

The rennome ynn thys Tourneie forr to tylte;
Dherbie to proove fromm cravents owre goode name,
Bewrynnynge thatt wee gentile blodde have spylte.

HEREHAWDE.

Yee knyghtes of cortesie, these straungerrs, saie,
Bee you fulle wyllynge forr to yeve hemm fraie?

[*Fyve Knyghtes tylteth wythe the straunge Knyghte, and bee everichone overthrowne.*

BOURTONNE.

Nowe bie Seyncte Marie, gyff onn all the fielde
Ycrasedd speres and helmetts bee besprente,
Gyff everyche knyghte dydd houlde a piercedd sheeld,
Gyff all the feelde wythe champyonne blodde be stente,
Yett toe encounterr hymm I bee contente.
Annodherr launce, Marshalle, anodherr launce.
Albeytte hee wythe lowes of fyre ybrente,
Yett Bourtonne woulde agenste hys val advance.
Fyve haveth fallenn downe anethe hys speere,
Botte hee schalle bee the next thatt falleth heere.

Bie thee, Seyncte Marie, and thy Sonne I sweare,

Thatt ynn whatte place yonn doughtie knyghte
shall fall
Anethe the stronge push of mie straught out
speere,
There schalle aryse a hallie chyrches walle,
The whyche, ynn honnoure, I wylle Marye calle,
Wythe pillars large, and spyre full hyghe and
rounde.
And thys I faifullie wylle stonde to all,
Gyff yonderr straungerr falleth to the grounde.
Straungerr, bee boune; I champyonn you to
warre.
Sounde, sounde the slughornes, to be hearde
fromm farre.
[*Bourtonne and the Straungerr tylt. Straunger falleth.*

KYNGE.

The Mornynge Tyltes now cease.

HERAWDE.

Bourtonne ys kynge.
Dysplaie the Englyshe bannorre onn the
tente;
Rounde hymm, yee mynstrelles, songs of ach-
ments synge;
Yee Herawdes, getherr upp the speeres be-
sprente;
To Kynge of Tourney-tylte bee all knees bente.
Dames faire and gentle, forr youre loves hee
foughte;

Forr you the longe tylte-launce, the swerde hee shente ;
Hee joustedd, alleine havynge you ynn thoughte.
Comme, mynstrells, sound the strynge, goe onn eche syde,
Whylest hee untoe the Kynge ynn state doe ryde.

MYNSTRELLES.

I

Whann Battayle, smethynge wythe new quick-enn'd gore,
Bendynge wythe spoiles, and bloddie droppynge hedde,
Dydd the merke wood of ethe and rest explore,
Seekeynge to lie onn Pleasures downie bedde,
Pleasure, dauncyng fromm her wode,
Wreathedd wythe floures of aiglintine,
From hys vysage washedd the bloude,
Hylte hys swerde and gaberdyne.

II.

Wythe syke an eyne shee swotelie hymm dydd view,
Dydd soe ycorvenn everrie shape to joie,
Hys spryte dydd chaunge untoe anodherr hue,
Hys armes, ne spoyles, mote anie thoughts emploie.
All delyghtsomme and contente,
Fyre enshotynge fromm hys eyne,

Ynn hys armes hee dydd herr hente,
Lyche the merk-plante doe entwyne.
Soe, gyff thou lovest Pleasure and herr trayne,
Onknowlachynge ynn whatt place herr to fynde,
Thys rule yspende, and ynn thie mynde retayne;
Seeke Honnoure fyrste, and Pleasaunce lies behynde.

BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

In printing the first of these poems two copies have been made use of, both taken from copies of Chatterton's handwriting — the one by Mr. Catcott, and the other by Mr. Barrett. The principal difference between them is at the end, where the latter has fourteen lines from stanza 55, which are wanting in the former. The second poem is printed from a single copy, made by Mr. Barrett, from one in Chatterton's handwriting.

It should be observed, that the Poem marked No. 1, was given to Mr. Barrett by Chatterton, with the following title: "Battle of Hastings, wrote by Turgot the Monk, a Saxon, in the tenth century, and translated by Thomas Rowlie, parish preeste of St. Johns, in the city of Bristol, in the year 1465.— The remainder of the poem I have not been happy enough to meet with." Being afterwards pressed by Mr. Barrett to produce any part of this poem in the original handwriting, he at last said that he wrote this poem himself for a friend; but that he had another, the copy of an original by Rowley: and being then desired to produce that other poem, he, after a considerable interval of time, brought to Mr. Barrett the poem marked No. 2, as far as stanza 52 inclusive, with the following title: "Battle of Hastyngs by Turgotus, translated by Roulie for W. Canynge, Esq." The lines from stanza 52 inclusive, were brought some time after, in consequence of Mr. Barrett's repeated solicitations for the conclusion of the poem.—*Note to Tyrwhitt's Edition.*

BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

(No. 1.)

I.

O Chryste, it is a grief for me to telle,
How manie a nobil erle and valrous knyghte
In fyghtynge for Kynge Harrold noblie fell,
Al sleyne in Hastyngs feeld in bloudie fyghte.
O sea, our teeming donore! han thy floude,
Han anie fructuous entendement,
Thou wouldst have rose and sank wyth tydes of bloude,
Before Duke Wyllyam's knyghts han hither went;
Whose cowart arrows manie erles sleyne,
And brûed the feeld wyth bloude as season rayne.

II.

And of his knyghtes did eke full manie die,
All passyng hie, of mickle myghte echone,
Whose poygnant arrowes, typp'd with destynie,
Caus'd manie wydowes to make myckle mone.
Lordynges, avaunt, that chycken-harted are,
From out of hearynge quicklie now departe;
Full well I wote, to synge of bloudie warre

Will greeve your tenderlie and mayden harte.
Go, do the weaklie womman inn mann's geare,
And scond your mansion if grymm war come there.

III.

Soone as the erlie maten belle was tolde,
And sonne was come to byd us all good daie,
Bothe armies on the feeld, both brave and bolde,
Prepar'd for fyghte in champyon arraie.
As when two bulles, destynde for Hocktide fyghte,
Are yoked bie the necke within a sparre,
Theie rend the erthe, and travellyrs affryghte,
Lackynge to gage the sportive bloudie warre;
Soe lacked Harroldes menne to come to blowes,
The Normans lacked for to wielde their bowes.

IV.

Kynge Harrolde turnynge to hys leegemen spake:
My merrie men, be not cast downe in mynde;
Your onlie lode for aye to mar or make,
Before yon sunne has donde his welke you'll fynde.
Your lovyng wife, who erst dyd rid the londe
Of Lurdanes, and the treasure that you han,[1]

[1] The capital blunder which runs through all these poems, and would alone be sufficient to destroy their credit, is the termination of verbs of the singular number in *n*; 'han' is in twenty-six instances used in these poems, for the present or past time singular of the verb 'have.' But 'han,' being

Wyll falle into the Normanne robber's honde,
Unlesse with honde and harte you plaie the manne.
Cheer up youre hartes, chase sorrowe farre awaie,
Godde and Seyncte Cuthbert be the worde to daie.

V.

And thenne Duke Wyllyam to his knyghtes did saie:
My merrie menne, be bravelie everiche;
Gif I do gayn the honore of the daie,
Ech one of you I wyll make myckle riche.
Beer you in mynde, we for a kyngdomm fyghte;
Lordshippes and honores echone shall possesse;
Be this the worde to daie, God and my Ryghte;
Ne doubte but God will oure true cause blesse.
The clarions then sounded sharpe and shrille;
Deathdoeynge blades were out intent to kille.

VI.

And brave Kyng Harrolde had nowe donde hys saie;
He threwe wythe myghte amayne hys shorte horse-spear,
The noise it made the duke to turn awaie,
And hytt his knyghte, de Beque, upon the ear.
His cristede beaver dyd him smalle abounde;

an abbreviation of 'haven,' is never used by any ancient writer, except in the present time plural, and the infinitive mood.—Tyrwhitt.

The cruel spear went thorough all his hede ;
The purpel bloude came goushynge to the grounde,
And at Duke Wyllyam's feet he tumbled deade :
So fell the myghtie tower of Standrip, whenne
It felte the furie of the Danish menne.

VII.

O Afflem, son of Cuthbert, holie Sayncte,
Come ayde thy freend, and shewe Duke Wyllyams payne ;
Take up thy pencyl, all hys features paincte ;
Thy coloryng excells a synger strayne.
Duke Wyllyam sawe hys freende sleyne piteouslie,
His lovynge freende whome he muche honored,
For he han loved hym from puerilitie,
And theie together bothe han bin ybred :
O ! in Duke Wyllyam's harte it raysde a flame,
To whiche the rage of emptie wolves is tame.

VIII.

He tooke a brasen crosse-bowe in his honde,
And drewe it harde with all hys myghte amein,
Ne doubtyng but the bravest in the londe
Han by his soundynge arrowe-lede bene sleyne.
Alured's stede, the fynest stede alive,
Bye comelie forme knowlached from the rest ;
But nowe his destind howre dyd aryve,
The arrowe hyt upon his milkwhite breste :

So have I seen a ladie-smock soe white,
Blown in the mornynge, and mowd downe at night.

IX.

With thilk a force it dyd his bodie gore,
That in his tender guttes it entered,
In veritee a fulle clothe yarde or more,[1]
And downe with flaiten noyse he sunken dede.
Brave Alured, benethe his faithfull horse,
Was smeerd all over withe the gorie duste,
And on hym laie the recer's lukewarme corse,
That Alured coulde not hymself aluste.
The standyng Normans drew theyr bowe echone,
And broght full manie Englysh champyons downe.

X.

The Normans kept aloofe, at distaunce stylle,
The Englysh nete but short horse-spears could welde;
The Englysh manie dethe-sure dartes did kille,
And manie arrowes twang'd upon the sheelde.
Kynge Haroldes knyghts desir'de for hendie stroke,
And marched furious o'er the bloudie pleyne,
In bodie close, and made the pleyne to smoke;

[1] "With such a force and vehement might
He did his body gore,
The spear went thro' the other side,
A large cloth yard and more."—*Chevy Chace.*

Theire sheelds rebounded arrowes back agayne.
The Normans stode aloofe, nor hede the same,
Their arrowes woulde do dethe, tho' from far off they came.

XI.

Duke Wyllyam drewe agen nys arrowe strynge,
An arrowe withe a sylver-hede drewe he;
The arrowe dauncynge in the ayre dyd synge,
And hytt the horse Tosselyn on the knee.
At this brave Tosslyn threwe his short horse-speare;
Duke Wyllyam stooped to avoyde the blowe;
The yrone weapon hummed in his eare,
And hitte Sir Doullie Naibor on the prowe;
Upon his helme soe furious was the stroke,
It splete his bever, and the ryvets broke.

XII.

Downe fell the beaver by Tosslyn splete in tweine,
And onn his hede expos'd a punie wounde,
But on Destoutvilles sholder came ameine,
And fell'd the champyon to the bloudie grounde.
Then Doullie myghte his bowestrynge drewe,
Enthoughte to gyve brave Tosslyn bloudie wounde,
But Harolde's asenglave stopp'd it as it flewe,
And it fell bootless on the bloudie grounde.
Siere Doullie, when he sawe hys venge thus broke,
Death-doynge blade from out the scabard toke.

XIII.

And nowe the battail closde on everych syde,
And face to face appeard the knyghts full brave;
They lifted up theire bylles with myckle pryde,
And manie woundes unto the Normans gave.
So have I sene two weirs at once give grounde,
White fomyng hygh to rorynge combat runne;
In roaryng dyn and heaven-breaking sounde,
Burste waves on waves, and spangle in the sunne;
And when their myghte in burstynge waves is fled,
Like cowards, stele alonge their ozy bede.

XIV.

Yonge Egelrede, a knyghte of comelie mien,
Affynd unto the kynge of Dynefarre,
At echone tylte and tourney he was seene,
And lov'd to be amonge the bloudie warre;
He couch'd hys launce, and ran wyth mickle myghte
Ageinste the brest of Sieur de Bonoboe;
He grond and sunken on the place of fyghte,
O Chryste! to fele his wounde, his harte was woe.
Ten thousand thoughtes push'd in upon his mynde,
Not for hymselfe, but those he left behynde.

XV.

He dy'd and leffed wyfe and chyldren tweine,
Whom he wyth cheryshment did dearlie love;

In England's court, in goode Kynge Edwarde's regne,
He wonne the tylte, and ware her crymson glove ;
And thence unto the place where he was borne,
Together with hys welthe and better wyfe,
To Normandie he dyd perdie returne,
In peace and quietnesse to lead his lyfe ;
And now with sovrayn Wyllyam he came,
To die in battel, or get welthe and fame.

XVI.

Then, swefte as lyghtnynge Egelredus set
Agaynst du Barlie of the mounten head ;
In his dere hartes bloude his longe launce was wett,
And from his courser down he tumbled dede.
So have I sene a mountayne oak, that longe
Has caste his shadowe to the mountayne syde,
Brave all the wyndes, tho' ever they so stronge,
And view the briers belowe with self-taught pride ;
But, whan throwne downe by mightie thunder stroke,
He'de rather bee a bryer than an oke.

XVII.

Then Egelred dyd in a declynie
Hys launce uprere wyth all hys myghte ameine,
And strok Fitzport upon the dexter eye,

And at his pole the spear came out agayne.
Butt as he drewe it forthe, an arrowe fledde
Wyth mickle myght sent from de Tracy's bowe,
And at hys side the arrowe entered,
And oute the crymson streme of bloude gan flowe;
In purple strekes it dyd his armer staine,
And smok'd in puddles on the dustie plaine.

XVIII.

But Egelred, before he sunken downe,
With all his myghte amein his spear besped,
It hytte Bertrammil Manne upon the crowne,
And bothe together quicklie sunken dede.
So have I seen a rocke o'er others hange,
Who stronglie plac'd laughde at his slippry state,
But when he falls with heaven-peercynge bange
That he the sleeve unravels all theire fate,
And broken onn the beech thys lesson speak,
The stronge and firme should not defame the weake.

XIX.

Howel ap Jevah came from Matraval,
Where he by chaunce han slayne a noble's son,
And now was come to fyghte at Harold's call,
And in the battel he much goode han done;
Unto Kyng Harold he foughte mickle near,
For he was yeoman of the bodie guard;
And with a targyt and a fyghtyng spear,
He of his boddie han kepte watch and ward:

True as a shadow to a substant thynge,
So true he guarded Harold hys good kynge.

XX.

But when Egelred tumbled to the grounde,
He from Kynge Harolde quicklie dyd advaunce,
And strooke de Tracie thilk a crewel wounde,
Hys harte and lever came out on the launce.
And then retreted for to guarde his kynge,
On dented launce he bore the harte awaie;
An arrowe came from Auffroie Griel's strynge,
Into hys heele betwyxt hys yron staie;
The grey-goose pynion, that thereon was sett,
Eftsoons wyth smokyng crymson bloud was wett.[1]

XXI.

His bloude at this was waxen flaminge hotte,
Without adoe he turned once agayne,
And hytt de Griel thilk a blowe, God wote,
Maugre hys helme, he splete his hede in twayne.
This Auffroie was a manne of mickle pryde,
Whose featliest bewty ladden in his face;
His chaunce in warr he ne before han tryde,
But lyv'd in love and Rosaline's embrace;
And like a useless weede amonge the haie
Amonge the sleine warriours Griel laie.

[1] "The grey-goose wing that was thereon,
In his heart's blood was wet." — *Chevy Chace.*

XXII.

Kynge Harolde then he putt hys yeomen bie,
And ferslie ryd into the bloudie fyghte;
Erle Ethelwolf, and Goodrick, and Alfie,
Cuthbert, and Goddard, mical menne of myghte,
Ethelwin, Ethelbert, and Edwin too,
Effred the famous, and Erle Ethelwarde,
Kynge Harold's leegemenn, erlies hie and true,
Rode after hym, his bodie for to guarde;
The reste of erlies, fyghtynge other wheres,
Stained with Norman bloude theire fyghtynge speres.

XXIII.

As when some ryver with the season-raynes
White fomynge hie doth breke the bridges oft,
O'erturns the hamelet and all conteins,
And layeth o'er the hylls a muddie soft;
So Harold ranne upon his Normanne foes,
And layde the greate and small upon the grounde,
And delte among them thilke a store of blowes,
Full manie a Normanne fell by him dede wounde;
So who he be that ouphant faieries strike,
Their soules will wander to Kynge Offa's dyke.

XXIV.

Fitz Salnarville, Duke William's favourite knyghte,
To noble Edelwarde his life dyd yielde;
Withe hys tylte launce hee stroke with thilk a myghte,

The Norman's bowels steemde upon the feeld.
Old Salnarville beheld his son lie ded,
Against Erle Edelwarde his bowe-strynge drewe;
But Harold at one blowe made tweine his head;
He dy'd before the poignant arrowe flew.
So was the hope of all the issue gone,
And in one battle fell the sire and son.

XXV.

De Aubignee rod fercely thro' the fyghte,
To where the boddie of Salnarville laie;
Quod he; And art thou ded, thou manne of myghte?
I'll be reveng'd, or die for thee this daie.
Die then thou shalt, Erle Ethelwarde he said;
I am a cunnynge erle, and that can tell;
Then drew hys swerde, and ghastlie cut hys hede,
And on his freend eftsoons he lifeless fell,
Stretch'd on the bloudie pleyne; great God forefend,
It be the fate of no such trustie freende!

XXVI.

Then Egwin Sieur Pikeny did attaque;
He turned aboute and vilely souten flie;
But Egwyn cutt so deepe into his backe,
He rolled on the grounde and soon dyd die.
His distant sonne, Sire Romara de Biere,
Soughte to revenge his fallen kynsman's lote,
But soone Erle Cuthbert's dented fyghtyng spear

Stucke in his harte, and stayd his speed, God wote.
He tumbled downe close by hys kynsman's syde,
Myngled their stremes of pourple bloude, and dy'd.

XXVII.

And now an arrowe from a bowe unwote
Into Erle Cuthbert's harte eftsoons dyd flee;
Who dying sayd; Ah me! how hard my lote!
Now slayne, mayhap, of one of lowe degree.
So have I seen a leafie elm of yore
Have been the pride and glorie of the pleine;
But, when the spendyng landlord is growne poore,
It falls benethe the axe of some rude sweine;
And like the oke, the sovran of the woode,
Its fallen boddie tells you how it stoode.

XXVIII.

When Edelward perceevd Erle Cuthbert die,
On Hubert strongest of the Normanne crewe,
As wolfs when hungred on the cattel flie,
So Edelward amaine upon him flewe.
With thilk a force he hyt hym to the grounde;
And was demasing howe to take his life,
When he behynde received a ghastlie wounde
Gyven by De Torcie, with a stabbyng knyfe;
Base trecherous Normannes, if such actes you doe,
The conquer'd maie clame victorie of you.

XXIX.

The erlie felt de Torcie's treacherous knyfe
Han made his crymson bloude and spirits floe;
And knowlachyng he soon must quyt this lyfe,
Resolved Hubert should too with hym goe.
He held hys trustie swerd against his breste,
And down he fell, and peerc'd him to the harte;
And both together then did take their reste,
Their soules from corpses unaknell'd[1] depart;
And both together soughte the unknown shore,
Where we shall goe, where manie's gon before.

XXX.

Kynge Harolde Torcie's trechery dyd spie,
And hie alofe his temper'd swerde dyd welde,
Cut offe his arme, and made the bloude to flie,
His proofe steel armoure did him littel sheelde;
And not contente, he splete his hede in twaine,
And down he tumbled on the bloudie grounde;
Meanwhile the other erlies on the playne
Gave and received manie a bloudie wounde,
Such as the arts in warre han learnt with care,
But manie knyghtes were women in men's geer.

XXXI.

Herrewald, borne on Sarim's spreddyng plaine,
Where Thor's fam'd temple manie ages stoode;

[1] Without the funeral knell being rung.
"Unhousell'd, unanointed, *unaknell'd*."
HAMLET, *in Pope's Edition*.

Where Druids, auncient preests dyd ryghtes ordaine,
And in the middle shed the victyms bloude;
Where auncient Bardi dyd their verses synge,
Of Cæsar conquer'd, and his mighty hoste,
And how old Tynyan, necromancing kynge,
Wreck'd all hys shyppyng on the Brittish coaste,
And made hym in his tatter'd barks to flie,
'Till Tynyan's dethe and opportunity.

XXXII.

To make it more renomed than before,
(I, tho' a Saxon, yet the truthe will telle)
The Saxonnes steynd the place wyth Brittish gore,
Where nete but bloud of sacrifices felle.
Tho' Chrystians, stylle they thoghte mouche of the pile,
And here theie mette when causes dyd it neede;
'Twas here the auncient Elders of the Isle
Dyd by the trecherie of Hengist bleede;
O Hengist! han thy cause bin good and true,
Thou wouldst such murdrous acts as these eschew.

XXXIII.

The erlie was a manne of hie degree,
And han that daie full manie Normannes sleine;
Three Norman Champyons of hie degree
He lefte to smoke upon the bloudie pleine:
The Sier Fitzbotevilleine did then advaunce,
And with his bowe he smote the erlies hede;

Who eftsoons gored hym with his tylting launce,
And at his horses feet he tumbled dede;
His partyng spirit hovered o'er the floude
Of soddayne roushynge mouche lov'd purple bloude.

XXXIV.

De Viponte then, a squier of low degree,
An arrowe drewe with all his myghte ameine;
The arrowe graz'd upon the erlies knee,
A punie wounde, that caus'd but littel peine.
So have I seene a Dolthead place a stone,
Enthoghte to staie a driving rivers course;
But better han it bin to lett alone,
It onlie drives it on with mickle force;
The erlie, wounded by so base a hynde,
Rays'd furyous doyngs in his noble mynde.

XXXV.

The Siere Chatillion, yonger of that name,
Advaunced next before the erlie's syghte;
His fader was a manne of mickle fame,
And he renomde and valorous in fyghte.
Chatillion his trustie swerd forth drewe,
The erle drawes his, menne both of mickle myghte;
And at eche other vengouslie they flewe,
As mastie dogs at Hocktide set to fyghte;
Bothe scorn'd to yeelde, and bothe abhor'do to flie,
Resolv'd to vanquishe, or resolv'd to die.

XXXVI.

Chatillion hyt the erlie on the hede,
Thatt splytte eftsoons hys cristed helm in twayne;
Whiche he perforce withe target covered,
And to the battel went with myghte ameine.
The erlie hytte Chatillion thilke a blowe
Upon his breste, his harte was plein to see;
He tumbled at the horses feet alsoe,
And in dethe-panges he seez'd the recer's knee:
Faste as the ivy rounde the oke doth clymbe,
So faste he dying gryp'd the racer's lymbe.

XXXVII.

The recer then beganne to flynge and kicke,
And toste the erlie farr off to the grounde;
The erlie's squier then a swerde did sticke
Into his harte, a dedlie ghastlie wounde;
And downe he felle upon the crymson pleine,
Upon Chatillion's soulless corse of claie;
A puddlie streme of bloude flow'd oute ameine;
Stretch'd out at length besmer'd with gore he laie;
As some tall oke fell'd from the greenie plaine,
To live a second time upon the main.

XXXVIII.

The erlie nowe an horse and beaver han,
And nowe agayne appered on the feeld;
And manie a mickle knyghte and mightie manne
To his dethe-doyng swerd his life did yeeld;

When Siere de Broque an arrowe longe lett flie,
Intending Herewaldus to have sleyne;
It miss'd; butt hytt Edardus on the eye,
And at his pole came out with horrid payne.
Edardus felle upon the bloudie grounde,
His noble soule came roushyng from the wounde.[1]

XXXIX.

Thys Herewald perceev'd, and full of ire
He on the Siere de Broque with furie came;
Quod he; thou'st slaughtred my beloved squier,
But I will be revenged for the same.
Into his bowels then his launce he thruste,
And drew thereout a steemie drerie lode;
Quod he; these offals are for ever curst,
Shall serve the coughs, and rooks, and dawes for foode.
Then on the pleine the steemie lode he throwde,
Smokynge wyth lyfe, and dy'd with crymson bloude.

XL.

Fitz Broque, who saw his father killen lie.
Ah me; sayde he; what woeful syghte I see!
But now I must do somethynge more than sighe;
And then an arrowe from the bowe drewe he.

[1] "And the disdainful soul came rushing through the wound."
DRYDEN'S *Virgil.*

This is the last line in the translation, and as such, is very likely to have attracted the attention of Chatterton.

Beneth the erlie's navil came the darte;
Fitz Broque on foote han drawne it from the bowe;
And upwards went into the erlie's harte,
And out the crymson streme of bloude 'gan flowe.
As fromm a hatch, drawne with a vehement geir,
White rushe the burstynge waves, and roar along the weir.

XLI.

The erle with one honde grasp'd the recer's mayne,
And with the other he his launce besped;
And then felle bleedyng on the bloudie plaine.
His launce it hytte Fitz Broque upon the hede;
Upon his hede it made a wounde full slyghte,
But peerc'd his shoulder, ghastlie wounde inferne,
Before his optics daunced a shade of nyghte,
Whyche soone were closed ynn a sleepe eterne.
The noble erlie than, withote a grone,
Took flyghte, to fynde the regyons unknowne.

XLII.

Brave Alured from binethe his noble horse
Was gotten on his leggs, with bloude all smore;
And now eletten on another horse,
Eftsoons he withe his launce did manie gore.
The cowart Norman knyghtes before hym fledde,
And from a distaunce sent their arrowes keene;

But noe such destinie awaits his hedde,
As to be sleyen by a wighte so meene.
Tho' oft the oke falls by the villen's shock,
'Tys moe than hyndes can do, to move the rock.

XLIII.

Upon Du Chatelet he ferselie sett,
And peerc'd his bodie with a force full grete;
The asenglave of his tylt-launce was wett,
The rollynge bloude alonge the launce did fleet.
Advauncynge, as a mastie at a bull,
He rann his launce into Fitz Warren's harte;
From Partaies bowe, a wight unmercifull,
Within his owne he felt a cruel darte;
Close by the Norman champyons he han sleine,
He fell; and mixd his bloude with theirs upon the pleine.

XLIV.

Erle Ethelbert then hove, with clinie just,
A launce, that stroke Partaie upon the thighe,
And pinn'd him downe unto the gorie duste;
Cruel, quod he, thou cruellie shalt die.
With that his launce he enterd at his throte;
He scritch'd and screem'd in melancholie mood;
And at his backe eftsoons came out, God wote,
And after it a crymson streme of bloude:
In agonie and peine he there dyd lie,
While life and dethe strove for the masterrie.

XLV.

He gryped hard the bloudie murd'ring launce,
And in a grone he left this mortal lyfe.
Behynde the erlie Fiscampe did advaunce,
Bethoghte to kill him with a stabbynge knife;
But Egward, who perceev'd his fowle intent,
Eftsoons his trustie swerde he forthwyth drewe,
And thilke a cruel blowe to Fiscampe sent,
That soule and bodie's bloude at one gate flewe.
Thilk deeds do all deserve, whose deeds so fowle
Will black theire earthlie name, if not their soule.

XLVI.

When lo! an arrowe from Walleris honde,
Winged with fate and dethe daunced alonge;
And slewe the noble flower of Powyslonde,
Howel ap Jevah, who yclepd the stronge.
Whan he the first mischaunce received han,
With horsemans haste he from the armie rodde;
And did repaire unto the cunnynge manne,
Who sange a charme, that dyd it mickle goode;
Then praid Seyncte Cuthbert, and our holie Dame,
To blesse his labour, and to heal the same.

XLVII.

Then drewe the arrowe, and the wounde did seck,
And putt the teint of holie herbies on;

And putt a rowe of bloude-stones round his neck ;
And then did say ; " go, champyon, get agone."
And now was comynge Harrolde to defend,
And metten with Walleris cruel darte ;
His sheelde of wolf-skinn did him not attend,
The arrow peerced into his noble harte ;
As some tall oke, hewn from the mountayne hed,
Falls to the pleine ; so fell the warriour dede.

XLVIII.

His countryman, brave Mervyn ap Teudor,
Who love of hym han from his country gone,
When he perceev'd his friend lie in his gore,
As furious as a mountayn wolf he ranne.
As ouphant faieries, whan the moone sheenes bryghte,
In littel circles daunce upon the greene,
All living creatures flie far from their syghte,
Ne by the race of destinie be seen ;
For what he be that ouphant faieries stryke,
Their soules will wander to Kyng Offa's dyke.

XLIX.

So from the face of Mervyn Tewdor brave
The Normans eftsoons fled awaie aghaste ;
And lefte behynde their bowe and asenglave,
For fear of hym, in thilk a cowart haste.
His garb sufficient were to meve affryghte ;
A wolf skin girded round his myddle was ;

A bear skyn, from Norwegians wan in fyghte,
Was tytend round his shoulders by the claws:
So Hercules, 'tis sunge, much like to him,
Upon his shoulder wore a lyon's skin.[1]

L.

Upon his thyghes and harte-swefte legges he wore
A hugie goat skyn, all of one grete peice;
A boar-skyn sheelde on his bare armes he bore;
His gauntletts were the skynn of harte of greece.
They fledde; he followed close upon their heels,
Vowynge vengeance for his deare countrymanne;
And Siere de Sancelotte his vengeance feels;
He peerc'd hys backe, and out the bloude ytt ranne.
His bloude went downe the swerde unto his arme,
In springing rivulet, alive and warme.

LI.

His swerde was shorte, and broade, and myckle keene,
And no mann's bone could stonde to stoppe itts waie;

[1] "And then about his shoulders broad he threw
A hoary hide of some wild beast, whom he
In salvage forest by adventure slew,
And reft the spoil his ornament to be;
Which spreading all his back with dreadful view,
Made all that him so horrible did see,
Think him Alcides in a lion's skin,
When the Nemean conquest he did win."
SPENSER'S *Muiopotmus*, Stanza ix.

The Normann's harte in partes two cutt cleane,
He clos'd his eyne, and clos'd hys eyne for aie.
Then with his swerde he sett on Fitz du Valle.
A knyghte mouch famous for to runne at tylte;
With thilk a furie on hym he dyd falle,
Into his neck he ranne the swerde and hylte;
As myghtie lyghtenynge often has been founde,
To drive an oke into unfallow'd grounde.

LII.

And with the swerde, that in his neck yet stoke,
The Norman fell unto the bloudie grounde;
And with the fall ap Tewdore's swerde he broke,
And bloude afreshe came trickling from the wounde.
As whan the hyndes, before a mountayne wolfe,
Flie from his paws, and angrie vysage grym;
But when he falls into the pittie golphe,
They dare hym to his bearde, and battone hym;
And cause he fryghted them so muche before,
Lyke cowart hyndes, they battone hym the more.

LIII.

So, whan they sawe ap Tewdore was bereft
Of his keen swerde, thatt wroghte thilke great dismaie:
They turned about, eftsoons upon hym lept,
And full a score engaged in the fraie.
Mervyn ap Tewdore, ragyng as a bear,
Seiz'd on the beaver of the Sier de Laque;

And wring'd his hedde with such a vehement gier,
His visage was turned round unto his backe.
Backe to his harte retyr'd the useless gore,
And felle upon the pleine to rise no more.

LIV.

Then on the mightie Siere Fitz Pierce he flew,
And broke his helm and seiz'd hym bie the throte:
Then manie Normann knyghtes their arrowes drew,
That enter'd into Mervyn's harte, God wote.
In dying panges he gryp'd his throte more stronge,
And from their sockets started out his eyes;
And from his mouthe came out his blameless tonge;
And bothe in peyne and anguishe eftsoon dies.
As some rude rocke torne from his bed of claie,
Stretch'd onn the pleyne the brave ap Tewdore laie.

LV.

And now Erle Ethelbert and Egward came
Brave Mervyn from the Normannes to assist;
A myghtie siere, Fitz Chatulet bie name,
An arrowe drew that dyd them littel list.
Erle Egward points his launce at Chatulet,
And Ethelbert at Walleris set his;
And Egward dyd the siere a hard blowe hytt,
But Ethelbert by a myschaunce dyd miss:
Fear laide Walleris flat upon the strande,
He ne deserved a death from erlies hande.

LVI.

Betwyxt the ribbes of Sire Fitz Chatelet
The poynted launce of Egward did ypass;
The distaunt syde thereof was ruddie wet,
And he fell breathless on the bloudie grass.
As cowart Walleris laie on the grounde,
The dreaded weapon hummed o'er his heade,
And hytt the squier thylke a lethal wounde,
Upon his fallen lorde he tumbled dead:
Oh shame to Norman armes! a lord a slave,
A captyve villeyn than a lorde more brave!

LVII.

From Chatelet hys launce Erle Egward drew,
And hit Wallerie on the dexter cheek;
Peerc'd to his braine, and cut his tongue in two:
There, knyght, quod he, let that thy actions speak [1]—

[1] Chatterton owned that he was the author of the first "Battle of Hastings." The very same day that he acknowledged this forgery, he informed Mr. Barrett that he had another poem, the copy of an original by Rowley; and at a *considerable interval of time* (which indeed was requisite for writing his new piece); he produced *another* "Battle of Hastings," much longer than the former; — a fair copy from an undoubted original! — MALONE.

BATTLE OF HASTINGS.[1]

(No. 2.)

I.

Oh Truth! immortal daughter of the skies,
Too lyttle known to wryters of these daies,
Teach me, fayre Saincte! thy passynge worthe
to pryze,
To blame a friend and give a foeman prayse.
The fickle moone, bedeckt wythe sylver rays,
Leadynge a traine of starres of feeble lyghte,
With look adigne the worlde belowe surveies,
The world, that wotted not it coud be nyghte;
Wyth armour dyd, with human gore ydeyd,
She sees Kynge Harolde stande, fayre Englands
curse and pryde.

[1] We may consider this poem, not as a continuation of the former, but as an improved work of the same author, on the same subject; in which he has diversified many of the historical events, and introduced new personages, but preserved the same style and metre, and used the same kind of allusion and similes with those in the former poem, beginning with the "History of the Battle," and leaving the conclusion imperfect. — Dean Milles.

II.

With ale and vernage drunk his souldiers lay;
Here was an hynde, anie an erlie spredde;
Sad keepynge of their leaders natal daie!
This even in drinke, too-morrow with the deade!
Thro' everie troope disorder reer'd her hedde:
Dancynge and heideignes was the onlie theme:
Sad doome was theires, who lefte this easie beddde,
And wak'd in torments from so sweet a dream.
Duke Williams menne, of comeing dethe afraide,
All nyghte to the great Godde for succour ask'd and praied.

III.

Thus Harolde to his wites that stoode arounde;
Goe, Gyrthe and Eilward, take bills half a score.
And search how farre our foeman's campe doth bound;
Yourself have rede; I nede to saie ne more.
My brother best belov'd of anie ore,
My Leofwinus, goe to everich wite,
Tell them to raunge the battel to the grore,
And waiten tyll I sende the hest for fyghte.
He saide; the loieaul broders lefte the place,
Success and cheerfulness depicted on ech face.

IV.

Slowelie brave Gyrthe and Eilwarde dyd advaunce,
And markd wyth care the armies dystant syde,

When the dyre clatterynge of the shielde and launce
Made them to be by Hugh Fitzhugh espy'd.
He lyfted up his voice, and lowdlie cry'd;
Like wolfs in wintere did the Normanne yell:
Girthe drew hys swerde, and cutte hys burled hyde;
The proto-slene manne of the fielde he felle;
Out streemd the bloude, and ran in smokynge curles,
Reflected bie the moone seemd rubies mixt wyth pearles.

V.

A troope of Normannes from the mass-songe came.
Rousd from their praiers by the flotting crie;
Thoughe Girthe and Ailwardus perceev'd the same,
Not once theie stoode abash'd, or thoghte to flie.
He seizd a bill, to conquer or to die;
Fierce as a clevis from a rocke ytorne,
That makes a vallie wheresoe're it lie;
Fierce as a ryver burstynge from the borne;
So fiercelie Gyrthe hitte Fitz du Gore a blowe,
And on the verdaunt playne he layde the champyone lowe.

VI.

Tancarville thus; alle peace in Williams name;
Let none edraw his arcublaster bowe:

Girthe cas'd his weppone, as he hearde the same,
And vengynge Normannes staid the flyinge floe.
The sire wente onne; ye menne, what mean ye so
Thus unprovok'd to courte a bloudie fyghte?
Quod Gyrthe; oure meanynge we ne care to showe,
Nor dread thy duke wyth all his men of myghte;
Here single onlie these to all thie crewe
Shall shewe what Englysh handes and heartes can doe.

VII.

Seek not for bloude, Tancarville calme reply'd,
Nor joie in dethe, lyke madmen most distraught;
In peace and mercy is a Chrystian's pryde;
He that dothe contestes pryze is in a faulte.
And now the news was to Duke William brought,
That men of Haroldes armie taken were;
For they're good cheere all caties were enthoughte,
And Gyrthe and Eilwardus enjoi'd goode cheere.
Quod Willyam; thus shall Willyam be founde
A friend to everie manne that treads on English ground.

VII.

Erle Leofwinus throwghe the campe ypass'd,
And sawe bothe men and erlies on the grounde;

They slepte, as thoughe they woulde have slepte
theyr last,
And hadd alreadie felte theyr fatale wounde.
He started backe, and was wyth shame as-
townd;
Loked wanne wyth anger, and he shooke wyth
rage;
When throughe the hollow tentes these wordes
dyd sound,
Rowse from your sleepe, detratours of the age!
Was it for thys the stoute Norwegian bledde?
Awake, ye huscarles, now, or waken wyth the
dead.

IX.

As when the shepster in the shadie bowre
In jintle slumbers chase the heat of daie,
Hears doublyng echoe wind the wolfins rore,
That nere hys flocke is watchynge for a praie,
He tremblynge for his sheep drives dreeme
awaie,
Gripes faste hys burled croke, and sore adradde
Wyth fleeting strides he hastens to the fraie,
And rage and prowess fyres the coistrell lad;
With trustie talbots to the battel flies,
And yell of men and dogs and wolfins tear the
skies:

X.

Such was the dire confusion of eche wite,
That rose from sleep and walsome power of
wine;

Theie thoughte the foe by trechit yn the nyghte
Had broke theyr camp and gotten paste the line;
Now here, now there, the burnysht sheeldes and byllspear shine;
Throwote the campe a wild confusionne spredde;
Eche bracd hys armlace siker ne desygne,
The crested helmet nodded on the hedde;
Some caught a slughorne, and an onsett wounde;
Kynge Harolde hearde the charge, and wondred at the sounde.

XI.

Thus Leofwine; O women cas'd in stele!
Was itte for thys Norwegia's stubborn sede
Throughe the black armoure dyd the anlace fele,
And rybbes of solid brasse were made to bleede?
Whylst yet the worlde was wondrynge at the deede.
You souldiers, that shoulde stand with byll in hand,
Get full of wine, devoid of any rede.
O shame! oh dyre dishonoure to the lande!
He sayde; and shame on everie visage spredde,
Ne sawe the erlies face, but addawd hung their head.

XII.

Thus he; rowze yee, and forme the boddie tyghte.
The Kentysh menne in fronte, for strenght renown'd,
Next the Brystowans dare the bloudie fyghte,
And last the numerous crewe shall presse the grounde.
I and my king be wyth the Kenters founde;
Bythric and Alfwold hedde the Brystowe bande;
And Bertrams sonne, the man of glorious wounde,
Lead in the rear the menged of the lande;
And let the Londoners and Sussers plie
Bie Herewardes memuine and the lighte skyrts anie.

XIII.

He saide; and as a packe of hounds belent,
When that the trackyng of the hare is gone,
If one perchaunce shall hit upon the scent,
With twa redubbled fhuir the alans run;
So styrrd the valiante Saxons everych one;
Soone linked man to man the champyones stoode;
To 'tone for their bewrate so soone 'twas done,
And lyfted bylls enseem'd an yron woode;
Here glorious Alfwold towr'd above the wites,
And seem'd to brave the fuir of twa ten thousand fights.

XIV.

Thus Leofwine; to-day will Englandes dome
Be fyxt for aie, for gode or evill state;
This sunnes aunture be felt for years to come;
Then bravelie fyghte, and live till deathe of date.
Thinke of brave Ælfridus, yclept the grete,
From porte to porte the red-hair'd Dane he chas'd,
The Danes, with whomme not lyoncels cou'd mate,
Who made of peopled reaulms a barren waste;
Thinke how at once by you Norwegia bled
Whilste dethe and victorie for magystrie bested.

XV.

Meanwhile did Gyrthe unto Kynge Harolde ride,
And tolde howe he dyd with Duke Willyam fare.
Brave Harolde look'd askaunte, and thus reply'd;
And can thie fay be bowght wyth drunken cheer?
Gyrthe waxen hotte; fhuir in his eyne did glare;
And thus he saide; oh brother, friend, and kynge,
Have I deserved this fremed speche to here?
Bie Goddes hie hallidome ne thoughte the thynge.

When Tostus sent me golde and sylver store,
I scorn'd hys present vile, and scorn'd hys treason more.

XVI.

Forgive me, Gyrthe, the brave Kynge Harolde cry'd;
Who can I trust, if brothers are not true?
I think of Tostus, once my joie and pryde.
Girthe saide, with looke adigne; my lord, I doe.
But what oure foemen are, quod Girthe, I'll shewe;
By Gods hie hallidome they preestes are.
Do not, quod Harolde, Girthe, mystell them so,
For theie are everich one brave men at warre.
Quod Girthe; why will ye then provoke theyr hate?
Quod Harolde; great the foe, so is the glorie grete.

XVII.

And now Duke Willyam mareschalled his band,
And stretch'd his armie owte a goodlie rowe.
First did a ranke of arcublastries stande,
Next those on horsebacke drew the ascendyng flo,
Brave champyones, eche well lerned in the bowe,
Theyr asenglave acrosse theyr horses ty'd,
Or with the loverds squier behinde dyd goe,
Or waited squier lyke at the horses syde.

When thus Duke Willyam to a Monke dyd saie,
Prepare thyselfe wyth spede, to Harolde haste awaie.

XVIII.

Telle hym from me one of these three to take;
That hee to mee do homage for thys lande,
Or mee hys heyre, when he deceasyth, make,
Or to the judgment of Chrysts vicar stande.'
He saide; the Monke departyd out of hande,
And to Kyng Harolde dyd this message bear;
Who said; tell thou the Duke, at his likand
If he can gette the crown hee may itte wear.
He said, and drove the Monke out of his syghte,
And with his brothers rouz'd each manne to bloudie fyghte.

XIX.

A standarde made of sylke and jewells rare,
Wherein alle coloures wroughte aboute in bighes,
An armyd knyghte was seen deth-doynge there,
Under this motte, 'He conquers or he dies.'
This standard rych, endazzlyng mortal eyes,
Was borne neare Harolde at the Kenters heade,
Who charg'd hys broders for the grete empryze
That straite the hest for battle should be spredde.

To evry erle and knyghte the worde is gyven,
And cries *a guerre* and slughornes shake the
vaulted heaven.

XX.

As when the erthe, torne by convulsyons dyre,
In reaulmes of darkness hid from human
syghte,
The warring force of water, air, and fyre,
Brast from the regions of eternal nyghte,
Thro the darke caverns seeke the reaulmes of
lyght;
Some loftie mountaine, by its fury torne,
Dreadfully moves, and causes grete affryght;
Nowe here, now there, majestic nods the bourne,
And awfulle shakes, mov'd by the almighty force,
Whole woods and forests nod, and ryvers change
theyr course.

XXI.

So did the men of war at once advaunce,
Link'd man to man, enseemed one boddie light;
Above a wood, yform'd of bill and launce,
That noddyd in the ayre most straunge to
syght.
Harde as the iron were the menne of mighte,
Ne neede of slughornes to enrowse theyr minde;
Eche shootynge spere yreaden for the fyghte,
More feerce than fallynge rocks, more swefte
than wynd;

With solemne step, by ecchoe made more dyre,
One single boddie all theie march'd, theyr eyen on fyre.

XXII.

And now the greie-ey'd morne with vi'lets drest,
Shakyng the dewdrops on the flourie meedes,
Fled with her rosie radiance to the west:
Forth from the easterne gatte the fyerie steedes
Of the bright sunne awaytynge spirits leedes:
The sunne, in fierie pompe enthron'd on hie,
Swyfter than thoughte alonge hys jernie gledes,
And scatters nyghtes remaynes from oute the skie:
He sawe the armies make for bloudie fraie,
And stopt his driving steedes, and hid his lyghtsome raye.

XXIII.

Kynge Harolde hie in ayre majestic rays'd
His mightie arme, deckt with a manchyn rare;
With even hande a mighty javlyn paizde,
Then furyouse sent it whystlynge thro' the ayre.
It struck the helmet of the Sieur de Beer;
In vayne did brasse or yron stop its waie;
Above his eyne it came, the bones dyd tare,
Peercynge quite thro', before it dyd allaie;
He tumbled, scritchyng wyth hys horrid payne,
His hollow cuishes rang upon the bloudie pleyne.

XXIV.

This Willyam saw, and soundynge Rowlandes
songe
He bent his yron interwoven bowe,
Makynge bothe endes to meet with myghte full
stronge,
From out of mortals syght shot up the floe;
Then swyfte as fallynge starres to earthe be-
lowe
It slaunted down on Alfwoldes payncted
sheelde;
Quite thro' the silver-bordur'd crosse did goe,
Nor loste its force, but stuck into the feelde;
The Normannes, like theyr sovrin, dyd pre-
pare,
And shotte ten thousande floes uprysynge in the
aire.

XXV.

As when a flyghte of cranes, that takes their
waie
In householde armies thro' the flanched skie,
Alike the cause, or companie or prey,
If that perchaunce some boggie fenne is nie,
Soon as the muddie natyon theie espie,
Inne one blacke cloude theie to the erth de-
scende;
Feirce as the fallynge thunderbolte they flie;
In vayne do reedes the speckled folk defend;

So prone to heavie blowe the arrowes felle,
And peercd thro' brasse, and sente manie to heaven or helle.

XXVI.

Ælan Adelfred, of the stowe of Leigh,
Felte a dire arrowe burnynge in his breste;
Before he dyd, he sente hys spear awaie,
Thenne sunke to glorie and eternal reste.
Nevylle, a Normanne of alle Normannes beste,
Throw the joint cuishe dyd the javlyn feel,
As hee on horsebacke for the fyghte address'd,
And sawe hys bloude come smokynge o'er the steele;
He sente the avengynge floe into the ayre,
And turn'd hys horses hedde, and did to leeche repayre.

XXVII.

And now the javelyns barb'd with death his wynges,
Hurl'd from the Englysh handes by force aderne,
Whyzz dreare alonge, and songes of terror synges,
Such songes as alwaies clos'd in lyfe eterne.
Hurl'd by such strength along the ayre theie burne,
Not to be quenched butte ynn Normannes bloude;
Wherere theie came they were of lyfe forlorn,

And alwaies followed by a purple floude;
Like cloudes the Normanne arrowes did descend,
Like cloudes of carnage full in purple drops dyd end.

XXVIII.

Nor, Leofwynus, dydst thou still estande;
Full soon thie pheon glytted in the aire;
The force of none but thyne and Harold's hande,
Could hurle a javlyn with such lethal geer;
Itte whyzz'd a ghastlie dynne in Normannes ear,
Then thund'ryng dyd upon hys greave alyghte,
Peirce to his hearte, and dyd hys bowels tear,
He clos'd hys eyne in everlastynge nyghte;[1]
Ah! what avayld the lyons on his creste!
His hatchments rare with him upon the grounde was prest.

XXIX.

Willyam agayne ymade his bowe-ends meet,
And hie in ayre the arrowe wynged his waie,
Descendyng like a shafte of thunder fleete,
Lyke thunder rattling at the noon of daie,
Onne Algars sheelde the arrowe dyd assaie,
There throghe dyd peerse, and stycke into his groine;
In grypynge torments on the feelde he laie,
Tille welcome dethe came in and clos'd his eyne;

[1] "Clos'd his eyes in endless night." — GRAY'S *Bard.*

Distort with peyne he laie upon the borne,
Lyke sturdie elms by stormes in uncothe wrythynges torne.

XXX.

Alrick his brother, when hee this perceev'd,
He drewe his swerde, his lefte hande helde a speere,
Towards the duke he turn'd his prauncyng steede,
And to the Godde of heaven he sent a prayre;
Then sent his lethale javlyn in the ayre,
On Hue de Beaumontes backe the javelyn came,
Thro his redde armour to hys harte it tare,
He felle and thondred on the place of fame;
Next with his swerde he 'sayl'd the Seiur de Roe,
And braste his sylver helme, so furyous was the blowe.

XXXI.

But Willyam, who had seen hys prowesse great,
And feered muche how farre his bronde might goe,
Tooke a stronge arblaster, and bigge with fate
From twangynge iron sente the fleetynge floe.
As Alric hoistes hys arme for dedlie blowe,
Which, han it came, had been Du Roees laste.

The swyfte-wyng'd messenger from Willyams bowe
Quite throwe his arme into his syde ypaste;
His eyne shotte fyre, lyke blazyng starre at nyghte,
He gryp'd his swerde, and felle upon the place of fyghte.

XXXII.

O Alfwolde, saie, how shalle I synge of thee,
Or telle how manie dyd benethe thee falle;
Not Haroldes self more Normanne knyghtes did slee,
Not Haroldes self did for more praises call;
How shall a penne like myne then shew it all?
Lyke thee, their leader, eche Bristowyanne foughte;
Lyke thee, their blaze must be canonical,
Fore theie, like thee, that daie bewrecke yroughte:
Did thirtie Normannes fall upon the grounde,
Full half a score from thee and theie receive their fatale wounde.

XXXIII.

First Fytz Chivelloys felt thie direful force;
Nete did hys helde out brazen sheelde availe;
Eftsoones throwe that thie drivynge speare did peerce,
Nor was ytte stopped by his coate of mayle;

Into his breaste it quicklie did assayle;
Out ran the bloude, like hygra of the tyde;
With purple stayned all hys adventayle;
In scarlet was his cuishe of sylver dyde:
Upon the bloudie carnage house he laie,
Whylst hys longe sheelde dyd gleem with the sun's rysing ray.

XXXIV.

Next Fescampe felle; O Chrieste, howe harde his fate
To die the leckedst knyghte of all the thronge;
His sprite was made of malice deslavate,
Ne shoulden find a place in anie songe.
The broch'd keene javlyn hurld from honde so stronge
As thine came thundrynge on his crysted beave;
Ah! neete avayld the brass or iron thonge,
With mightie force his skulle in twoe dyd cleave;
Fallyng he shooken out his smokyng braine,
As wither'd oakes or elmes are hewne from off the playne.

XXXV.

Nor, Norcie, could thie myghte and skilfulle lore
Preserve thee from the doom of Alfwold's speere;

Couldste thou not kenne, most skyll'd After la
goure,[1]
How in the battle it would wythe thee fare?
When Alfwold's javelyn, rattlynge in the ayre,
From hande dyvine on thie habergeon came,
Oute at thy backe it dyd thie hartes bloude
bear,
It gave thee death and everlastynge fame;
Thy deathe could onlie come from Alfwolde
arme,
As diamondes onlie can its fellow diamonds harme.

XXXVI.

Next Sire du Mouline fell upon the grounde,
Quite throughe his throte the lethal javlyn
preste,
His soule and bloude came roushynge from the
wounde;
He clos'd his eyen, and op'd them with the blest.
It can ne be I should behight the rest,
That by the myghtie arme of Alfwolde felle,
Paste bie a penne to be counte or expreste,
How manie Alfwolde sent to heaven or helle;
As leaves from trees shook by derne Autumns
hand,
So laie the Normannes slain by Alfwold on the
strand.[2]

[1] There can be no doubt that this singular word is used by some inadvertency for 'asterlagour,' or 'astrologer.'

[2] The minute enumeration of the Norman names in the

XXXVII.

As when a drove of wolves withe dreary yelles
Assayle some flocke, ne care if shepster ken't,
Besprenge destructione oer the woodes and delles;
The shepster swaynes in vayne theyr lees lement;
So foughte the Brystowe menne; ne one crevent,
Ne onne abashed enthoughten for to flee;
With fallen Normans all the playne besprent,
And like theyr leaders every man did slee;
In vayne on every syde the arrowes fled;
The Brystowe menne styll rag'd, for Alfwold was not dead.

XXXVIII.

Manie meanwhile by Haroldes arm did falle,
And Leofwyne and Gyrthe encreas'd the slayne;
'T would take a Nestor's age to synge them all,
Or telle how manie Normannes preste the playne;
But of the erles, whom record nete hath slayne,
O Truthe! for good of after-tymes relate

'Battle of Hastings," may be explained by supposing Chatterton to have copied them from "Fuller's Church History," while the Saxon names, not being so easily attainable, are but sparingly interspersed. — TYRWHITT.

That, thowe they're deade, theyr names may
lyve agayne,
And be in deathe, as they in life were, greate;
So after-ages maie theyr actions see,
And like to them æternal alwaie stryve to be.

XXXIX.

Adhelm, a knyghte, whose holie deathless sire
For ever bended to St. Cuthbert's shryne,
Whose breast for ever burn'd with sacred fyre,
And ee'n on erthe he myghte be call'd dyvine;
To Cuthbert's church he dyd his goodes re-
sygne,
And lefte hys son his God's and fortunes
knyghte;
His son the Saincte, behelde with looke adigne,
Made him in gemot wyse, and greate in fyghte;
Saincte Cuthberte dyd him ayde in all hys
deedes,
His friends he lets to live, and all his foemen
bleedes.

XL.

He married was to Kenewalchae faire,
The fynest dame the sun or moone adave;
She was the myghtie Aderedus' heyre,
Who was alreadie hastynge to the grave;
As the blue Bruton, rysinge from the wave,
Like sea-gods seeme in most majestic guise,
And rounde aboute the risynge waters lave,

And their longe hayre arounde their bodie flies,
Such majestie was in her porte displaid,
To be excell'd bie none but Homer's martial maid.

XLI.

White as the chaulkie clyffes of Brittaines isle,
Red as the highest colour'd Gallic wine,
Gaie as all nature at the mornynge smile,
Those hues with pleasaunce on her lippes combine —
Her lippes more redde than summer evenynge skyne,
Or Phœbus rysinge in a frostie morne,
Her breste more white than snow in feeldes that lyene,
Or lillie lambes that never have been shorne,
Swellynge like bubbles in a boillynge welle,
Or new-braste brooklettes gently whyspringe in the delle.

XLII.

Browne as the fylberte droppyng from the shelle,
Browne as the nappy ale at Hocktyde game,
So browne the crokyde rynges, that featlie fell
Over the neck of the all-beauteous dame.
Greie as the morne before the ruddie flame
Of Phœbus' charyotte rollynge thro the skie;
Greie as the steel-horn'd goats Conyan made tame,

So greie appear'd her featly sparklyng eye;
Those eyne, that dyd oft mickle pleased look
On Adhelm valyaunt man, the virtues doomsday book.

XLIII.

Majestic as the grove of okes that stoode
Before the abbie buylt by Oswald kynge
Majestic as Hybernies holie woode,
Where sainctes and soules departed masses synge;[1]
Such awe from her sweete looke forth issuynge
At once for reveraunce and love did calle;
Sweet as the voice of thraslarks in the Spring,
So sweet the wordes that from her lippes did falle;
None fell in vayne; all shewed some entent;
Her wordies did displaie her great entendement.

XLIV.

Tapre as candles layde at Cuthberts shryne,
Tapre as elmes that Goodrickes abbie shrove,
Tapre as silver chalices for wine,
So tapre was her armes and shape ygrove.
As skyllful mynemenne by the stones above
Can ken what metalle is ylach'd belowe,
So Kennewalcha's face, ymade for love,

[1] This appears to be a mistake. It should be—
"Where saints *for* souls departed masses sing."

The lovelie ymage of her soule did shewe ;
Thus was she outward form'd ; the sun her mind
Did guilde her mortal shape and all her charms refin'd.

XLV.

What blazours then, what glorie shall he clayme,
What doughtie Homere shall hys praises synge,
That lefte the bosome of so fayre a dame
Uncall'd, unaskt, to serve his lorde the kynge ?
To his fayre shrine goode subjects oughte to bringe
The armes, the helmets, all the spoyles of warre,
Throwe everie reaulm the poets blaze the thynge,
And travelling merchants spredde hys name to farre ;
The stoute Norwegians had his anlace felte,
And nowe amonge his foes dethe-doynge blowes he delte.

XLVI.

As when a wolfyn gettynge in the meedes
He rageth sore, and doth about hym slee,
Nowe here a talbot, there a lambkin bleeds,
And alle the grasse with clotted gore doth stree ;
As when a rivlette rolles impetuouslie,

And breaks the bankes that would its force re-
strayne,
Alonge the playne in fomynge rynges doth
flee,
Gaynste walles and hedges doth its course
maintayne;
As when a manne doth in a corn-fielde mowe,
With ease at one felle stroke full manie is laid
lowe.

XLVII.

So manie, with such force, and with such ease,
Did Adhelm slaughtre on the bloudie playne;
Before hym manie dyd theyr hearts bloude
lease,
Ofttymes he foughte on towres of smokynge
slayne.
Angillian felte his force, nor felte in vayne;
He cutte hym with his swerde athur the breaste;
Out ran the bloude, and did hys armoure stayne,
He clos'd his eyen in æternal reste;
Lyke a tall oke by tempeste borne awaie,
Stretch'd in the arms of dethe upon the plaine he
laie.

XLVIII.

Next thro' the ayre he sent his javlyn feerce,
That on De Clearmoundes buckler did alyghte,
Throwe the vaste orbe the sharpe pheone did
peerce,

Rang on his coate of mayle and spent its mighte.
But soon another wing'd its aiery flyghte,
The keen broad pheon to his lungs did goe;
He felle, and groan'd upon the place of fighte,
Whilst lyfe and bloude came issuynge from the blowe.
Like a tall pyne upon his native playne,
So fell the mightie sire and mingled with the slaine.

XLIX.

Hue de Longeville, a force doughtre mere,
Advauncyd forwarde to provoke the darte,
When soone he founde that Adhelmes poynted speere
Had founde an easie passage to his hearte.
He drewe his bowe, nor was of dethe astarte,
Then fell down brethlesse to encrease the corse;
But as he drewe hys bowe devoid of arte,
So it came down upon Troyvillain's horse;
Deep thro' hys hatchments wente the pointed floe;
Now here, now there, with rage bleedyng he rounde doth goe.

L.

Nor does he hede his mastres known commands,
Tyll, growen furiouse by his bloudie wounde,
Erect upon his hynder feete he staundes,

And throwes hys mastre far off to the grounde.
Near Adhelms feete the Normanne laie astounde,
Besprengd his arrowes, loosend was his sheelde,
Thro' his redde armoure, as he laie ensoond,
He peerc'd his swerde, and out upon the feelde
The Normannes bowels steem'd, a deadlie syghte!
He op'd and clos'd hys eyen in everlastynge nyghte.

LI.

Caverd, a Scot, who for the Normannes foughte,
A man well skill'd in swerde and soundynge strynge,
Who fled his country for a crime enstrote,
For darynge with bolde worde hys loiaule kynge,
He at Erle Aldhelme with grete force did flynge
An heavie javlyn, made for bloudie wounde,
Alonge his sheelde askaunte the same did ringe,
Peerc'd thro' the corner, then stuck in the grounde;
So when the thonder rauttles in the skie,
Thro' some tall spyre the shaftes in a torn clevis flie.

LII.

Then Addhelm hurl'd a croched javlyn stronge,
With mighte that none but such grete championes know;

Swifter than thoughte the javlyn past alonge,
Ande hytte the Scot most feirclie on the prowe;
His helmet brasted at the thondring blowe,
Into his brain the tremblyn javlyn steck:
From eyther syde the bloude began to flow,
And run in circling ringlets rounde his neck;
Down fell the warriour on the lethal strande,
Lyke some tall vessel wreckt upon the tragick sande.

(*Continued.*)[1]

LIII.

Where fruytless heathes and meadowes cladde in greie,
Save where derne hawthornes reare theyr humble heade,
The hungrie traveller upon his waie
Sees a huge desarte alle arounde hym spredde,
The distaunte citie scantlie to be spedde,
The curlynge force of smoke he sees in vayne,
'Tis too far distaunte, and his onlie bedde
Iwimpled in hys cloke ys on the playne,
Whylste rattlynge thonder forrey oer his hedde,
And raines come down to wette hys harde uncouthlie bedde.

[1] See note at page 180 respecting this continuation.

LIV.

A wondrous pyle of rugged mountaynes standes,
Plac'd on eche other in a dreare arraie,
It ne could be the worke of human handes,
It ne was reared up bie menne of claie.
Here did the Brutons adoration paye
To the false god whom they did Tauran name,
Dightynge hys altarre with greete fyres in Maie,
Roastynge theyr vyctualle round aboute the flame,
'Twas here that Hengyst did the Brytons slee,
As they were mette in council for to bee.

LV.

Neere on a loftie hylle a citie standes,
That lyftes yts scheafted heade ynto the skies,
And kynglie lookes arounde on lower landes,
And the longe browne playne that before itte lies.
Herewarde, borne of parentes brave and wyse,
Within thys vylle fyrste adrewe the ayre,
A blessynge to the erthe sente from the skies,
In anie kyngdom nee coulde fynde his pheer;
Now rybbd in steele he rages yn the fyghte,
And sweeps whole armies to the reaulmes of nyghte.

LVI.

So when derne Autumne wyth hys sallowe hande
Tares the green mantle from the lymed trees,
The leaves besprenged on the yellow strande
Flie in whole armies from the blataunte breeze;
Alle the whole fielde a carnage-howse he sees,
And sowles unknelled hover'd o'er the bloude;
From place to place on either hand he slees,
And sweepes alle neere hym lyke a bronded floude;
Dethe honge upon his arme; he sleed so maynt,
'Tis paste the pointel of a man to paynte.

LVII.

Bryghte sonne in haste han drove hys fierie wayne
A three howres course alonge the whited skyen,
Vewynge the swarthless bodies on the playne,
And longed greetlie to plonce in the bryne.
For as hys beemes and far-stretchynge eyne
Did view the pooles of gore yn purple sheene,
The wolsomme vapours rounde hys lockes dyd twyne,
And dyd disfygure all hys semmlikeen;
Then to harde actyon he hys wayne dyd rowse,
In hyssynge ocean to make glair hys browes.

LVIII.

Duke Wyllyam gave commaunde, eche Norman knyghte,
That beer war-token in a shielde so fyne,
Shoulde onward goe, and dare to closer fyghte
The Saxonne warryor, that dyd so entwine,
Lyke the neshe bryon and the eglantine,
Orre Cornysh wrastlers at a Hocktyde game.
The Normannes, all emarchialld in a lyne,
To the ourt arraie of the thight Saxonnes came ;
There 'twas the whaped Normannes on a parre
Dyd know that Saxonnes were the sonnes of warre.

LIX.

Oh Turgotte, wheresoeer thie spryte dothe haunte,
Whither wyth thie lovd Adhelme by thie syde,
Where thou mayste heare the swotie nyghte larke chaunte,
Orre wyth some mokynge brooklette swetelie glide,
Or rowle in ferselie wythe ferse Severnes tyde,
Whereer thou art, come and my mynde enleme
Wyth such greete thoughtes as dyd with thee abyde,
Thou sonne, of whom I ofte have caught a beeme,
Send mee agayne a drybblette of thie lyghte,
That I the deeds of Englyshmenne maie wryte.

LX.

Harolde, who saw the Normannes to advaunce,
Seiz'd a huge byll, and layd hym down hys spere;
Soe dyd ech wite laie downe the broched launce,
And groves of bylles did glitter in the ayre.
Wyth showtes the Normannes did to battel steere;
Campynon famous for his stature highe,
Fyrey wythe brasse, benethe a shyrte of lere,
In cloudie daie he reech'd into the skie;
Neere to Kyng Harolde dyd he come alonge,
And drewe hys steele Morglaien sworde so stronge.

LXI.

Thryce rounde hys heade hee swung hys anlace wyde,
On whyche the sunne his visage did agleeme,
Then straynynge as hys membres would dyvyde,
Hee stroke on Haroldes sheelde yn manner breme;
Alonge the fielde it made an horrid cleembe,
Coupeynge Kyng Harolds payncted sheeld in twayne,
Then yn the bloude the fierie swerde dyd steeme,
And then dyd drive ynto the bloudie playne;

So when in ayre the vapours do abounde,
Some thunderbolte tares trees and dryves ynto the grounde.

LXII.

Harolde upreer'd hys bylle, and furious sente
A stroke, lyke thondre, at the Normannes syde;
Upon the playne the broken brasse besprente
Dyd ne hys bodie from dethe-doeynge hyde;
He tournyd backe, and dyd not there abyde;
With straught oute sheelde hee ayenwarde did goe,
Threwe downe the Normannes, did their rankes divide,
To save himselfe lefte them unto the foe;
So olyphauntes, in kingdomme of the sunne,
When once provok'd doth throwe theyr owne troopes runne.

LXIII.

Harolde, who ken'd hee was his armies staie,
Nedeynge the rede of generaul so wyse,
Byd Alfwoulde to Campynon haste awaie,
As thro the armie ayenwarde he hies,
Swyfte as a feether'd takel Alfwoulde flies,
The steele bylle blushynge oer wyth lukewarm bloude;
Ten Kenters, ten Bristowans for th' emprize
Hasted wyth Alfwoulde where Campynon stood

Who aynewarde went, whylste everie Normanne
knyghte
Dyd blush to see their champyon put to flyghte.

LXIV.

As painctyd Bruton, when a wolfyn wylde,
When yt is cale and blustrynge wyndes do
blowe,
Enters hys bordelle, taketh hys yonge chylde,
And wyth his bloude bestreynts the lillie snòwe,
He thoroughe mountayne hie and dale doth goe,
Throwe the quyck torrent of the bollen ave,
Throwe Severne rollynge oer the sandes belowe
He skyms alofe, and blents the beatynge wave,
Ne stynts, ne lagges the chace, tylle for hys
eyne
In peecies hee the morthering theef doth chyne.

LXV.

So Alfwoulde he dyd to Campynon haste;
Hys bloudie bylle awhap'd the Normannes
eyne;
Hee fled, as wolfes when bie the talbots chac'd,
To bloudie byker he dyd ne enclyne.
Duke Wyllyam stroke hym on hys brigandyne,
And sayd; Campynon, is it thee I see?
Thee? who dydst actes of glorie so bewryen,
Now poorlie come to hyde thieselfe bie mee?
Awaie! thou dogge, and acte a warrior's parte,
Or with mie swerde I'll perce thee to the harte.

LXVI.

Betweene Erle Alfwoulde and Duke Wyllyam's bronde
Campynon thoughte that nete but deathe coulde bee,
Seezed a huge swerde Morglaien yn his honde,
Mottrynge a praier to the Vyrgyne:
So hunted deere the dryvynge houndes will slee,
When theie dyscover they cannot escape;
And feerful lambkyns, when theie hunted bee,
Theyre ynfante hunters doe theie ofte awhape;
Thus stoode Campynon, greete but hertlesse knyghte,
When feere of dethe made hym for deathe to fyghte.

LXVII.

Alfwoulde began to dyghte hymselfe for fyghte,
Meanewhyle hys menne on everie syde dyd slee,
Whan on hys lyfted sheelde withe alle hys myghte
Campynon's swerde in burlie-brande dyd dree;
Bewopen Alfwoulde fellen on his knee;
Hys Brystowe menne came in hym for to save;
Eftsoons upgotten from the grounde was hee,
And dyd agayne the touring Norman brave;
Hee grasp'd hys bylle in syke a drear arraie,
Hee seem'd a lyon catchynge at hys preie.

LXVIII.

Upon the Normannes brazen adventayle
The thondrynge bill of myghtie Alfwould came;
It made a dentful bruse, and then dyd fayle;
Fromme rattlynge weepons shotte a sparklynge flame;
Eftsoons agayne the thondrynge bill ycame,
Peers'd thro hys adventayle and skyrts of lare;
A tyde of purple gore came wyth the same,
As out hys bowells on the feelde it tare;
Campynon felle, as when some cittie-walle
Inne dolefulle terrours on its mynours falle.

LXIX.

He felle, and dyd the Norman rankes dyvide;
So when an oke, that shotte ynto the skie,[1]
Feeles the broad axes peersynge his broade syde,
Slowlie hee falls and on the grounde doth lie,
Pressynge all downe that is wyth hym anighe,
And stoppynge wearie travellers on the waie;
So straught upon the playne the Norman hie
* * * * * *

1 "As when the mountain oak, or poplar tall,
Or pine, fit mast for some great admiral,
Groans to the oft-heaved axe with many a wound,
Then spreads a length of ruin on the ground."
POPE'S HOMER.

Bled, gron'd, and dyed : the Normanne knyghtes
astound
To see the bawsin champyon preste upon the
grounde.

LXX.

As when the hygra[1] of the Severne roars,
And thunders ugsom on the sandes below,
The cleembe reboundes to Wedecester's shore,
And sweeps the black sande rounde its horie
prowe ;
So bremie Alfwoulde thro' the warre dyd
goe ;
Hys Kenters and Brystowans slew ech syde,
Betreinted all alonge with bloudless foe,
And seem'd to swymm alonge with bloudie tyde ;
Fromme place to place besmear'd with bloud
they went,
And rounde aboute them swarthless corse be-
sprente.

LXXI.

A famous Normanne who yclepd Aubene,
Of skyll in bow, in tylte, and handesworde
fyghte,
That daie yn feelde han manie Saxons sleene,
Forre hee in sothen was a manne of myghte ;
Fyrste dyd his swerde on Adelgar alyghte,
As hee on horseback was, and peers'd hys
gryne,

[1] See note to page 75.

Then upwarde wente: in everlastynge nyghte
Hee closd hys rollyng and dymsyghted eyne.
Next Eadlyn, Tatwyn, and fam'd Adelred,
Bie various causes sunken to the dead.

LXXII.

But now to Alfwoulde he opposynge went,
To whom compar'd hee was a man of stre,
And wyth bothe hondes a myghtie blowe he sente
At Alfwoulde's head, as hard as hee could dree;
But on hys payncted sheelde so bismarlie
Aslaunte his swerde did go ynto the grounde;
Then Alfwould him attack'd most furyouslie,
Athrowe hys gaberdyne hee dyd him wounde,
Then soone agayne hys swerde hee dyd upryne,
And clove his creste and split hym to the eyne.

* * * * * *

Mr. Bryant is of opinion, that the "Battle of Hastings" contains a *mass of occult intelligence*, in many *obscure references*, and *dark hints*. This is a mass which I cannot penetrate. The poem, as we have seen, is supposed to have been originally written by Turgott, a coeval ecclesiastic. But a writer so connected with the times, a professed historian, and who was here the author of a separate and distinct narrative of this single event, must have treated the subject with minuteness and particularity. He was drawing from the life, and recording recent facts. This newly discovered manuscript of Turgott must have mentioned anecdotes not now to be found in our histories, or have related those already recorded, with additional circumstances, with a less degree of generality, and a variety of new particulars. But unluckily, we see

little more than the well-known, established, leading incidents. Some few poetical or imaginary insertions excepted, this memorable Battle is much the same in Hollinshed as in Turgott. I am speaking of real facts, such as properly be long to this event as a piece of history, and such as Turgott would have naturally told. As to those *occult intelligences*, instanced by Mr. Bryant, *Tynyan's necromancy*, the *goats of Conyan made tame*, and the souls of the *fairy-stricken* people that wander to *Offa's dyke*, they are extraneous, and the sport of the poet. Tynyan is an old British king in Geoffrey of Monmouth. So little is known of this monarch, that he was safely and easily converted into a necromancer. The *goats of Conyan* might be an allusion, to amuse and deceive, without any meaning at the bottom. We must not always treat fancies as mysteries. There are now remembered many romantic traditions, such as that of the souls of the *fairy-stricken people*. But this might have sprung from Chatterton's imagination, for it is by no means out of the style and cast of modern fiction. All these may be said to have been added to Turgott by Rowley. It is as least as probable that they came from Chatterton. They certainly did not fall from the pen of an archdeacon, a prior of an episcopal church, and a conscientious annalist. At least they would not have been introduced by Turgott into the grave dignity of an historic detail.—WARTON.

THE ROMAUNTE OF THE CNYGHTE.[1]

BY JOHN DE BERGHAM.

THE Sunne ento Vyrgyne was gotten,
The floureys al arounde onspryngede,
The woddie Grasse blaunched the Fenne,
The Quenis Ermyne arised fro Bedde;
Syr Knyghte dyd ymounte oponn a Stede
Ne Rouncie ne Drybblette of make,
Thanne asterte for dur'sie dede
Wythe Morglaie hys Fooemenne to make blede
Eke swythyn as wynde. Trees, theyre Hartys to
shake,

[1] Mr. Burgum (the Bristol pewterer) is one of the first persons who expresses an opinion of the authenticity and excellence of Rowley's poems. Chatterton, pleased with this first blossom of credulity, and from which he presaged an abundant harvest, with an elated and a grateful heart, presents him with the 'Romaunte of the Cnyghte,' a poem written by 'JOHN DE BERGHAM,' one of *his own* ancestors, about four hundred and fifty years before; and, the more effectually to exclude suspicion, he accompanies it with the same poem modernized by himself.—COTTLE. See the 'Romance of the Knight' in Chatterton's acknowledged Poems.

Al doune in a Delle, a merke dernie Delle,
Wheere Coppys eke Thighe Trees there bee,
There dyd hee perchaunce Isee
A Damoselle askedde for ayde on her kne,
An Cnyghte uncourteous dydde bie her stonde
Hee hollyd herr faeste bie her honde,
Discorteous Cnyghte, I doe praie nowe thou telle
Whirst doeste thou bee so to thee Damselle?
The Knyghte hym assoled [1] eftsoones,
Itte beethe ne mattere of thyne.
Begon for I wayte notte thye boones.

The Knyghte sed I proove on thie Gaberdyne,[2]
Alyche Boars enchafed to fyghte heie flies.
The Discoorteous Knyghte bee strynge botte strynger the righte,
The dynne bee herde a'myle for fuire in the fyghte,
Tyl thee false Knyghte yfallethe and dyes.

Damoysel, quod the Knyghte, now comme thou wi me,
Y wotte welle quod shee I nede thee ne fere.
The Knyghte yfallen badd wolde Ischulde bee,
Butte loe he ys dedde maie itte spede Heavenwere.

1 Answered. Used by Rowley in the same sense.—CHATTERTON.

2 A manner of challenging. So in Rowley's Tournament, "Thanne theeres my Gauntelette on thie Gaberdyne"—
CHATTERTON.

ECLOGUES.

ECLOGUE THE FIRST.

Whanne Englonde, smeethynge from her lethal wounde,
From her galled necke dyd twytte the chayne awaie,
Kennynge her legeful sonnes falle all arounde,
(Myghtie theie fell, 'twas Honoure ledde the fraie,)
Thanne inne a dale, bie eve's dark surcote graie,
Twayne lonelie shepsterres dyd abrodden flie,
(The rostlyng liff doth theyr whytte hartes affraie,)
And wythe the owlette trembled and dyd crie;
Firste Roberte Neatherde hys sore boesom stroke,
Then fellen on the grounde and thus yspoke.

ROBERTE.

Ah, Raufe! gif thos the howres do comme alonge,
Gif thos wee flie in chase of farther woe,

Oure fote wylle fayle, albeytte wee bee stronge,
Ne wylle oure pace swefte as oure danger goe.
To oure grete wronges we have enheped moe,
The Baronnes warre! oh! woe and well-a-daie!
I haveth lyff, bott have escaped soe
That lyff ytsel mie senses doe affraie.
Oh Raufe, comme lyste, and hear mie dernie tale,
Comme heare the balefull dome of Robynne of the dale.

RAUFE.

Saie to mee nete; I kenne thie woe in myne;
O! I've a tale that Sabalus mote telle.
Swote flouretts, mantled meedows, forestes dygne;
Gravots far-kend arounde the Errmiets cell;
The swote ribible dynning yn the dell;
The joyous daunceynge ynn the hoastrie courte;
Eke the highe songe and everych joie farewell,
Farewell the verie shade of fayre dysporte:
Impestering trobble onn mie heade doe comme,
Ne one kynde Seyncte to warde the aye encreasynge dome.

ROBERTE.

Oh! I coulde waile mie kynge-coppe-decked mees,
Mie spreedynge flockes of shepe of lillie white,

Mie tendre applynges ; and embodyde trees,
Mie Parker's Grange, far spreedynge to the syghte,
Mie cuyen kyne, mie bullockes stringe yn fyghte,
Mie gorne emblaunched with the comfreie plante,
Mie floure Seyncte Marie shotteyng wythe the lyghte,
Mie store of all the blessynges Heaven can grant.
I amm duressed unto sorrowes blowe,
I hantend to the peyne, will lette ne salte teare flowe.

RAUFE.

Here I wille obaie[1] untylle Dethe doe 'pere,
Here lyche a foule empoysoned leathel tree,
Whyche sleaeth everichone that commeth nere,
Soe wille I, fyxed unto thys place, gre.
I to bement haveth moe cause than thee ;
Sleene in the warre mie boolie fadre lies ;
Oh ! joieous I hys mortherer would slea,
And bie hys syde for aie enclose myne eies.
Calked from everych joie, heere wylle I blede ;
Fell ys the Cullys-yatte of mie hartes castle stede.

[1] Abide. This line is also wrote—

"Here wyll I obaie untill dethe appere,"

but this is modernized.—CHATTERTON.

ROBERTE.

Oure woes alyche, alyche our dome shal bee.
Mie sonne, mie sonne alleyn, ystorven ys;[1]
Here wylle I staie, and end mie lyff with thee;
A lyff lyche myne a borden ys ywis.
Now from e'en logges fledden is selyness,
Mynsterres alleyn can boaste the hallie Seyncte,
Now doeth Englonde weare a bloudie dresse
And wyth her champyonnes gore her face depeyncte;[2]
Peace fledde, disorder sheweth her dark rode,
And thorow ayre doth flie, yn garments steyned with bloude.

1 'Alone' is never used for 'only;' *solus* for *unicus; seul* for *unique*. The distinction, I believe, exists in most languages. If the learned persons do not yet apprehend it, I would advise them, in the following passage of Shakspeare—

"Ah! no—it is my only son,"

to substitute *my son alone*, and to judge for themselves whether the difference in the idea suggested arises merely from the different position of the words.—TYRWHITT.

2 "When I will wear a garment all of blood,
And stain my favours in a bloody mask."
Henry IV. Part I.

ECLOGUE THE SECOND.

NYGELLE.

Sprytes of the bleste, the pious Nygelle sed,
Poure owte yer pleasaunce onn mie fadres hedde.

I.

Rycharde of Lyons harte to fyghte is gon,
Uponne the brede sea doe the banners gleme,
The amenused nationnes be aston,
To ken syke large a flete, syke fyne, syke breme,
The barkis heafods coupe the lymed streme;
Oundes synkeynge oundes upon the hard ake riese;
The water slughornes wythe a swotye cleme
Conteke the dynnynge ayre, and reche the skies.
Sprytes of the bleste, on gouldyn trones astedde,
Poure owte yer pleasaunce onn mie fadres hedde.

II.

The gule depeyncted oares from the black tyde,
Decorn wyth fonnes rare, doe shemrynge ryse;
Upswalynge doe heie shewe ynne drierie pryde,
Lyche gore-red estells in the eve-merk skyes;
The nome-depeyncted[1] shields, the speres aryse,

[1] Rebused shields; a herald term, when the charge of the shield implies the name of the bearer.—Chatterton.

Alyche talle roshes on the water syde;
Alenge from bark to bark the bryghte sheene flyes;
Sweft-kerv'd delyghtes doe on the water glyde.
Sprytes of the bleste, and everich Seyncte ydedde,
Poure owte youre pleasaunce on mie fadres hedde.

III.

The Sarasen lokes owte: he doethe feere,
That Englondes brondeous sonnes do cotte the waie.
Lyke honted bockes, theye reineth here and there,
Onknowlachynge inne whatte place to obaie.
The banner glesters on the beme of daie;
The mitte crosse Jerusalim ys seene;
Dhereof the syghte yer corragedoe affraie,
In balefull dole their faces be ywreene.
Sprytes of the bleste, and everich Seyncte ydedde,
Poure owte your pleasaunce on my fadres hedde.

IV.

The bollengers and cottes, so swyfte yn fyghte,
Upon the sydes of everich bark appere;
Foorthe to his office lepethe everych knyghte,
Eftsoones hys squyer, with hys shielde and spere.
The jynynge shieldes doe shemre and moke glare;
The dosheynge oare doe make gemoted dynne;

The reynyng foemen, thynckeynge gif to dare,
Boun the merk swerde, theie seche to fraie, theie blyn.
Sprytes of the bleste, and everyche Seyncte ydedde,
Poure owte yer pleasaunce onne mie fadres hedde.

V.

Now comm the warrynge Sarasyns to fyghte;
Kynge Rycharde, lyche a lyoncel of warre,
Inne sheenynge goulde, lyke feerie gronfers dyghte,
Shaketh alofe hys honde, and seene afarre.
Syke haveth I espyde a greter starre
Amenge the drybblett ons to sheene fulle bryghte;
Syke sunnys wayne wyth amayl'd beames doe barr
The blaunchie mone or estells to gev lyghte.
Sprytes of the bleste, and everich Seyncte ydedde,
Poure owte your pleasaunce on mie fadres hedde.

VI.

Distraughte affraie, wythe lockes of blodde-red die,
Terroure, emburled yn the thonders rage,
Deathe, lynked to dismaie, dothe ugsomme flie,
Enchafynge echone champyonne war to wage.

Speeres bevyle [1] speres ; swerdes upon swerdes engage ;
Armoure on armoure dynn, shielde upon shielde ;
Ne dethe of thosandes can the warre assuage,
Botte falleynge nombers sable all the feelde.
Sprytes of the bleste, and everych Seyncte ydedde,
Poure owte youre pleasaunce on mie fadres hedde.

VII.

The foemen fal arounde ; the cross reles hye ;
Steyned ynne goere, the harte of warre ys seen ;
Kyng Rycharde, thorough everyche trope dothe flie,
And beereth meynte of Turkes onto the greene ;
Bie hymm the floure of Asies menn ys sleene ;
The waylynge mone doth fade before hys sonne ;
Bie hym hys knyghtes bee formed to actions deene,
Doeynge syke marvels, strongers be aston.
Sprytes of the bleste, and everych Seyncte ydedde,
Poure owte your pleasaunce onn mie fadres hedde.

[1] The idea of *breaking*, which is quite foreign from *bevyle*, might perhaps have been suggested by the following passage in Kersey: "Bevile (in heraldry) broken or open, like a bevel or carpenter's rule."—Tyrwhitt.

VIII.

The fyghte ys wonne; Kynge Rycharde master is;
The Englonde bannerr kisseth the hie ayre;
Full of pure joie the armie is iwys,
And everych one haveth it onne his bayre;
Agayne to Englonde comme, and worschepped there,
Twyghte into lovynge armes, and feasted eft;
In everych eyne aredynge nete of wyere,
Of all remembrance of past peyne berefte.
Sprytes of the bleste, and everich Seyncte ydedde,
Syke pleasures powre upon mie fadres hedde.

Syke Nigel sed, whan from the bluie sea
The upswol sayle did daunce before hys eyne;
Swefte as the wishe, hee toe the beeche dyd flee,
And founde his fadre steppeynge from the bryne.
Lette thyssen menne, who haveth sprite of loove,
Bethyncke untoe hemselves how mote the meetynge proove.

ECLOGUE THE THIRD.

MANNE, WOMANNE, SIR ROGERRE.

WOULDST thou kenn nature in her better parte?
Goe, serche the logges and bordels of the hynde;
Gyff theie have anie, itte ys roughe-made arte,
Inne hem you see the blakied forme of kynde.
Haveth your mynde a lycheynge of a mynde?
Woulde it kenne everich thynge, as it mote bee?
Woulde ytte here phrase of vulgar from the hynde,
Withoute wiseegger wordes and knowlache free?
Gyfsoe, rede thys, whyche Iche dysportynge pende;
Gif nete besyde, yttes rhyme maie ytte commende.

MANNE.

Botte whether, fayre mayde, do ye goe?
O where do ye bende yer waie?
I wille knowe whether you goe,
I wylle not bee asseled naie.

WOMANNE.

To Robin and Nell, all downe in the delle,
To hele hem at makeynge of haie.

MANNE.

Syr Roggerre, the parsone, hav hyred mee there,
Comme, comme, lett us tryppe ytte awaie,
We'lle wurke and we'lle synge, and weylle drenche of stronge beer
As longe as the merrie sommers daie.

WOMANNE.

How harde ys mie dome to wurch!
Moke is mie woe.
Dame Agnes, whoe lies ynne the Chyrche
With birlette golde,
Wythe gelten aumeres[1] stronge ontolde,
What was shee moe than me, to be soe?

MANNE.

I kenne Syr Roger from afar
Tryppynge over the lea;
Ich ask whie the loverds son
Is moe than mee.

SYR ROGERRE.

The sweltrie sonne dothe hie apace hys wayne,
From everich beme a seme of lyfe doe falle;
Swythyn scille oppe the haie uponne the playne;

[1] Borders of gold and silver, on which was laid thin plates of either metal counterchanged, not unlike the present spangled laces.—CHATTERTON.

Methynckes the cockes begynneth to gre talle.
Thys ys alyche oure doome; the great, the smalle,
Moste withe and bee forwyned by deathis darte.
See! the swote flourette hathe noe swote at alle;
Itte wythe the ranke wede bereth evalle parte.
The cravent, warrioure, and the wyse be blente,
Alyche to drie awaie wythe those theie dyd bemente.

MANNE.

All-a-boon,[1] Syr Priest, all-a-boon.
Bye yer preestschype nowe saye unto mee;
Syr Gaufryd the knyghte, who lyvethe harde bie,
Whie shoulde hee than mee
Bee more greate,
Inne honnoure, knyghtehoode and estate?

SYR ROGERRE.

Attourne thy eyne arounde thys haied mee,
Tentyflie loke arounde the chaper delle;
An answere to thie barganette here see,
Thys welked flourette wylle a leson telle:
Arist it blew, itte florished, and dyd well,

[1] The only passage, I believe, in which these eight letters are to be found together in the same order is in Chaucer, *Canterbury Tales*, v. 9492.

"And alderfirst he bade hem all a bone."—TYRWHITT.

Lokeynge ascaunce upon the naighboure greene;
Yet with the deigned greene yttes rennome felle,
Eftsoones ytte shronke upon the daie-brente playne,
Didde not yttes loke, whilest ytte there dyd stonde,
To croppe ytte in the bodde move somme dred honde.

Syke ys the waie of lyffe; the loverds ente
Mooveth the robber hym therfor to slea;
Gyf thou has ethe, the shadowe of contente,
Beleive the trothe, theres none moe haile yan thee.
Thou wurchest; welle, canne thatte a trobble bee?
Slothe moe wulde jade thee than the roughest daie.
Couldest thou the kivercled of soughlys see,
Thou wouldst eftsoones see trothe ynne whatte I saie;
Botte lette me heere thie waie of lyffe, and thenne
Heare thou from me the lyffes of odher menne.

MANNE.

I ryse wythe the sonne,
Lyche hym to dryve the wayne,

And eere mie wurche is don
I synge a songe or twayne.
I followe the plough-tayle,
Wythe a longe jubb of ale.
Botte of the maydens, oh!
Itte lacketh notte to telle;
Syre Preeste mote notte crie woe,
Culde hys bull do as welle.

I daunce the beste heiedeygnes,
And foile the wysest feygnes.
On everych Seynctes hie daie
Wythe the mynstrelle am I seene,
All a footeynge it awaie,
Wythe maydens on the greene.
But oh! I wyshe to be moe greate,
In rennome, tenure, and estate.

SYR ROGERRE.

Has thou ne seene a tree uponne a hylle,
Whose unliste braunces rechen far toe syghte;
Whan fuired unwers doe the heaven fylle,
Itte shaketh deere yn dole and moke affryghte.
Whylest the congeon flowrette abessie dyghte,
Stondethe unhurte, unquaced bie the storme:
Syke is a picte of lyffe; the manne of myghte
Is tempest-chaft, hys woe greate as hys forme;
Thieselfe a flowrette of a small accounte,
Wouldst harder felle the wynde, as hygher thee dydste mounte.

ELINOURE AND JUGA.[1]

Onne Ruddeborne bank twa pynynge Maydens sate,
Theire teares faste dryppeynge to the waterre cleere;
Echone bementynge for her absente mate,
Who atte Seyncte Albonns shouke the morthynge speare.
The nottebrowne Elinoure to Juga fayre
Dydde speke acroole,[2] wythe languishment of eyne,
Lyche droppes of pearlie dew, lemed the quyvryng brine.

ELINOURE.

O gentle Juga! heare mie dernie plainte,
To fyghte for Yorke mie love ys dyghte in stele;
O maie ne sanguen steine the whyte rose peyncte,

1 'Rudborne' (in Saxon, red-water) a river near Saint Albans, famous for the battles there fought between the Houses of Lancaster and York.—Chatterton.

2 'Acroole.' This word has no authority whatever. 'To crool,' however, is in Bailey, with the interpretation, *to growl, to mutter, to mumble.* A similar word is said likewise to have denoted the sound made by the dove.

Maie good Seyncte Cuthberte watche Syrre Roberte wele.
Moke moe thanne deathe in phantasie I feele;
See! see! upon the grounde he bleedynge lies;
Inhild some joice of lyfe, or else mie deare love dies.

JUGA.

Systers in sorrowe on thys daise-ey'd banke,
Where melancholych broods, we wyll lamente;
Be wette wythe mornynge dewe and evene danke;
Lyche levynde okes in eche the odher bente,
Or lyche forlettenn halles of merriemente,
Whose gastlie mitches holde the traine of fryghte,
Where lethale ravens bark, and owlets wake the nyghte.

ELINOURE.

No moe the miskynette shall wake the morne,[1]
The minstrelle daunce, good cheere, and morryce plaie;
No moe the amblynge palfrie and the horne
Shall from the lessel rouze the foxe awaie;
I'll seke the foreste alle the lyve-longe daie;

[1] In the spirit of Gray's Elegy—

"The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twittering from her straw-built shed;
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

Alle nete amenge the gravde chyrche-glebe
wyll goe,
And to the passante Spryghtes lecture mie tale
of woe.

JUGA.

Whan mokie cloudes do hange upon the leme
Of leden Moon, ynn sylver mantels dyghte ;
The tryppeynge Faeries weve the golden
dreme
Of Selyness, whyche flyethe wythe the nyghte ;
Thenne (botte the Seynctes forbydde !) gif to a
spryte
Syrr Rychardes forme ye lyped I'll holde
dystraughte
Hys bledeynge claie-colde corse, and die eche
daie ynn thoughte.

ELINOURE.

Ah woe bementynge wordes ; what wordes can
shewe !
Thou limed ryver, on thie linche maie bleede
Champyons, whose bloude wylle wythe thie
waterres flowe,
And Rudborne streeme be Rudborne streeme
indeede !
Haste, gentle Juga, tryppe ytte oere the
meade,
To knowe, or wheder we muste waile agayne,
Or wythe oure fallen knyghtes be menged onne
the plain.

Soe sayinge, lyke twa levyn-blasted trees,
Or twayne of cloudes that holdeth stormie rayne;
Theie moved gentle oere the dewie mees,
To where Seyncte Albons holie shrynes remayne.
There dyd theye fynde that bothe their knyghtes were slayne,
Distraughte theie wandered to swoll'n Rudbornes syde,
Yelled theyre leathalle knelle, sonke ynn the waves, and dyde.

THE STORIE OF WILLIAM CANYNGE.[1]

I.

ANENT a brooklette as I laie reclynd,
Listeynge to heare the water glyde alonge,
Myndeynge how thorowe the grene mees yt twynd,
Awhilst the cavys respons'd yts mottring songe,

[1] The first thirty-four lines of this poem are extant upon another of the vellum fragments, given by Chatterton to Mr. Barrett.[2] The remainder is printed from a copy, furnished by Mr. Catcott, with some corrections from another copy, made by Mr. Barrett from one in Chatterton's handwriting. This poem makes part of the prose work, attributed to Rowley, giving an account of painters, carvellers, poets, and other eminent natives of Bristol, from the earliest times to his own.

The transaction alluded to in the last stanza is related at large in some prose memoirs of Rowley. It is there said that Mr. Canynge went into orders, to avoid a marriage, proposed by King Edward, between him and a lady of the Widdevile family. It is certain, from the register of the Bishop of Worcester, that Mr. Canynge was ordained Acolythe by Bishop Carpenter, on 19th September, 1467, and received the higher orders of subdeacon, deacon, and priest, on the 12th of March, 1467, O.S., the 2d and 16th of April, 1468, respectively.—TYRWHITT'S *Edition.*

[2] These thirty-four lines and one more short poem are the only scraps of poetry which Chatterton ever produced as the originals of Rowley.—*Cottle's Account of Rowley's MSS.*

At dystaunt rysyng Avonne to be sped,
Amenged wyth rysyng hylles dyd shewe yts head;

II.

Engarlanded wyth crownes of osyer weedes
And wraytes of alders of a bercie scent,
And stickeynge out wyth clowde-agested reedes,
The hoarie Avonne show'd dyre semblamente,
Whylest blataunt Severne, from Sabryna clepde,
Rores flemie o'er the sandes that she hepde.

III.

These eynegears swythyn bringethe to mie thowghte
Of hardie champyons knowen to the floude,
How onne the bankes thereof brave Ælle foughte,
Ælle descended from Merce kynglie bloude,
Warden of Brystowe towne and castel stede,
Who ever and anon made Danes to blede.

IV.

Methoughte such doughtie menn must have a sprighte
Dote yn the armour brace that Mychael bore,
Whan he wyth Satan, kynge of helle, dyd fyghte,
And earthe was drented yn a mere of gore;
Orr, soone as theie dyd see the worldis lyghte,
Fate had wrott downe, thys mann ys borne to fyghte.

V.

Ælle, I sayd, or els my mynde dyd saie,
Whie ys thy actyons left so spare yn storie?
Were I toe dispone, there should lyvven aie
In erthe and hevenis rolles thie tale of glorie;
Thie actes soe doughtie should for aie abyde,
And bie theyre teste all after actes be tryde.

VI.

Next holie Wareburghus fylld mie mynde,
As fayre a sayncte as anie towne can boaste,
Or bee the erthe wyth lyghte or merke ywrynde,
I see hys ymage waulkeyng throwe the coaste:
Fitz Hardynge, Bithrickus, and twentie moe
Ynn visyonn 'fore mie phantasie dyd goe.

VII.

Thus all mie wandrynge faytour thynkeynge strayde,
And eche dygne búylder dequac'd onn mie mynde,
Whan from the distaunt streeme arose a mayde,
Whose gentle tresses mov'd not to the wynde;
Lyche to the sylver moone yn frostie neete,
The damoiselle dyd come soe blythe and sweete.

VIII.

Ne browded mantell of a scarlette hue,
Ne shoone pykes plaited o'er wyth ribbande geere,

Ne costlie paraments of woden blue,
Noughte of a dresse, but bewtie dyd shee weere;
Naked shee was, and loked swete of youthe,
All dyd bewryen that her name was Trouthe.

IX.

The ethie ringletts of her notte-browne hayre
What ne a manne should see dyd swotelie hyde,
Whych on her milk-white bodykin so fayre
Dyd showe lyke browne streemes fowlyng the white tyde.
Or veynes of brown hue yn a marble cuarr,
Whyche by the traveller ys kenn'd from farr.

X.

Astounded mickle there I sylente laie,
Still scauncing wondrous at the walkynge syghte;
Mie senses forgarde ne coulde reyn awaie;
But was ne forstraughte whan shee dyd alyghte
Anie to mee, dreste up yn naked viewe,
Whych mote yn some ewbrycious thoughtes abrewe.

XI.

But I ne dyd once thynke of wanton thoughte;
For well I mynded what bie vowe I hete,
And yn mie pockate han a crouchee broughte,
Whych yn the blosom woulde such sins anete;

I lok'd wyth eyne as pure as angelles doe,
And dyd the everie thoughte of foule eschewe.

XII.

Wyth sweet semblate and an angel's grace
Shee 'gan to lecture from her gentle breste;
For Trouthis wordes ys her myndes face,
False oratoryes she dyd aie deteste;
Sweetnesse was yn eche worde she dyd ywreene,
Tho' shee strove not to make that sweetnesse sheene.

XIII.

Shee sayd; mie manner of appereynge here
Mie name and sleyghted myndbruch maie thee telle;
I'm Trouthe, that dyd descende fromm heaven-were,
Goulers and courtiers doe not kenne mee welle;
Thie inmoste thoughtes, thie labrynge brayne I sawe,
And from thie gentle dreeme will thee adawe.

XIV.

Full manie champyons and menne of lore,
Payncters and carvellers have gain'd good name,
But there's a Canynge, to encrease the store,
A Canynge, who shall buie uppe alle theyre fame.
Take thou mie power, and see yn chylde and manne
What troulie noblenesse yn Canynge ranne.

XV.

As when a bordelier onn ethie bedde,
Tyr'd wyth the laboures maynt of sweltrie daie,
Yn slepeis bosom laieth hys deft headde,
So, senses sonke to reste, mie boddie laie;
Eftsoons mie sprighte, from erthlie bandes untyde,
Immengde yn flanched ayre wyth Trouthe asyde.

XVI.

Strayte was I carry'd back to tymes of yore,
Whylst Canynge swathed yet yn fleshlie bedde,
And saw all actyons whych han been before,
And all the scroll of Fate unravelled;
And when the fate-mark'd babe acome to syghte,
I saw hym eager gaspynge after lyghte

XVII.

In all hys shepen gambols and chyldes plaie,
In everie merriemakeyng, fayre or wake,
I kenn'd a perpled lyghte of Wysdom's raie;
He eate downe learnynge wyth the wastle cake.
As wise as anie of the eldermenne,
He'd wytte enowe toe make a mayre at tenne.[1]

[1] Of his native city he was mayor five times; and beside several other charities, founded an alms-house or hospital (which is yet in being) at Redcliffe-hill; and built a chapel, and that noble church of St. Mary Redcliffe, the finest parish church in England—

XVIII.

As the dulce downie barbe beganne to gre,
So was the well thyghte texture of hys lore;
Eche daie enhedeynge mockler for to bee,
Greete yn hys councel for the daies he bore.
All tongues, all carrols dyd unto hym synge,
Wondryng at one soe wyse, and yet soe yinge.

XIX.

Encreaseynge yn the yeares of mortal lyfe,
And hasteynge to hys journie ynto heaven,
Hee thoughte ytt proper for to cheese a wyfe,
And use the sexes for the purpose gevene.
Hee then was yothe of comelie semelikeede,
And hee had made a mayden's herte to blede.

XX.

He had a fader, (Jesus rest hys soule!)
Who loved money, as hys charie joie;
Hee had a broder (happie manne be's dole!)
Yn mynde and boddie, hys owne fadre's boie;
What then could Canynge wissen as a parte
To gyve to her whoe had made chop of hearte?

"The maystrie of a human hande,
The pryde of Bristowe and the Westerne land."

Full of good works, he died in the year 1474, and was buried in Redcliff church, where two monuments were erected to his memory; one with his effigies in the robes of a magistrate, the other in those of a priest cut in white marble.—*Memoirs of Sir William Canynge.*

XXI.

But landes and castle tenures, golde and bighes,
And hoardes of sylver rousted yn the ent,
Canynge and hys fayre sweete dyd that despyse,
To change of troulie love was theyr content;
Theie lyv'd togeder yn a house adygne,
Of goode sendaument commilie and fyne.

XXII.

Butte soone hys broder and hys syre dyd die,
And lefte to Willyam states and renteynge rolles,
And at hys wyll hys broder Johne[1] supplie.
Hee gave a chauntrie to redeeme theyre soules;
And put hys broder ynto syke a trade,
That he lorde mayor of Londonne towne was made.[2]

XXIII.

Eftsoones hys mornynge tourn'd to gloomie nyghte;
Hys dame, hys seconde selfe, gave upp her brethe,
Seekeynge for eterne lyfe and endless lyghte,
And fleed good Canynge; sad mystake of dethe!

[1] Called 'Thomas,' by Stow, in his list of mayors.

[2] This is true; Canning was Lord Mayor of London in 1456.

Soe have I seen a flower ynn Sommer tyme
Trodde downe and broke and widder ynn ytts pryme.

XXIV.

Next Radcleeve chyrche (oh worke of hande of heav'n,
Whare Canynge sheweth as an instrumente,)
Was to my bismarde eyne-syghte newlie giv'n;
'Tis past to blazonne ytt to good contente.
You that woulde faygn the fetyve buyldynge see
Repayre to Radcleve, and contented bee.

XXV.

I sawe the myndbruch of hys nobille soule
Whan Edwarde meniced a seconde wyfe;
I saw what Pheryons yn hys mynde dyd rolle;
Nowe fyx'd fromm seconde dames a preeste for lyfe.
Thys ys the manne of menne, the vision spoke;
Then belle for even-songe mie senses woke.

To this poem we may add the following *prose* "account of this extraordinary person, written by Rowley the priest;" printed in the "Town and Country Magazine for Nov. 1775," and republished with several corrections in Southey's edition.

It forms one of the MSS. communicated by Chatterton as original, and is preserved with the others in the British Museum.

"It is written with red ink, the letters are perfectly distinct, and the first line is written in the common attorney's text-hand. The parchment appears brown from some liquid that has been applied to it, but for which it is difficult to

assign any reason, except to give the parchment a *mistaken* appearance of age. The letters are remarkably legible, and being *red ink*, they could not require oak bark, or any similar composition to render them more so. We must conclude that this brown tint was communicated by Chatterton, but it is singular that he should not have discoloured the *whole* of the surface, as one corner of the parchment discovers its natural colour."—*Cottle's Account of Rowley's MSS.*

SOME FURTHER ACCOUNT OF THIS EXTRAORDINARY PERSON, WRITTEN BY ROWLEY THE PRIEST.

"I was fadre confessor to masteres Roberte and Mastre William Cannings. Mastre Robert was a man after his fadre's own harte, greedie of gaynes and sparynge of alms deedes; but master William was mickle courteous, and gave me many marks in my needs. At the age of 22 years deaces'd master Roberte, and by master William's desyre bequeathd me one hundred marks; I went to thank master William for his mickle courtesie, and to make tender of myselfe to him.—Fadre, quod he, I have a crotchett in my brayne, that will need your aide. Master William, said I, if you command me I will go to Roome for you; not so farr distant, said he: I ken you for a mickle learned priest: if you will leave the parysh of our ladie, and travel for mee, it shall be mickle to your profits.

"I gave my hands, and he told mee I must goe to all the abbies and pryorys, and gather together auncient drawyings, if of anie account, at anyprice. Consented I to the same, and pursuant sett out the Mundaie following for the minster of our Ladie and Saint Goodwyne, where a drawing of a steeple, contryvd for the belles when runge to swaie out of the syde into the ayre, had I thence; it was done by Syr Symon de Mambrie, who, in the troublesomme rayne of kyng Stephen, devoted himselfe, and was shorne.

"Hawkes showd me a manuscript in Saxonne, but I was onley to bargayne for drawyings.—The next drawyngs I metten with was a church to be reard, so as in form of a cross, the

end standing in the ground; a long manuscript was annexed. Master Canning thought no workman culd be found handie enough to do it.—The tale of the drawers deserveth relation.—Thomas de Blunderville, a preeste, although the preeste had no allows, lovd a fair mayden, and on her begatt a sonn. Thomas educated his sonn; at sixteen years he went into the warrs, and neer did return for five years.—His mother was married to a knight, and bare a daughter, then sixteen, who was seen and lovd by Thomas, sonn of Thomas, and married to him, unknown to her mother, by Ralph de Mesching, of the minster, who invited, as custom was, two of his brothers, Thomas de Blunderville and John Heschamme. Thomas nevertheless had not seen his sonn for five years, yet kennd him instantly; and learning the name of the bryde, took him asydde and disclosed to him that he was his sonn, and was weded to his own sistre. Yoynge Thomas toke on so that he was shorne.

"He drew manie fine drawyinges on glass.

"The abott of the minster of Peterburrow sold it me: he might have bargayned 20 marks better, but master William would not part with it. The prior of Coventree did sell me a picture of great account, made by Badilian Y'allyanne, who did live in the reign of Kynge Henrie the First, a mann of fickle temper, havyng been tendred syx pounds of silver for it, to which he said naie, and afterwards did give it to the then abott of Coventriee. In brief, I gathered together manie marks value of fine drawyings, all the works of mickle cunning.—Master William culld the most choise parts, but hearing of a drawying in Durham church hee did send me.

"Fadree, you have done mickle well, all the chatils are more worth than you gave; take this for your paynes; so saying, he did put into my hands a purse of two hundreds good pounds, and did say that I should note be in need; I did thank him most heartily.—The choise drawyng, when his fadre did dye, was begunn to be put up, and somme houses near the old church erased; it was drawn by Aflema, preeste of St. Cutchberts, and offered as a drawyng for Westminster, but cast asyde, being the tender did not speak French.—I had now mickle of ryches, and lyvd in a house on the hill,

often repayrings to mastere William, who was now lord of the house. I sent him my verses touching his church, for which he did send me mickle good things.—In the year kyng Edward came to Bristow, master Cannings send for me to avoid a marrige which the kyng was bent upon between him and a ladie he ne'er had seen, of the familee of the Winddevilles; the danger were nigh, unless avoided by one remidee, an holie one, which was, to be ordained a sonn of holy church, beyng franke from the power of kynges in that cause, and cannot be wedded.—Mr. Cannings instauntly sent me to Carpenter, his good friend, bishop of Worcester, and the Fryday following was prepaird and ordaynd the next day, the daie of St. Mathew, and on Sunday sung his first mass in the church of our ladie, to the astonishing of kyng Edward, who was so furiously madd and ravyngs withall, that master Cannings was wyling to give him 3000 marks, which gave him peace again, and he was admyted to the presence of the kyng, staid in Bristow, partook of all his pleasures and pastimes till he departed the next year.

"I gave master Cannings my Bristow tragedy, for which he gave me in hands twentie pounds, and did praise it more than I did think myself did deserve, for I can say in troth I was never proud of my verses since I did read master Chaucer; and now haveing nought to do, and not wyling to be ydle, I went to the minster of our Ladie and Saint Goodwin, and then did purchase the Saxon manuscripts, and sett myselfe diligentley to translate and worde it in English metre, which in one year I performed and styled it the Battle of Hastyngs; master William did bargyin for one manuscript, and John Pelham, an esquire of Ashley, for another.—Master William did praise it muckle greatly, but advised me to tender it to no man, beying the menn whose name were therein mentioned would be offended. He gave me 20 markes, and I did goe to Ashley, to master Pelham, to be payd of him for the other one I left with him.

"But his ladie being of the family of the Fiscamps, of whom some things are said, he told me he had burnt it, and would have me burnt if I did not avaunt. Dureing this dinn his wife did come out, and made a dinn to speake by a figure, would

have over sounded the bells of our Ladie of the Cliffe; I was fain content to get away in a safe skin.

"I wrote my Justice of Peace, which master Cannings advisd me secrett to keep, which I did; and now being grown auncient I was seizd with great pains, which did cost me mickle of marks to be cured off.—Master William offered me a cannon's place in Westbury College, which gladly had I accepted but my pains made me stay at home. After this mischance I livd in a house by the Tower, which has not been repaird since Robert Consull of Gloucester repayrd the castle and wall; here I livd warm, but in my house on the hyll the ayer was mickle keen; some marks it cost me to put in repair my new house; and brynging my chattels from the ould; it was a fine house, and I much marville it was untenanted. A person greedy of gains was the then possessour, and of him I did buy it at a very small rate, having lookd on the ground works and mayne supports, and fynding them staunch, and repayrs no need wanting, I did buy of the owner, Geoffry Coombe, on a repayring lease for 99 years, he thinkying it would fall down everie day; but with a few marks expence did put it up in a manner neat, and therein I lyvd."

ONN OURE LADIES CHYRCHE.[1]

As onn a hylle one eve sittynge,
At oure Ladie's Chyrche mouche wonderynge,
The counynge handieworke so fyne,
Han well nighe dazeled mine eyne ;
Quod I ; some counynge fairie hande
Yreer'd this chapelle in this lande ;
Fulle well I wote so fine a syghte
Was ne yreer'd of mortall wighte.
Quod Trouthe ; thou lackest knowlachynge ;
Thou forsoth ne wotteth of the thynge.
A Rev'rend Fadre, William Canynge hight,
Yreered uppe this chapelle brighte ;
And eke another in the Towne,
Where glassie bubblynge Trymme doth roun.
Quod I ; ne doubte for all he's given
His sowle will certes goe to heaven.
Yea, quod Trouthe ; than goe thou home,
And see thou doe as hee hath donne.
Quod I ; I doubte, that can ne bee ;
I have ne gotten markes three.
Quod Trouthe ; as thou hast got, give almes-
dedes soe ;
Canynges and Gaunts culde doe ne moe.

[1] From a copy made by Mr. Catcott, from one in Chatterton's handwriting.—TYRWHITT'S *Edition.*

ON THE SAME.[1]

Stay, curyous traveller, and pass not bye,
Until this fetive pile astounde thine eye.
Whole rocks on rocks with yron joynd surveie,
And okes with okes entremed disponed lie.
This mightie pile, that keeps the wyndes at baie,
Fyre-levyn and the mokie storme defie,
That shootes aloofe into the reaulmes of daie,
Shall be the record of the Buylders fame for aie.

Thou seest this maystrie of a human hand,
The pride of Brystowe and the Westerne lande,
Yet is the Buylders vertues much moe greete,
Greeter than can bie Rowlies pen be scande.
Thou seest the saynctes and kynges in stonen state,
That seem'd with breath and human soule dispande,
As payrde to us enseem these men of slate,
Such is greete Canynge's mynde when payrd to God elate.

[1] From a MS. in Chatterton's handwriting, furnished by Mr. Catcott, entitled, "A Discourse on Bristowe, by Thomas Rowlie."—Tyrwhitt's *Edition*.

Well maiest thou be astounde, but view it well;
Go not from hence before thou see thy fill;
And learn the Builder's vertues and his name;
Of this tall spyre in every countye tell,
And with thy tale the lazing rych men shame;
Showe howe the glorious Canynge did excelle;
How hee, good man, a friend for kynges became,
And gloryous paved at once the way to heaven and fame.

ON THE DEDICATION OF OUR LADIE'S CHURCH.[1]

Soone as bryght sonne alonge the skyne,
Han sente hys ruddie lyghte;
And fayryes hyd ynne Oslyppe cuppes,
Tylle wysh'd approche of nyghte,
The mattyn belle wyth shryllie sounde,
Reeckode throwe the ayre;
A troop of holie freeres dyd,
For Jesus masse prepare.
Arounde the highe unsaynted chyrche,
Wythe holie relyques wente;
And every door and poste aboute
Wythe godlie thynges besprent.
Then Carpenter yn scarlette dreste,
And mytred holylie;
From Mastre Canynge hys greate howse,
Wyth rosarie dyd hie.
Before hym wente a throng of freeres
Who dyd the masse songe synge,
Behynde hym Mastre Canynge came,

[1] This poem was given by Chatterton in a note to the Parliamente of Sprytes. The lines are here divided into the ballad length.—Southey's *Edition.*

Tryck'd lyke a barbed kynge,
And then a rowe of holie freeres
Who dyd the mass songe sound;
The procurators and chyrche reeves
Next prest upon the ground,
And when unto the chyrche theye came
A holie masse was sange,
So lowdlie was theyr swotie voyce,
The heven so hie it range.
Then Carpenter dyd puryfie
The chyrche to Godde for aie,
Wythe holie masses and good psalmes
Whyche hee dyd thereyn saie.
Then was a sermon preeched soon
Bie Carpynterre holie,
And after that another one
Ypreechen was bie mee:
Thenn alle dyd goe to Canynges house
An Enterlude to playe,
And drynk hys wyne and ale so goode
And praie for him for aie.

FRAGMENT,

BY JOHN, SECOND ABBATTE OF SEYNCTE AUSTYNS MYNSTERRE.[1]

HARTE of lyone! shake thie sworde,
Bare thie mortheynge steinede honde;
Quace whole armies to the queede,
Worke thie wylle yn burlie bronde.
Barons here on bankers-browded,
Fyghte yn furres gaynste the cale;
Whilest thou ynne thonderynge armes
Warriketh whole cyttyes bale.
Harte of lyon! Sound the beme!
Sounde ytte ynto inner londes,
Feare flies sportine ynne the cleeme,
Inne thie banner terror stondes.[2]

[1] From Barrett's History of Bristol. It was sent by Chatterton to Horace Walpole, as a note to Rowleie's Historie of Peyncters. "This John," he says, "was inducted abbot in the year 1186, and sat in the dies 29 years. He was the greatest poet of the age in which he lived; he understood the learned languages. Take a specimen of his poetry on King Richard 1st."—SOUTHEY'S *Edition.*

[2] If any one can perceive any difference of hand between this poem, attributed to Abbot *John*, and those which pass under the name of the supposed Rowley, he must possess much greater powers of discrimination than fall to the share of common critics.—TYRWHITT.

THE

PARLYAMENTE

OF

SPRYTES.

A MOST MERRIE ENTERLUDE.

Chatterton's answer to the strong objection arising from the smoothness of Rowley's poetry, when stated to him by Horace Walpole, is very remarkable—"The harmony is not so extraordinary, as Joseph Iscam is altogether as harmonious." Now, as Joseph Iscam is equally a person of dubious existence, this is a curious instance of *placing the elephant upon the tortoise.* His ruling passion was not the vanity of a poet, who depends upon the opinion of others for its gratification, but the stoical pride of talent, which felt nourishment in the solitary contemplation of superiority over the dupes who fell into his toils.—Sir Walter Scott.

A MOST MERRIE ENTYRLUDE,

Plaied bie the Carmelyte Freeres at Mastre Canynges hys greete howse, before Mastre Canynges and Byshoppe Carpenterre,[1] on dedicatynge the chyrche of *Oure Ladie of Redclefte*, hight

THE PARLIAMENTE OF SPRYTES.

WROTEN BIE T. ROWLEIE AND J. ISCAMME.[2]

Entroductyon bie Queene Mabbe.

(Bie Iscamme.)

Whan from the erthe the sonnes hulstred,
Than from the flouretts straughte[3] with dewe;

[1] John Carpenter, bishop of Worcester, who, in conjunction with Mr. Canynge, founded the Abbey at Westbury.

[2] John Iscam, according to Rowley, was a canon of the monastery of Saint Augustine, in Bristol. He wrote a dramatic piece called "The Pleasaunt Dyscorses of Lamyngeton;" also, at the desire of Mr. Canynge (Rowley being then collecting of Drawings for Mr. Canynge) he translated a Latin piece called "Miles Brystolli," into English metre. The place of his birth is not known.—Chatterton.

[3] Stretched. I think this line is borrowed from a much better one of Rowley's, viz: "Like kynge cuppes brasteynge wyth the mornynge dew." The reason why I think Iscam guilty of the plagiary is, that the "Songe to Ella," from

Mie leege menne makes yee awhaped,
And wytches theyre wytchencref doe.
Then ryse the sprytes ugsome and rou,
And take theyre walke the letten throwe.
Than do the sprytes of valourous menne,
Agleeme along the barbed halle;
Pleasaunte the moultrynge banners kenne,
Or sytte arounde yn honourde stalle.
Oure sprytes atourne theyr eyne to nyghte,
And looke on Canynge his chyrche bryghte.
In sothe yn alle mie bismarde rounde,
Troolie the thynge muste be bewryen:
Inne stone or woden worke ne founde,
Nete so bielecoyle to myne eyne
As ys goode Canynge hys chyrche of stone,
Whych blatauntlie wylle shewe his prayse alone.

To Johannes Carpenterre Byshoppe of Worcesterre.

(Bie Rowleie.)

To you goode Byshoppe, I address mie saie,
To you who honoureth the clothe you weare;
Lyke pretious bighes ynne golde of beste allaie
Echone dothe make the other seeme more fayre:
Other than you[1] where coulde a manne be founde
So fytte to make a place bee holie grounde.

when whence the above line is taken, was wrote when Rowley was in London, collecting of drawings for Mr. Canynge to build the church, and Iscam wrote the above little before the finishing of the church.—Chatterton.

[1] "Other than you," &c. Carpenter dedicated the church, as appears by a poem written by Rowley.—Chatterton.

The sainctes ynne stones so netelie carvelled,
Theie scantlie are whatte theie enseeme to be;
Bie fervente praier of yours myghte rear theyre
heade
And chaunte owte masses to oure Vyrgyne.
Was everie prelate lyke a Carpenterre,
The chyrche would ne blushe at a Wynchesterre.

Learned as Beauclerke, as the confessour
Holie ynne lyfe, lyke Canynge charitable,
Busie in holie chyrche as Vavasour,
Slacke yn thynges evylle, yn alle goode thynges
stable,
Honest as Saxonnes was, from whence thou'rt
sprunge,
Tho' boddie weak thie soule for ever younge.

Thou knowest welle thie conscience free from
steyne,
Thie soule her rode no sable batements have;
Yclenchde oer wythe vyrtues beste adaygne,
A daie æterne thie mynde does aie adave.
Ne spoyled widdowes, orphyans dystreste,
Ne starvvynge preestes ycrase thie nyghtlie reste.

Here then to thee let me for one and alle
Give lawde to Carpenterre and commendatyon,
For hys grete vyrtues but alas! too smalle
Is mie poore skylle to shewe you hys juste
blatyon,

Or to blaze forthe hys publicke goode alone,
And alle hys pryvate goode to Godde and hym ys knowne.

Spryte of Nymrodde speaketh.
(Bie ISCAMME.)

Soon as the morne but newlie wake,
Spyed Nyghte ystorven lye:
On herre corse dyd dew droppes shake,
Then fore the sonne upgotten was I.
Then rampynge lyon, felle tygere,
The bocke that skyppes from place to place,
The olyphaunte[1] and rhynocere,
Before mee throughe the greene wood I dyd chace.
Nymrodde as scryptures hyght mie name,
Baalle as jetted stories saie;
For rearynge Babelle of greete fame,
Mie name and renome shalle lyven for aie:
But here I spie a fyner rearynge,
Genst whych the clowdes dothe not fyghte,
Onne whych the starres doe sytte to appearynge:
Weeke menne thynke ytte reache the kyngdom of lyghte.

[1] Elephant. So an ancient anonymous author:

"The olyphaunt of beastes is
The wisest I wis,
For hee alwaie dothe eat
Lyttle store of meat."—*Note by* CHATTERTON.

O where ys the manne that buylded the same,
Dyspendynge worldlie store so welle;
Fayn woulde I chaunge wyth hym mie name,
And stande ynne hys chaunce ne to goe to
helle.

Spryte of Assyrians syngeth.

Whan toe theyre caves æterne abeste,[1]
The waters ne moe han dystreste
The worlde so large
Butte dyde dyscharge
Themselves ynto theyre bedde of reste.

Then menne besprenged alle abroade,
Ne moe dyde worshyppe the true Godde;
Butte dyd create
Hie temples greate
Unto the ymage of Nymrodde.

But nowe the Worde of Godde is come,
Borne of Maide Marie toe brynge home
Mankynde hys shepe,
Them for to keepe
In the folde of hys heavenlie kyngdome.

Thys chyrche whych Canynge he dyd reer,
To bee dispente in prayse and prayer,

[1] According to Rowley, "Humbled, or brought down." And Rowleie saies "thie pryde wylle be abeste." Entroductyon to the Entyrlude of the Apostate.—CHATTERTON.

Mennes soules to save,
From vowrynge grave,
And puryfye them heaven-were.[1]

Sprytes of Elle,[2] *Bythryeke,*[3] *Fytz-hardynge, Frampton, Gauntes, Segowen, Lanyngeton, Knyghtes, Templars, and Byrtonne.*

(Bie ROWLEIE.)

Spryte of Bythrycke speeketh.

Elle, thie Brystowe is thie onlie care,
Thou arte lyke dragonne vyllant of yts gode;
Ne lovynge dames toe kynde moe love can bear,
Ne Lombardes over golde moe vyllaunt broode.

Spryte of Elle speeketh.

Swythyn, yee sprytes forsake the bollen floude,
And browke a sygthe wyth mee, a syghte enfyne;
Welle have I vended myne for Danyshe bloude,

[1] Heavenward.

"Not goulde or bighes will bring thee heaven-were,
Ne kyne or mylkie flockes upon the playne,
Ne mannours rych nor banners brave and fayre,
Ne wife the sweetest of the erthlie trayne.

"Entroductyon to the Enterlude of the Apostate."
Note by CHATTERTON.

[2] Keeper of Bristol Castle in the time of the Saxons.

[3] An Anglo-Saxon, who in William the Conqueror's time had Bristol.—CHATTERTON.

Syth thys greete structure greete mie whaped
eyne.
Yee that have buylden on the Radclefte syde,
Tourne there your eyne and see your workes
outvyde.

Spryte of Bythrycke speeketh.

What wondrous monumente! what pyle ys thys!
That byndes in wonders chayne entendemente!
That dothe aloof the ayrie skyen kyss,
And seemeth mountaynes joyned bie cemente,
From Godde hys greete and wondrous storehouse
sente.
Fulle welle myne eyne arede ytte canne ne bee,
That manne coulde reare of thylke agreete ex-
tente,
A chyrche so bausyn fetyve as wee see:
The flemed cloudes disparted from it flie,
Twylle bee, I wis, to alle eternytye.

Elle's spryte speeketh.

Were I once moe caste yn a mortalle frame,
To heare the chauntrie songe sounde ynne myne
eare,
To heare the masses to owre holie dame,
To viewe the cross yles and the arches fayre!
Throughe the halfe hulstred sylver twynklynge
glare
Of yon bryghte moone in foggie mantles dreste,
I must contente the buyldynge to aspere,

Whylste ishad cloudes the hallie syghte arreste.
Tyll as the nyghtes growe wayle I flie the lyghte,
O were I manne agen to see the syghte!
There sytte the canons; clothe of sable hue
Adorne the boddies of them everie one;
The chaunters whyte with scarfes of woden blewe,
And crymson chappeaus for them toe put onne,
Wythe golden tassyls glyttrynge ynne the sunne;
The dames ynne kyrtles alle of Lyncolne greene,
And knotted shoone pykes of brave coloures done:
A fyner syghte yn sothe was never seen.

Byrtonnes spryte speeketh.

Inne tyltes and turnies was mie dear delyghte,
For manne and Godde hys warfare han renome;
At everyche tyltynge yarde mie name was hyghte,
I beare the belle awaie whereer I come.
Of Redclefte chyrche the buyldynge newe I done,
And dyd fulle manie holie place endowe,
Of Maries house made the foundacyon,
And gave threescore markes to Johnes hys toe.
Then close'd myne eyne on erthe to ope no moe,
Whylst syx moneths mynde upon mie grave was doe.
Full gladde am I mie chyrche was pyghten down,
Syth thys brave structure doth agreete myne eye.
Thys geason buyldynge, limedst of the towne,
Like to the donours soule, shall never die;
But if, percase, Tyme, of hys dyre envie,

Shalle beate ytte to rude walles and throckes of stone;
The faytour traveller that passes bie
Wylle see yttes royend auntyaunte splendoure shewne
Inne the crasd arches and the carvellynge,
And pyllars theyre greene heades to heaven rearynge.

Spryte of Segowen speeketh.

Bestoykynge golde was once myne onlie toie,
Wyth ytte mie soule wythynne the coffer laie;
Itte dyd the mastrie of mie lyfe enploie,
Bie nyghte mie leman and mie jubbe bie daye.
Once as I dosynge yn the wytch howre laie,
Thynkynge howe to benym the orphyans breadde,
And from the redeless take theyre goodes awaie,
I from the skien hear'd a voyce, which said,
Thou sleepest, but loe Sathan is awake;
Some deede that's holie doe, or hee thie soule wylle take.

I swythyn was upryst wyth feere astounde;
Methoughte yn merke was plaien devylles felle:
Strayte dyd I nomber twentie aves rounde,
Thoughten full soone for to go to helle.
In the morne mie case to a goode preeste dyd telle,
Who dyd areede mee to ybuild that daie
The chyrche of Thomas, thenne to pieces felle.

Mie heart dispanded into heaven laie :
Soon was the sylver to the workmenne given,—
'Twas beste astowde, a karynte gave to heaven.

But welle, I wote, thie causalles were not soe,
'Twas love of Godde that set thee on the rearynge
Of this fayre chyrch, O Canynge, for to doe
Thys lymed buyldynge of so fyne appearynge :
Thys chyrch owre lesser buyldyngs all owt-daryinge,
Lyke to the moone wythe starres of lyttle lyghte ;
And after tymes the feetyve pyle reverynge,
The prynce of chyrches buylders thee shall hyghte ;
Greete was the cause, but greeter was the effecte,
So alle wyll saie who doe thys place prospect.

Spryte of Fytz Hardynge speeketh.

From royal parentes dyd I have retaynynge,
The redde-hayrde Dane confeste to be mie syre ;
The Dane who often throwe thys kyngdom draynynge,
Would mark theyre waie athrowgh wythe bloude and fyre.
As stopped ryvers alwaies ryse moe hygher,
And rammed stones bie opposures stronger bee ;
So thie whan vanquyshed dyd prove moe dyre,

And for one peysan theie dyd threescore slee.
From them of Denmarques royalle bloude came I,
Welle myghte I boaste of mie gentylytie.
The pypes maie sounde and bubble forth mie name,
And tellen what on Radclefte syde I dyd:
Trinytie Colledge ne agrutche mie fame,
The fayrest place in Brystowe ybuylded.
The royalle bloude that thorow mie vaynes slydde
Dyd tyncte mie harte wythe manie a noble thoughte;
Lyke to mie mynde the mynster yreared,
Wythe noble carvel workmanshyppe was wroughte.
Hie at the deys, lyke to a kynge on's throne,
Dyd I take place and was myself alone.

But thou, the buylder of this swotie place,
Where alle the saynctes in sweete ajunctyon stande,
A verie heaven for yttes fetyve grace,
The glorie and the wonder of the lande,
That shewes the buylders mynde and fourmers hande,
To bee the beste that on the erthe remaynes;
At once for wonder and delyghte commaunde,
Shewynge howe muche hee of the godde reteynes.
Canynge the great, the charytable, and good,
Noble as kynges if not of kyngelie bloude.

Spryte of Framptone speeketh.

Brystowe shall speeke mie name, and Radclefte
toe,
For here mie deedes were goddelye everychonè:
As Owdens mynster bie the gate wylle shewe,
And Johnes at Brystowe what mie workes han
done.
Besydes anere howse that I han begunne;
Butte myne comparde to thyssen ys a groffe;
Nete to bee mencioned or looked upon,
A verie punelstre or verie scoffe;
Canynge, thie name shall lyven be for aie,
Thie name ne wyth the chyrche shall waste
awaie.

Spryte of Gaunts speeketh.

I dyd fulle manie reparatyons give,
And the bonne Hommes dyd fulle ryche endowe;
As tourynge to mie Godde on erthe dyd lyve,
So alle the Brystowe chronycles wylle shewe.
Butte alle mie deedes wylle bee as nothynge
nowe,
Syth Canynge have thys buyldynge fynyshed,
Whych seemeth to be the pryde of Brystowe,
And bie ne buyldeyng to bee overmatched:
Whyche aie shalle laste and bee the prayse of
alle,
And onlie in the wrecke of nature falle.

A Knyghte Templars spryte speeketh.

In hallie land where Sarasins defyle
The grounde whereon oure Savyour dyd goe,
And Chryste hys temple make to moschyes vyle,
Wordies of despyte genst oure Savyour throwe.
There 'twas that we dyd owre warfarage doe,
Guardynge the pylgryms of the Chrystyan faie;
And dyd owre holie armes in bloude embrue,
Movynge lyke thonder-boultes yn drear arraie.
Owre strokes lyke levyn tareynge the tall tree
Owre Godde owre arme wyth lethalle force dyd dree.
Maint tenures fayre, ande mannoures of greete welthe,
Greene woodes, and brooklettes runnynge throughe the lee,
Dyd menne us gyve for theyre deare soule her helthe,
Gave erthlie ryches for goodes heavenlie.
Nee dyd we lette oure ryches untyle bee,
But dyd ybuylde the Temple chyrche so fyne,
The whyche ys wroughte abowte so bismarelie;
Itte seemeth camoys to the wondrynge eyne;
And ever and anon when belles rynged,
From place to place ytte moveth yttes hie heade:
Butte Canynge from the sweate of hys owne browes,
Dyd gette hys golde and rayse thys fetyve howse.

Lamyngetonnes spryte speeketh.

Lette alle mie faultes bee buried ynne the grave;
Alle obloquyes be rotted wythe mie duste;
Lette him fyrst carpen that no wemmes have:
'Tys paste mannes nature for to bee aie juste.
But yette in sothen to rejoyce I muste,
That I dyd not immeddle for to buylde;
Sythe thys quaintissed place so gloryous,
Seemeynge alle chyrches joyned yn one guylde,
Has nowe supplied for what I had done,
Whych toe mie cierge is a gloryous sonne.

Elle's spryte speeketh.

Then lette us alle do jyntelie reveraunce here,
The beste of menne and Byshoppes here doe stande:
Who are Goddes shepsterres and do take good care,
Of the goode shepe hee putteth yn theyre hand;
Ne one is loste butte alle in well likande
Awayte to heare the Generalle Byshoppes calle,
When Mychaels trompe shall sound to ynmoste lande,
Affryghte the wycked and awaken alle:
Then Canynge ryses to eternal reste,
And fyndes hee chose on erthe a lyfe the beste.

ON THE MYNSTER.[1]

Wythe daityve steppe relygyon dyghte yn greie,
Her face of doleful hue,
Swyfte as a takel thro'we bryghte heav'n tooke her waie,
And ofte and ere anon dyd saie
"Aie! mee! what shall I doe;
"See Brystoe citie, whyche I nowe doe kenne,
"Arysynge to mie view,
"Thycke throng'd wythe soldyers and wythe traffyckmenne;
"Butte saynctes I seen few."

[1] This poem is reprinted from Barrett's History of Bristol. It is said by Chatterton to be translated by Rowley, "as nie as Englyshe wyll serve, from the original, written by Abbot John, who was ynductyd 20 yeares, and dyd act as abbatt 9 yeares before hys inductyon for Phillip then abbatt: he dyed yn M.CC.XV. beynge buryed in his albe in the mynster."—Southey's *Edition of Chatterton.*

John, seconde abbotte of Seyncte Augustynns, was a manne well skyllde ynn the languages of yore; hee wrote ynn the Greke tonge a poem onne Roberte Fitz Hardynge, whyche as nie as Englyshe wylle serve I have thus transplacedd:

"Wythe daityve steppe relygyon dyghte yn greie,
Her face of doleful hue," &c.

As above.—Rowley's *History of Painters and Carvellers.*

Fytz-Hardynge rose!—he rose lyke bryghte sonne
in the morne,
" Faire dame adryne thein eyne,
" Let alle thie greefe bee myne,
" For I wylle rere thee uppe a Mynster hie ;
" The toppe whereof shall reach ynto the skie ;
" And wylle a monke be shorne ;"
Thenne dyd the dame replie,
" I shall ne be forelourne ;
" Here wyll I take a cherysaunied reste,
" And spend mie daies upon Fytz-Hardynges
breste."

THE WORLDE.

FADRE, SONNE, AND MYNSTRELLES.

FADRE.

To the worlde newe and ytts bestoykenynge waie
Thys coistrelle sonne of myne ys all mie care,
Yee mynstrelles warne hymme how wyth rede he straie
Where guylded vyce dothe spredde hys mascill'd snare,
To gettyng wealth I woulde hee shoulde bee bredde,
And couronnes of rudde goulde ne glorie rounde hys hedde.

FIRST MYNSTREL.

Mie name is Intereste, tis I
Dothe yntoe alle bosoms flie,
Eche one hylten secret's myne,
None so wordie, goode, and dygne,
Butte wyll fynde ytte to theyr cost,
Intereste wyll rule the roaste.
I to everichone gyve lawes,
Selfe ys fyrst yn everich cause.

SECOND MYNSTREL.

I amme a faytour flame
Of lemmies melancholi,
Love somme behyghte mie name,
Some doe anemp me follie;
Inne sprytes of meltynge molde
I sette mie burneynge sele;
To mee a goulers goulde
Doeth nete a pyne avele;
I pre upon the helthe,
And from gode redeynge flee,
The manne who woulde gette wealthe
Muste never thynke of mee.

THIRD MYNSTREL.

I bee the Queede of Pryde, mie spyrynge heade
Mote reche the cloudes and stylle be rysynge hie,
Too lyttle is the earthe to bee mie bedde,
Too hannow for mie breetheynge place the skie;
Daynous I see the worlde bineth me lie
Botte to mie betterres, I soe lyttle gree,
Annenthe a shadow of a shade I bee,
Tys to the smalle alleyn that I canne multyplie.

FOURTH MYNSTREL.

I am the Queed of goulers; look arounde
The ayrs aboute mee thieves doe represente,
Bloudsteyned robbers spryng from oute the grounde,

And airie vysyons swarme around mie ente;
O save mie monies, ytte ys theyre entente
To nymme the redde Godde of mie fremded sprighte,
Whatte joie canne goulers have or daie or nyghte!

FIFTH MYNSTREL.

Vice bee I hyghte, onne golde fulle ofte I ryde,
Fulle fayre unto the syghte for aie I seeme;
Mie ugsomness wythe goldenne veyles I hyde,
Laieynge mie lovers ynne a sylkenne dreme;
Botte whan mie untrue pleasaunce have byn tryde,
Thanne doe I showe alle horrownesse and rou.
And those I have ynne nette woulde feyne mie grype eschew.

SIXTH MYNSTREL.

I bee greete Dethe, alle ken mee bie the name,
Botte none can saie howe I doe loose the spryghte,
Goode menne mie tardyinge delaie doethe blame,
Botte moste ryche goulerres from mee take a flyghte;
Myckle of wealthe I see whereere I came,
Doethe mie ghastness mockle multyplye
And maketh hem afrayde to lyve or die.

FADRE.

Howe villeyn Mynstrelles, and is this your rede.
Awaie: Awaie: I wyll ne geve a curse,
Mie sonne, mie sonne, of mie speeche take hede,
Nothynge ys goode thatte bryngeth not to purse.

ONE CANTO OF AN ANCIENT POEM, CALLED

THE UNKNOWN KNIGHT OR THE TOURNAMENT.[1]

I.

THE Matten belle han sounded long,
The Cocks han sang their morning songe,
When lo! the tuneful Clarions sound,
(Wherein all other noise was drown'd)
Did echo to the rooms around,
And greet the ears of Champyons stronge;
Arise, arise from downie bedde
For Sunne doth gin to shew his hedde!

II.

Then each did don in seemlie gear,
What armour eche beseem'd to wear,
And on each sheelde devices shone,
Of wounded hearts and battles won,
All curious and nice echon;
With manie a tassild spear;

[1] From the Supplement to Chatterton's Miscellanies. "I offered this as a sample, having two more Cantos. The Author unknown." 1769.—SOUTHEY'S *Edition.*

And mounted echeone on a steed
Unwote made Ladies hearts to blede.

III.

Heraulds eche side the Clarions wound,
The Horses started at the sound;
The Knyghtes echeone dyd poynt the launce,
And to the combattes did advaunce;
From Hyberne, Scotland, eke from Fraunce;
Theyre prancyng horses tare the ground;
All strove to reche the place of fyghte,
The first to exercise their myghte—

IV.

O'Rocke upon his courser fleet,
Swift as lightning were his feet,
First gain'd the lists and gatte him fame;
From West Hybernee Isle he came,
His myghte depictur'd in his name.[1]
All dreded such an one to meet;
Bold as a mountain wolf he stood,
Upon his swerde sat grim dethe and bloude.

V.

But when he threwe downe his Asenglave,
Next came in Syr Botelier bold and brave,
The dethe of manie a Saraceen;
Theie thought him a Devil from Hells black den,

[1] Probably alluding to the word 'rock.'

Ne thinking that anie of mortalle menne
Could send so manie to the grave.
For his life to John Rumsee he render'd his thanks
Descended from Godred the King of the Manks.

VI.

Within his sure rest he settled his speare,
And ran at O'Rocke in full career;
Their launces with the furious stroke
Into a thousand shivers broke,
Even as the thunder tears the oak,
And scatters splinters here and there:
So great the shock, their senses did depart,
The bloude all ran to strengthen up the harte.

VII.

Syr Botelier Rumsie first came from his traunce,
And from the Marshall toke the launce;
O'Rocke eke chose ànother speere,
And ran at Syr Botelier [in] full career;
His prancynge stede the ground did tare;
In haste he made a false advance;
Syr Botelier seeing, with myghte amain
Fellde him down upon the playne.

VIII.

Syr Pigotte Novlin at the Clarions sound,
On a milk-white stede with gold trappings around,

He couchde in his rest his silver-poynt speere,
And ferslie ranne up in full career;
But for his appearance he payed full deare,
In the first course laid on the ground;
Besmeer'd in the dust with his silver and gold,
No longer a glorious sight to behold.

IX.

Syr Botelier then having conquer'd his twayné,
Rode Conqueror off the tourneying playne;
Receivying a garland from *Alice's* hand,
The fayrest Ladye in the lande.
Syr Pigotte this viewed, and furious did stand,
Tormented in mind and bodily peyne,
Syr Botelier crown'd, most galantlie stode,
As some tall oak within the thick wode.

X.

Awhile the shrill Clarions sounded the word;
Next rode in Syr John, of Adderleigh Lord,
Who over his back his thick shield did bryng,
In checkee of redde and silver sheeninge,
With steede and gold trappings beseeming a King,
A guilded, fine Adder twyned round his swerde.
De Bretville advanced, a man of great myghte,
And couched his launce in his rest for the fyghte.

XI.

Ferse as the falling waters of the lough,
That tumble headlonge from the mountain's browe,
Ev'n so they met in drierie sound,
De Bretville fell upon the ground,
The bloude from inward bruised wound,
Did out his stained helmet flowe:
As some tall bark upon the foamie main,
So laie De Bretville on the plain.

XII.

Syr John of the Dale or Compton hight,
Advanced next in lists of fyght,
He knew the tricks of tourneyinge full well,
In running race ne manne culd him excell,
Or how to wielde a sworde better tel,
And eke he was a manne of might:
On a black Stede with silver trappynges dyght
He darde the dangers of the tourneyd fighte.

XIII.

Within their rests their speeres they set,
So furiously ech other met,
That Compton's well intended speere
Syr John his shield in pieces tare,
And wound his hand in furious geir;
Syr Johns stele Assenglave was wette:

Syr John then toe the marshal turn'd,
His breast with meekle furie burn'd.

XIV.

The tenders of the feelde came in,
And bade the Champyons not begyn;
Eche tourney but one hour should last,
And then one hour was gone and past.

THE FREERE OF ORDERYS WHYTE.[1]

THERE was a Broder of Orderys Whyte,
Hee songe hys masses yn the nyghte;
Ave Maria, Jesu Maria.
The nonnes al slepeynge yn the Dortoure,
Thoughte hym of al syngeynge Freers the Flowre.
Ave Maria, Jesu Maria.

Suster Agnes looved his syngeynge well,
And songe with hem too the sothen to tell;
Ave Maria, &c.
But be ytte ne sed bie Elde or yynge
That ever dheye oderwyse dyd synge
Than Ave Maria, &c.

This Broder was called evrich wheere
To Kenshamm and to Bristol Nonnere;
Ave Maria, &c.

[1] From a MSS. by Chatterton in the British Museum. There is also the beginning of a poem called "the Freere of Orderys Black," which is unfit for publication.—SOUTHEY'S *Edition*.

Botte seyynge of masses dyd wurch hym so lowe,
Above hys Skynne hys Bonys did growe.
Ave Maria, &c.

He eaten Beefe ande Dyshes of Mows,[1]
And hontend everych Knyghtys House
With Ave Maria, &c.
And beynge ance moe in gode lyken,
He songe to the Nones and was poren agen
With Ave Maria, &c.

[1] Probably a preparation of boiled corn.

DIALOGUE.

BETWEEN MAISTER PHILPOT AND WALWORTH COCKNEIES.[1]

PHILPOT.

God ye God den, my good naighbour, howe d ye
ayle?
How does your wyfe, man! what never assole?
Cum rectitate vivas, verborum mala ne cures.

[1] From Dean Milles's Edition of Rowley. "It contains," says the Dean, "a variety of evidence, tending to confirm the authenticity of these poems. In the first place, this sort of macaronic verse of mixed languages, is a style used in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. Dante has some of these amongst his Rime, (p. 226, vol. 2. Venice, 1741,) which are composed of French, Italian, and Latin, and conclude thus:

'Namque locutus sum in lingua trina.'

Skelton, who lived not long after Rowley, has also poems in the same kind of verse. Secondly, the correctness of the Latin, and the propriety of the answers in English, show it to have been written at least by a better scholar than Chatterton. Thirdly, the low humour of the dialogue, although suited to the taste of that early and illiterate age, could be no object of imitation to a modern poet. But it is a most remarkable circumstance, that he has introduced his two Cockneies under the names of two most respectable aldermen

WALWORTH.

Ah, Mastre Phyllepot, evil tongues do saie,
That my wyfe will lyen down to daie:
Tis ne twaine moneths syth shee was myne for aie.

PHILPOT.

Animum submittere noli rebus in adversis,
Nolito quædam referenti semper credere.
But I pity you nayghbour, is it so?

WALWORTH.

Quæ requirit misericordiam mala causa est,
Alack, alack, a sad dome mine in fay,
But oft with cityzens it is the case;
Honesta turpitudo pro bonâ
Causâ mori, as auntient pensmen sayse.[1]

of the city of London, who lived about the year 1380, Sir William Walworth and Sir John Philpot; men of such distinguished reputation, not only in their own city, but also in the whole kingdom, that the first parliament of Richard the Second, in granting a subsidy to that king, made it subject to the control and management of these two citizens." (Walsingham, p. 200. Rapin, vol. i. pp. 454 and 458.)

[1] Mr. Bryant's next argument is drawn from "the many Latin quotations in the story of John Lamington," and he says that "none of these quotations were obvious, and such as a boy could attain to." And I can easily believe that they were *not obvious* to Mr. Bryant, whose studies we know have generally travelled a higher road; but I can say with truth, that I found them in the very first book in which I looked for them. The three former are transposed out of *Cato's Distichs*, and the two other out of the *Sentences of Publius*

PHILPOT.

Home news welle let alone and latyn too,
For mee a memorie doth 'gin to fayle;

Syrus usually subjoined to the *Distichs* in a little volume, which, in many small schools, I believe, is still the first that is put into the hands of learners of Latin after the Grammar. They stand thus in an edition by Boxhornius, L. Bat. 1635.

CATO, Lib. III. Dist. 4.
Quum recte vivas, ne cures verba malorum.
— Lib. II. Dist. 26.
Rebus in adversis animum submittere noli.
— Lib. II. Dist. 21.
Noli tu quædam referenti credere semper.
SYRUS, *Sentent. Iamb.* p. 119.
Mala causa est quæ requirit misericordiam.
Sentent. Troch. v. 3.
Est honesta turpitudo pro bonâ causâ mori.

In Chatterton's transcript of this last line he had originally inserted *est* after *turpitudo;* and he had written *bonay*, (to rhyme, I suppose, more exactly to *fay.*) The blunders in the first line of *rectate* for *recte*, and of *verborum mala* for *verba malorum*, seem to show that he wrote from memory. They must have been overlooked, I presume, by the Dean of Exeter, who considers all these passages, not as quotations, but as original compositions, and argues, in part, "*from the correctness of the Latin*, that they must have been written at least by a better Scholar than Chatterton." It appears, from the testimony of Mr. Smith, that Chatterton had intimated very frequently both a desire to learn, and a design to teach himself Latin; and though I do not suppose that he ever made any great progress in that language, I really think that he might have attained to these quotations. With respect to their *pertinency*, and their not being *idly and ostentatiously introduced*, it is scarce credible, I think, that such a medley

Saie, Master Walworth, what gode newes have you,
Praie have you herdeen of the stouns of hayle?

WALWORTH.

I have, and that ytte with reddour did sayle,
Some heutstones were lyke cheryes rege and grete,
And to the grownde there did the trees preveyle,
But goodmanne Philpotte what dye you ahete
Bowte goods of Laymingtone, nowe holde by you
For certaine monies store to you for chattels due?

PHILPOT.

Ah, I have nymd him specyal, for his wine
Have ta'en attons twelve pounds, for dayntye cheer,
Though the same time mie wyfe with hym dyd dyne,
Been payd a mark—non-extra of the beer;
But when hys synkynge purse did 'gin to wear
I lent hym full syx markes upon hys faie,
And hee poore Custrols, havynge note to spere
Favor'd a cleere and now doth runne awaie,

of quotations, from such a book, should have been huddled together in such a dialogue by any one but a boy, who was proud of displaying the little Latin which he had just acquired. So much for the words which Chatterton is supposed to have been incapable of understanding.—TYRWHITT.

Hys goodes I downe at Bristowe towne wyll selle,
For which I will get forty shenynge marks full well.

WALWORTH.

Tyde lyfe, tyde death, I wyll withe thee go downe,
And selle some goods too yn brave Brystowe towne.[1]

1 This poem in Dean Milles's, and in Southey and Cottle's Editions, is made to end at the words "as auntient pensmen sayse." For the remainder—now for the first time published in a collection of Chatterton's works,—the public are indebted to Richard Smith, Esq., of Bristol. (See appendix to the Rowley Poems.) I have elsewhere acknowledged the favour of much valuable assistance rendered me by that gentleman.

THE MERRIE TRICKS OF LAMYNGE-TOWNE.

BY MAISTRE JOHN A ISCAM.

A RYGOUROUS doome is myne, upon mie faie:
Before the parent starre, the lyghtsome sonne,
Hath three tymes lyghted up the cheerful daie,
To other reaulmes must Laymingtonne be gonne,
Or else my flymsie thredde of lyfe is spunne;
And shall I hearken to a cowarts reede,
And from so vain a shade, as lyfe is, runne?
No! flie all thoughtes of runynge to the Queed;
No! here I'll staie, and let the Cockneies see,
That Laymyntone the brave, will Laymyngetowne
still be.

To fyght, and not to flee, my sabatans
I'll don, and girth my swerde unto my syde;
I'll go to ship, but not to foreyne landes,
But act the pyrate, rob in every tyde;
With Cockneies bloude Thamysis shall be dyde,
Theire goodes in Bristowe markette shall be solde,
My bark the laverd of the waters ryde,
Her sayles of scarlette and her stere of golde;

My men the Saxonnes, I the Hengyst bee,
And in my shyppe combyne the force of all their three.

Go to my trustie menne in Selwoods chace,
That through the lessel hunt the burled boare,
Tell them how standes with me the present case,
And bydde them revel down at Watchets shore,
And saunt about in hawlkes and woods no more;
Let every auntrous knyghte his armour brase,
Their meats be mans fleshe, and theyre beverage gore,
Hancele, or Hanceled, from the human race;
Bid them, like mee theyre leeder, shape theyre mynde
To be a bloudie foe in armes, gaynst all mankynde.

RALPH.

I go my boon companions for to fynde.

Ralph goes out.

LAMYNGETOWNE.

Unfaifull Cockneies dogs! your god is gayne.
When in your towne I spent my greete estate,
What crowdes of citts came flockynge to my traine,
What shoals of tradesmenne eaten from my plate,
My name was alwaies Laymyngeton the greate;
But whan my wealth was gone, ye kennd me not,
I stoode in warde, ye laughed at mie fate,

Nor car'd if Laymyngeton the great did rotte ;
But know ye, curriedowes, ye shall soon feele,
I've got experience now, altho' I bought it weele.

You let me know that all the worlde are knaves,
That lordes and cits are robbers in disguise ;
I and my men, the Cockneies of the waves,
Will profitte by youre lessons and bee wise ;
Make you give back the harvest of youre lies ;
From deep fraught barques I'le take the mysers soul,
Make all the wealthe of every [man] my prize,
And cheating Londons pryde to Dygner Bristowe rolle.

* * * * * *

LAMINGSTONE, PHILPOTT, AND ROBYNNE.

LAMINGSTONE.

Thou saiest manne that thou wouldst goe with mee,
And bare a parte in all mie mennes empryze,
Thinke well upon the daungers of the sea
And ghess if that wyll no thee recradize,
When throwghe the skies the levyn-brondie flies,
And levyns sparkel in the whited oundes
Seemynge to ryse at lepestones to the skies,
And no contented bee with its sette bounds.
Then rolles the barque and tosses too and fro,

Sike drearie scenes as thys will caste thie bloude
I trowe.
Thynke, when wyth bloudie axes in our handes
We are to fyghte for goulde and sylver to,
On neighbours myndbruch lyfe no one then
standes,
Bŭt all his ayme and end is to death's doo.

ROBYNNE.

I've thowghte on alle and am resolved to goe,
Fortune, no more I'll bee thie taunted slave,
Once I was greete, nowe plans'd in wante and woe,
I'll goo and bee a pick-hatch of the wave;
Goodes I have none, and lyfe I do disdayne,
I'll be a victoar, or I'll break mie gallynge
chayne,
I'll washe mie handes in bloude and dele in dethe,
Our shippe shall blowe alonge with windes of
dyinge breth.

LAMINGSTONE.

I like thy courage, and I'll tell thy doome,
Thou wilt unyere a brave captaine bee,
Goe thou to Brystowe, staie untyll wee come,
For there we shall happlie have neede of thee,
And for a thight and shapelie warehouse see
Whareen to put the chattels we shall brynge,
And know if there two Cocknie knaves may bee
Phillpot and Walworth, soe reporte doth synge.
If soe I'll trounce the gouler bie mie faie,

There's monies maun for thee—Ralph! take the
things awaie
Which we from Watchetts towne have taken nowe,
Yn the barque's bottom see thee same you stowe.

RALPH.

Mastre of myne, I go as you do saie.

ROBYNNE.

And I to Brystowe town will haste awaie.[1]

1 The remainder of this poem, from the line—

'And cheating London's pryde to Dygner Bristowe rolle,'

is now for the first time included in a collected edition of Chatterton's Works. It is taken from Mr. Smith's MS., and was never *printed* till 1838. (See appendix to Rowley Poems.)

SONGE

OF SEYNCTE BALDYWYNNE.[1]

WHANN Norrurs end hys menne of myghte,
Uponne thys brydge darde all to fyghte,
Forslagenn manie warriours laie,
And Dacyanns well nie wonne the daie.
Whanne doughty Baldwinus arose,
And scatterd deathe amonge hys foes,
Fromme out the brydge the purlinge bloode
Embolled hie the runnynge floude.

Dethe dydd uponne hys anlace hange,
And all hys arms were *gutte de sangue*.[2]
His doughtinesse wrought thilk dismaye,
The foreign warriors ranne awaie,
Erle Baldwynus regardedd well,
How manie menn forslaggen fell;
To Heaven lyft oppe hys holie eye,
And thanked Godd for victorye;
Thenne threw hys anlance ynn the tyde,
Lyvdd ynn a cell, and hermytte died.

[1] According to Chatterton, this and the following poem were sung when the Bridge at Bristol was completed in 1247.

[2] Drops of blood; an heraldic allusion, suitable to the genius of that age.—CHATTERTON.

SONGE

OF SEYNCTE WARBURGHE.

I.

Whanne Kynge Kynghill ynn hys honde
Helde the sceptre of thys londe,
Sheenynge starre of Chrystes lyghte,
The merkie mysts of pagann nyghte
Gan to scatter farr and wyde:
Thanne Seyncte Warburghe hee arose,
Doffed hys honnores and fyne clothes;
Preechynge hys Lorde Jesus name,
Toe the lande of West Sexx came,
Whare blaeke Severn rolls hys tyde.

II.

Stronge ynn faithfullness, he trodde
Overr the waterrs lyke a Godde,
Till he gaynde the distaunt hecke,
Ynn whose bankes hys staffe dydd steck,
Wytnesse to the myrracle;
Thenne he preechedd nyghte and daie,
And set manee ynn ryghte waie.
Thys goode staffe great wonders wroughte,
Moe than gueste bie mortalle thoughte,
Orr thann mortall tonge can tell.

III.

Thenn the foulke a brydge dydd make
Overr the streme untoe the hecke,
All of wode eke longe and wyde,
Pryde and glorie of the tyde ;
Whych ynn tyme dydd falle awaie:
Then Erle Leof he bespedde
Thys grete ryverr fromme hys bedde,
Round hys castle for to runne,
T'was in trothe ann ancyante onne,
But warre and tyme wyll all decaie.

IV.

Now agayne, wythe bremie force,
Severn ynn hys aynciant course
Rolls hys rappyd streeme alonge,
With a sable swifte and stronge,
Moreying manie ann okie wood:
Wee the menne of Brystowe towne
Have yreerd thys brydge of stone,
Wyshynge echone that ytt maie laste
Till the date of daies be past,
Standynge where the other stoode.

SANCTE WARBUR.[1]

In auntient dayes, when Kenewalchyn King
Of all the borders of the sea did reigne,
Whos cutting celes, as the Bardyes synge,
Cut strakyng furrowes in the foamie mayne,
Sancte Warbur cast aside his Earles estate,
As great as good, and eke as good as great.
Tho blest with what us men accounts as store,
Saw something further, and saw something more.

Where smokyng Wasker scours the claiey bank,
And gilded fishes wanton in the sunne,
Emyttynge to the feelds a dewie dank,
As in the twyning path-waye he doth runne;
Here stood a house, that in the ryver smile
Since valorous Ursa first wonne Bryttayn Isle;
The stones in one as firm as rock unite,
And it defyde the greatest Warriours myghte.

Around about the lofty elemens hie
Proud as their planter reerde their greenie
crest,

[1] From the Supplement to Chatterton's Miscellanies. It is there entitled—Imitation of our Old Poets. On oure Ladyes Chirch. 1769.—SOUTHEY'S *Edition.*

Bent out their heads, whene'er the windes
came bie.
In amorous dalliaunce the flete cloudes kest.
Attendynge Squires dreste in trickynge brighte,
To each tenth Squier an attendynge Knyghte,
The hallie hung with pendaunts to the flore,
A coat of nobil armes upon the doore;

Horses and dogges to hunt the fallowe deere,
Of pastures many, wide extent of wode,
Faulkonnes in mewes, and, little birds to teir,
The Sparrow Hawke, and manie Hawkies gode.
Just in the prime of life, whan others court
Some swottie Nymph, to gain their tender hand,
Greet with the Kynge and *trerdie* greet with
the Court
And as aforesed mickle much of land,

* * * * * * *

WARRE.[1]

BY JOHN, SECOND ABBOTTE OF SEYNCTE AUSTYNS MYNSTERRE.

Of warres glumm pleasaunce doe I chaunte mie laie,
Trouthe tips the poynctelle, wysdomme skemps the lyne,
Whylste hoare experiaunce telleth what toe saie,
And forwyned hosbandrie wyth blearie eyne,
Stondeth and woe bements ; the trecklynge bryne
Rounnynge adone hys cheekes which doethe shewe,
Lyke hys unfrutefulle fieldes, longe straungers to the ploughe.
Saie, Glowster, whanne besprenged on evrich syde,
The gentle hyndlette and the vylleyn felle ;
Whanne smetheynge sange dyd flow lyke to a tyde,
And sprytes were damned for the lacke of knelle,
Diddest thou kenne ne lykeness to an helle,

[1] From Barrett's History of Bristol. Chatterton says, "As you approve of the small specimen of his poetry, I have sent you a larger, which, though admirable, is still (in my opinion) inferior to Rowley, whose works, when I have leisure, I will fairly copy and send you."—SOUTHEY'S *Edition.*

Where all were misdeedes doeynge lyche unwise,
Where hope unbarred and deathe eftsoones dyd
shote theyre eies.

Ye shepster swaynes who the ribibble kenne,
Ende the thyghte daunce, ne loke uponne the
spere:
In ugsommnesse ware moste bee dyghte toe
menne,
Unseliness attendethe honourewere;
Quaffe your swote vernage and atreeted beere.

A CHRONYCALLE OF BRYSTOWE.

WROTE BIE RAUFE CHEDDER, CHAPPMANNE 1356.[1]

YNNE whilomme daies as Stowe saies
  Ynne famous Brystowe towne
Dhere lyved Knyghtes doughtie yn fyghtes
  Of marvellous renowne.
A Saxonne boulde renowned of oulde
  For Dethe and dernie dede
Maint Tanmen slone the Brugge uponne
  Icausynge hem to blede.
Baldwynne hys name, Rolles saie the same
  And yev hymme rennome grate,
Hee lyved nere the Ellynteire
  Al bie Seyncte Lenardes yate.
A mansion hie, made bosmorelie
  Was reered bie hys honde,
Whanne he ysterve, hys name unkerve
  Inne Baldwynne streete doe stonde.
On Ellie then of Mercyann menne
  As meynte of Pentells blase,
Inne Castle-stede made dofull dede
  And dydde the Dans arase.

[1] From a MS. by Chatterton in the British Museum.

One Leefwyne of Kyngelie Lyne
Inne Brystowe towne dyd leve,
And toe the samme for hys gode name
The Ackmanne Yate dyd gev.
Hammon a Lorde of hie accorde
Was ynne the strete nempte brede;
Soe greate hys Myghte soe strynge yn fyghte
Onne Byker hee dyd fede.
Fitz Lupons digne of gentle Lyne
Onne Radclyve made hys Baie,
Inn moddie Gronne the whyche uponne
Botte Reittes and roshes laie.
Than Radclyve Strete of Mansyonnes meete
In semelie gare doe stonde,
And Canynge grete of fayre estate
Bryngeth to Tradynge Londe.
Hardynge dydde comme from longe Kyngd-
domme
Inne Knyvesmythe strete to lyne,
Roberte hys Sonne, moche gode thynges donne
As Abblates doe blasynne.
Roberte the Erle, ne conkered curll
Inne Castle stede dyd fraie
Yynge Henrie to ynn Brystowe true
As Hydelle dyd obaie.
A Maioure dheene bee ande Jamne hee
Botte anne ungentle wyghte,
Seyncte Marie tende eche ammie frende
Bie hallie Taper lyghte.

ON HAPPIENESSE.[1]

BY WILLIAM CANYNGE.

Maie Selynesse on erthes boundes bee hadde?
Maie yt adyghte yn human shape be found?
Wote yee, yt was wyth Edin's bower bestadde,
Or quite eraced from the scaunce-layd grounde,
Whan from the secret fontes the waterres dyd
abounde?
Does yt agrosed shun the bodyed waulke,
Lyve to ytself and to yttes ecchoe taulke?

II.

All hayle, Contente, thou mayd of turtle-eyne,
As thie behoulders thynke thou arte iwreene,
To ope the dore to Selynesse ys thyne,
And Chrystis glorie doth upponne thee sheene.
Doer of the foule thynge ne hath thee seene;
In caves, ynn wodes, ynn woe, and dole distresse,
Whoere hath thee hath gotten Selynesse.

[1] This, and the two following Poems, attributed to Mr. Canynge, are printed from Mr. Catcott's copies.—Tyrwhitt's *Edition.*

THE GOULER'S REQUIEM,

BY THE SAME.

I.

Mie boolie entes, adieu! ne moe the syghte
Of guilden merke shall mete mie joieous eyne,
Ne moe the sylver noble sheenynge bryghte
Schall fyll mie honde with weight to speke ytt fyne;
Ne moe, ne moe, alass! I call you myne:
Whydder must you, ah! whydder must I goe?
I kenn not either; oh mie enmers dygne,
To parte wyth you wyll wurcke mee myckle woe;
I muste be gonne, bötte whare I dare ne telle;
O storthe unto mie mynde! I goe to helle.

II.

Soone as the morne dyd dyghte the roddie sunne,
A shade of theves eche streake of lyghte dyd seeme;
Whann ynn the heavn full half hys course was rnnn,

Eche stirryng nayghbour dyd mie harte afleme:
Thye loss, or quyck or slepe, was aie mie dreme;
For thee, O gould, I dyd the lawe ycrase;
For thee, I gotten or bie wiles or breme;
Ynn thee I all mie joie and good dyd place;
Botte nowe to mee thie pleasaunce ys ne moe,
I kenne notte botte for thee I to the quede must goe.

HERAUDYN.

A FRAGMENTE.[1]

Yynge Heraudyn al bie the grene Wode sate,
Hereynge the swote Chelandrie ande the Oue.
Seeinge the kenspecked amaylde flourettes nete,
Envyngynge to the Birds hys Love songs true.
Syrre Preeste camme bie ande forthe hys bede-
rolle drewe,
Fyve Aves and one Pater moste be sedde;
Twayne songe, the one his songe of Willowe Rue
The odher one ———

* * * * * *

[1] From a MS. by Chatterton in the British Museum.

EPITAPH ON ROBERT CANYNGE.[1]

THYS mornynge starre of Radcleves rysynge raie,
A true manne good of mynde and Canynge hyghte,
Benethe thys stone lies moltrynge ynto claie,
Untylle the darke tombe sheene an eterne lyghte.
Thyrde from hys loynes the present Canynge came;
Houton are wordes for to telle hys doe;
For aye shall lyve hys heaven-recorded name,
Ne shall yt dye whanne tyme shalle bee no moe;
Whanne Mychael's trumpe shall sounde to rise the solle,
He'll wynge to heaven with kynne, and happie bee hvs dolle.

ONN JOHN A DALBENIE.

BY WILLIAM CANYNGE.

JOHNE makes a jarre boute Lancaster and Yorke;
Bee stille, gode manne, and learne to mynde thie worke.

[1] This is one of the fragments of vellum, given by Chatterton to Mr. Barrett, as part of his original MSS.

THE ACCOUNTE OF W. CANYNGES FEAST.[1]

BY THE SAME.

THOROWE the halle the belle han sounde;
Byelecoyle doe the Grave beseeme;
The ealdermenne doe sytte arounde,
Ande snoffelle oppe the cheorte steeme.
Lyche asses wylde ynne desarte waste
Swotelye the morneynge ayre doe taste.

[1] This poem is taken from a fragment of vellum, which Chatterton gave to Mr. Barrett as an original. With respect to the three friends of Mr. Canynge mentioned in the last line, the name of Rowley is sufficiently known from the preceding poems. Iscamm appears as an actor in the tragedy of Ælla, and in that of Goddwyn; and a poem, ascribed to him, entitled, "The merry Tricks of Laymington," is inserted in the "Discorse of Bristow." Sir Theobald Gorges was a knight of an ancient family seated at Wraxhall, within a few miles of Bristol. (See Rot. Parl. 3 H. VI. n. 28. Leland's Itin. vol. VII. p. 98.) He has also appeared as an actor in both the tragedies, and as the author of one of the Mynstrelles songes in Ælla. His connection with Mr. Canynge is verified by a deed of the latter, dated 20th October, 1467, in which he gives to trustees, in part of a benefaction of £500 to the Church of St. Mary Redcliffe, "certain jewels of Sir Theobald Gorges, Knt.," which had been pawned to him for £160.—TYRWHITT'S *Edition.*

Syke keene thie ate; the minstrels plaie,
The dynne of angelles doe theie keepe;
Heie stylle, the guestes ha ne to saie,
Butte nodde yer thankes ande falle aslape.
Thus echone daie bee I to deene,
Gyf Rowley, Iscamm, or Tyb. Gorges be ne seene.

APPENDIX

TO THE ROWLEY POEMS.

To the Editor of the Bristol Mirror.

Sir,—I send to you a lost portion of a piece written by Chatterton. It was the gift of my uncle Mr. George Symes Catcott, in 1782, to the late Mr. Thos. Eagles, who first published the Bristow Tragedy, or the Death of Sir Charles Bawdin, (1772.) It has lain amongst the papers of the latter gentleman many years, together with other autographs, of which you will probably hear more hereafter. His son, the Reverend and very highly-talented fellow-citizen, John Eagles, has kindly presented it to me. Independently of the history of the sheet, the MS. carries in every line indubitable internal evidence of its parent to all who are acquainted with the hand and the acknowledged productions of the unhappy boy. The lines are written on both sides of a school copy-book. I have searched all the editions extant of Chatterton's works, but I cannot find it; I presume, therefore, that it has never been published. The first portion of the piece, of which this is a part, will be found in "The introduction to the Discoursynge Tragedy of Ælla, as plaied before Mastre Cannynge, att his howse nempte the

Redde Lodge," in the reign of Edward ye Fourth. I copy this extract from the edition of "The Works of Rowlie," page 181, as edited by the learned and very Reverend Dean Milles. In that folio may also be seen a figure "carvelled in stone," representing the hero of the piece, one Johannes Lamynton. It escaped also the researches of the Poet Laureat and Mr. Cottle in 1803, a portion only of the piece (see Chatterton's works, page 145, vol. 2) having fallen into their hands. The late Mr. Thomas Eagles was applied to by the editors, and was a man of too liberal a mind, wittingly to have refused a contribution; it is probable, therefore, that he had mislaid it, or forgotten that he had such a MS. in his possession.

The aforesaid Laymyngstone, for the name is not always spelled the same, was a man of good family, and at one time "a courteous Sir Knight," and fought bravely on several honest occasions; but he took to dissolute courses—in a word, he became the leader of a band of pirates, who infested the THAMES, the NARROW SEAS, and the BRISTOL CHANNEL. At length he was captured, and condemned to be hanged; when under sentence of death the poet makes him say—

"A rygourous doome is mynne, upon my faie
Before the parent starre, the lyghtsomme sunne
Hath three times lyghtened uppe the cheerful daie,
To other realms must Lamyngstone be gonne,
Or else my fleemsie threede of lyffe is spunne,
And shall I hearken to a cowart's reede?
No—flie all thoughts of running to the queede.
No, here I'll stay, and let the Cocknies see
That Lamyngstone the brave will Lamyngstone still bee.

"To fyght and not to flee my sabatans
I'll don, and girth my sworde unto my syde,

I'll go to shippe, but not to forayne land,
But acte the Pyrate, robbing everie tyde.
With Cocknies' bloude, Thamysis shall be redde
My Barque the lavard of the waters rydde,
Her sayles of scarlette, and her stoure of goulde.
My menne the Saxonnes, I the Hengyst bee,
And in my shyppe combyne the force of all the three."

This bravery holds him on during forty lines in Mr. Catcott's manuscript, now before me. There is also "a true, whole, and particular account of his birth, parentage, and education," showing how, in expiation of his malpractices, he was ordered to build a church, but it is too long for insertion here. Besides, although I have spoken of our hero as a reality, yet there is little doubt that the whole is a fiction by Chatterton; but as even in an ordinary novel the reader feels an interest in the catastrophe, I add that King Henry pardoned him, even after hope had left him.

His propensities were, however, "bred in the bone;" he again hoisted the bloody flag, and finally perished in a great battle, fighting under the white rose, against the Lancastrians.

It may be well to apprise the reader that Robynne, being determined to join the band of freebooters, under Lamyngstone, applies to him to be enrolled, but the latter tried to dissuade him, by depicting the horrors of a pirate's life—with what success the lines will show.

LAMINGSTONE, PHILPOTT, AND ROBYNNE.

Lam.—Thou saiest manne that thou wouldst goe with mee,
And bare a parte in all mie mennes empryze,
Thinke well upon the daungers of the sea
And ghess if that wyll no thee recradize,
When throwghe the skies the levyn-brondie flies,

And levyns sparkel in the whited oundes
Seemynge to ryse at lepestone to the skies,
And no contented bee with its sette bounds.
Then rolles the barque and tosses too and fro,
Sike drearie scenes as thys will coole thie bloude I trowe.
Thynk, when wyth bloudie axes in our handes
We are to fyghte for goulde and sylver to,
On neighbours myndbuch lyfe no one then standes,
But all his ayme and end is to death's doo.

Rob.—I've thowghte on alle, and am resolved to goe,
Fortune no moe I'll bee thie taunted slave,
Once I was greete, nowe plans'd in wante and woe,
I'll goo and bee a pick hatch of the wave;
Goodes I have none, and lyfe I do disdayne,
I'll be a victoar, or I'll break mie gallynge chayne,
I'll washe mie handes in bloude and dele in dethe,
Our shippe shall blowe alonge with windes of dyinge breth.

Thus far is the autograph of Chatterton. Upon reference to a copy of the whole piece, now before me in the handwriting of Mr. Catcott, I find that which is here subjoined, and which in all probability was upon the next leaf of the copy-book which is now lost.

Lam.—I like thy courage, and I'll tell thy doome,
Thou wilt unyere a brave captaine bee,
Goe thou to Brystowe, staie untylle wee come
For there we shall happlie have neede of thee,
And for a thight and shapelie warehouse see
Whareen to put the chattels we shall brynge,
And know if there two Cocknie knaves may bee
Phillpot and Walworth, soe reporte doth synge.
If soe I'll trounce the gouler bie mie faie,
There's monies maun for thee— Ralph! take the things awaie
Which we from Watchets towne have taken nowe,
Yn the barque's bottom see thee same you stowe.

Ralph.—Mastre of myne I go as you do saie.

Rob.—And I to Brystowe town will haste awaie.

We must now have recourse to Dean Milles's and Cottle's Edition—in the latter, in vol. ii. page 145, will be found a fragment, being a most strange and unaccountable jumble of Latin and English, ending thus:—

Walworth.—Quæ requirit misericordiam mala causa est
Alack! alack! a sad dome mine in fay.
But oft with citizens it is the case.
Honesta turpitudo pro bonâ
Causâ mori, as auntiente pensmene saye.

Here it breaks off, being from "The first part of Discourse the Second, between Master Walworth and Philpot Cocknies."

Chatterton's autograph supplies the remainder of the *hiatus*—whether it was *valde deflendus* the reader shall judge; howbeit, at all events, it is a lost sheep driven into the Shepherd's flock. Thus it runs:—

Phill.—Home news welle let alone and latyn too,
For mee a memorie doth 'gin to fayle;
Saie, Master Walworth, what gode newes have you,
Praie have you herdeen of the stouns of hayle?

Walw.—I have, and that ytte with reddour did sayle,
Some heutstones were lyke cheryes rege and grete,
And to the grownde there did the trees preveyle,
But goodmanne Philpotte what dye you ahete
Bowte goods of Laymingtone, nowe holde by you
For certaine monies store to you for chattels due?

Phille.—Ah, I have nymd him specyal, for his wine
Have ta'en attons twelve pounds, for dayntye cheer,
Though the same time mie wyfe wyth hym dyd dyne,
Been payd a mark—non-extra of the beer;
But when hys synkynge purse did 'gin to wear
I lent hym full syx markes upon hys faie,

And hee, poore Custrols, havynge note to spere
Favor'd a cleere and now doth runne awaie,
Hys goodes I downe at Brystowe towne wyll selle,
For which I will get forty shenynge marks full well.

Wal.—Tyde lyfe, tyde death, I wyll withe thee go downe,
And selle some goods too yn brave Brystowe towne.

So much for the autograph—now for a word, by way of tailpiece. All inquiring strangers are surprised to find that, although Bristol gave birth to the boy whose innate talent has rendered him, in spite of all obstacles, a star of the very first magnitude in the galaxy of national bards, yet that the noble library in his native city contains not a single line, or even a word, the actual production of his hand and pen.

This reproach, for so I consider it to be, shall be speedily done away, by presenting to the library the last letter he ever wrote, together with the sketch of the intended pamphlet against Bishop Newton—also the first 560 lines of the BATTLE OF HASTYNGS—the TOURNAMENT, OR UNKNOWN KNIGHT, consisting of 110 lines—CRAISH'S HERALDRY, consisting of six pages of his manuscript, on which are emblazoned by him eight shields, never yet published. For the three latter pieces the public have to thank the Rev. John Eagles, who, most liberally, presented the autographs to me a short time since.

As an *avant courier*, I have already presented to the Committee, to be hung up in the room, the sheet concerning LAMYNGSTONE, which being placed between two panes of glass and framed, may be read both sides without any risque of damage.*

* The late Mr. George Symes Catcott, who was termed "Rowley's Midwife," (he having first published "The

Although this communication is longer than I intended, yet I have to hope that your readers will pardon it, especially the admirers of that friendless and talented boy, whose transcendent genius has cast upon "auntiente Brightstowe" a never-dying lustre, and an interest to be extinguished only by the "crack of doom."

I remain, &c., yours,

RICHARD SMITH,
Surgeon.

38, *Park Street.*
April 27, 1838.

Poems,") was a most laborious collector of all papers, notices, critiques, and paragraphs, from all the publications, newspapers, journals, and magazines, together with a complete list and index; and all these, fifty-seven in number, he has pasted into two large volumes. He has also, with his own hand, copied all the correspondence between himself and the literati of the day. Amongst these are letters from and to Dean Milles, Lord Dacres, Percy of Alnwick, Dr. Glynn, Rev. (afterwards Sir Herbert) Croft, Tyrwhitt, Villey, Lord Camden, Lord Charlemont, and the celebrated Thomas James Matthias. Now this is nowhere else to be found. The books are now in the possession of Mr. Richard Smith, Senior Surgeon of the Infirmary, who is the nephew of Mr. Catcott. We have reason to believe that the whole, together with Chatterton's autograph letter, and many other things, will be at no very distant period presented to the City Library. This is as it should be.—*Extract from the Bristol Mirror.*

APPENDIX II.

PROSE MISCELLANIES.

ANTIQUITY OF CHRISTMAS GAMES.[1]

In the days of our ancestors, Christmas was a period sacred to mirth and hospitality. Though not wholly neglected now, it cannot boast of the honours it once had; the veneration for religious seasons fled with popery, and old English hospitality is long since deceased. Our modern playthings of fortune, who make the whole year a revolution of dissipation and joyless festivity, cannot distinguish this season; unless by resting from their laborious pleasures, and (if they can think) find a happy serenity in solitude and reflection, unknown in the tumult of hurricanes. The ancient Christmas gambols were, in my opinion, superior to our modern spectacles and amusements; wrestling, hurling the ball, and dancing in the woodlands, were pleasures for men; it is true, the conversation of the hearthside was the tales of superstition; the fairies, Robin Goodfellow, and hobgoblins, never failed to make the trembling audience mutter an Ave Maria, and cross their chins; but the laughable exercises of blindman's-buff, riddling, and question and command, sufficiently compensated for the few sudden starts of terror. Add to these amusements, the wretched voices

[1] From a MS. preserved in the British Museum. Add. MSS. 5766. C.

of the chanters and sub-chanters; howling carols in Latin; the chiming of consecrated bells; the burning consecrated wax-candles; curiously representing the Virgin Mary; praying the saint whose monastery stood nearest; the munching consecrated cross-loaves, sold by the monks; all which effectually eradicated the spectres of their terrific stories. Nor were these the only charms against the foul fiends, and night-mare; sleeping cross-legged, like the effigies of Knights Templars, and warriors, and the holy bush and church-yard yew, were certain antidotes against those invisible beings. After this representation, I may be thought partial to my own hobby-horse, as an antiquary, in giving the preference to the amusements of the days of old; but let the sentimental reader consider that the tales of superstition, when believed, affect the soul with a sensation pleasurably horrid; we may paint in more lively colours to the eye, they spoke to the heart.

The great barons and knights usually kept open house during this season, when their villains, or vassals, were entertained with bread, beef, and beer, and a pudding, wastol cake, or Christmas kitchel, and a groat in silver at parting; being obliged, in return, to wave the full flaggon round their heads, in honour of the master of the house. Sometimes the festival continued till Twelfth-day, when the baron, or his steward, took the deis or upper seat of the table, and after dinner gave every man a new gown of his livery, and two Christmas kitchels. This kind of liberality endeared the barons to the common people, and made them ever ready to take up arms under their banners.

A register of the nunnery of Keynsham relates, that

William, Earl of Gloucester, entertained two hundred knights with tilts and fortunys, at his great manor of Keynsham, provided thirty pies of the eels of Avon, as a curious dainty; and on the Twelfth-day began the plays for the knights by the monks; with miracles and maumeries for the henchmen and servants, by minstrels.

Here is plainly a distinction made between maumeries and miracles, and the more noble representations comprehended under the name plays. The first were the holiday entertainments of the vulgar; the other of the barons and nobility. The private exhibitions at the manors of the barons were usually family histories; the monk, who represented the master of the family, being arrayed in a tabard (or herald's coat without sleeves) painted with all the hatchments of the names. In these domestic performances, absurdities were unavoidable; and in a play wrote by Sir Tibbet Gorges,[1] Constance, countess of Bretagne and Richmond, marries and buries her three husbands in the compass of an hour. Sometimes these pieces were merely relations, and had only two characters of this kind, as that in Weever's Funeral monuments. None but the patrons of monasteries had the service of monks in performing plays on holidays; provided the same contained nothing against God or the church. The public exhibitions were superior to the private; the

[1] Who was Sir Thybbot Gorges? He was one of that bright galaxy of bards who flourished in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, and who were unknown to the world till Chatterton generously introduced them to posterity and fame. Ed.

plot, generally, the life of some pope, or the founder of the abbey the monks belonged to. I have seen several of these pieces, mostly Latin, and cannot think our ancestors so ignorant of dramatic excellence as the generality of modern writers would represent; they had a good moral in view, and some of the maumeries abound with it, which though low now, was not so then. Minstrels, jesters, and mummers, was the next class of performers; every knight had two or three minstrels and jesters, who were maintained in his house, to entertain his family in their hours of dissipation; these Chaucer mentions in the following passages: —

Doe comme, he saied, myn mynstrales,
And jestours for to tellen us tales,
Anon in mye armyage.
Of Romaunces yatto been royals,
Of popes and cardinals,
And eke of love longynge.
Rime of Sir Thopas.

Of all manere of mynstrales,
And jestours thatte tellen tales,
Both of weepynge and of yame,
And of all thatte longeth unto fame.
Third Book of Fame.

The MS. of the Christmas Games is preserved in the British Museum; but on comparing it with the "antiquity of Christmas Games," printed by Southey in his Edition of 1803, I discovered such a striking difference in the structure of the sentences, so much omitted in the MS. that is to be found in the printed copy, that it seems probable that there were two MSS. in Chatterton's handwriting in existence, and that Southey's text was printed from the missing document. I have retained the article, as it has hitherto appeared in previous editions.

OF THE AUNTIAUNTE FORME OF MONIES,

CAREFULLIE GOTTEN FOR MAYSTER WILLIAM CANYNGE BY MEE THOMAS ROWLEIE.[1]

GREETE was the wysdome of him who sayde the worlde is to ne one creature, whereof every man and beaste is a member; ne manne lyveth therefore for hymself but for hys fellow creature. Excellent and pythey was the sayeing of Mr. Canynge that trade is the soule of the worlde, but monie the soule of trade, ande alasse monie is nowe the soule of manie. The age when metalles fyrste passed for monie is unnoticed: as oxen and sheepe is thoughten to have beene the moste earlie monie or change. Butte ytte is stylle more difficyle to fyx the fiyrst tyme of stampeyng ytte. Abrahame is sayde to have yeven shekylls bie wayght: an Ebrewe writer saithe that in the daies of Joshua the Ebrewes enstamped theyre monies wythe the symboles of the tabernacle vessylles, butte I thynke the fyrste enstampeyng came from Heathenne Ammulettes, whyche were markyd wythe the image of theyre idolle, and preests dyd carrie from house to house begginge or rather demaundynge offeryngs for theyr idolle.—The Ebrewes who scorn'd not to learne inyquytye frome theyr captyves, and vaynlie thynkynge as in other thyngs to copy other natyons myghte take uppe thys ensample ande enstamepynge theyre monie in the oulde tyme of Josue beyne maie happe one of the

[1] From Barrett's History of Bristol, p. 37.

Idolatries mentyon'd in holie wrete. Examyne into antiquytie and you wylle fynde the folk of Athens stampyd an owelette the byrde of Athene, the Sycylyans fyre the symbole of theyre Godde Vulcanne, theie of Ægypt a couchaunt creeture wythe a lyonnes boddie and a hawkes heade symbole of theyre Godde Osyris: butte to come to owre owne countrie; oure fyrste fathers the Bryttons usyde yron and brasse ryngs some round, some shapyd like an egge; eleven of these were founde in the gardenne of Galfrydes Coombe on Saincte Mychaels Hylle, bie theyre dyspositionne in the grounde seemed to have been strunge onne a strynge, and were alle marquede on insyde thus, *M.* Lykewyse is in Maystre Canynges Cabynet an amulett of Brytishe characters peerced at the toppe. Julyus Cæsarres coynes were the fyrst enstamped monies usede in Englande; after whomme the Brytonnes coyned as followes. Tenantius at Caer Britoe, Cunobelyne at sundarie places, butte notte at Caer Brytoe, Arvyragus at Caer Brytoe, Maryus at Caer Brytoe, Bassianus at Caer Brytoe. Syke was the multitude of monies bie them coyned upon vyctoryes and sykelyke that neyther anie kynge tyll Arthurres tyme coyned quantity of metalles for anie use nor dyd Arthurre make monie but a peece of Sylverre toe be worne rounde of those who han wonne honnour in batelles. Edelbarte kynge of Kente was the fyrste chrystenned kynge and coyner in Kent, Chaulyn or Ceaulynne of the Weste Saxonnes, Arpenwaltus of the Easte Angles, Ætheldfryde of the north Humbres, and Wulferus of the Mercians. The piece coyned by the Saxonnes was clepen pennyes thryce the value of our pennyes. In Adelstanes reygn were two coyners in

Bryghstowe and one at Wyckewarre at which two places was made a peece yclepen twain penny.

Golde was not coyned tyll the tyme of Edwardus but Byzantes of Constantinople was in ure, some whereof contayned fower markas or mankas, some two, some one, and some less and more. Robert Rouse Erle of Gloucester had hys mynte at Brystowe and coyned the best monie of anie of the Baronnes. Henrie Secundus graunted to the Lord of Bristowe Castle the ryghte of coynynge, and the coynynge of the lord wente curraunte unto the reigne of Henricus the thyrde; the coyns was onne one syde a rampaunte lyonne withynne a strooke or bende Sinyster and on the other the arms of Brightstowe.

Eke had the maioure lybertie of coyneyng and did coyne several coynes, manie of whyche are in mie seconde rolle of monies.—Kynge Henricus sext, offred Maystre Canynge the ryghte of coynynge, whyche hee refused, whereupon Galfridus Ocamlus who was wyth Mayster Canynge and mieself concerning the saide ryghte, saieth, "Naie bie St. Pauls Crosse hadde I such an offre, I would coyne lead and make ne law, hyndrynge Hyndes takyng it." No doubte (sayde Mayster Canynge) but you'd dyspend Heaven to gette goulde, but I dyspende Goulde to get Heaven.[1]

[1] "This curious account," says the credulous Mr. Barrett, "is an exact transcript from the writing on vellum, which having all the external marks of antiquity to give it the credit of an original, could not be passed by, however readers may differ in their opinions. If genuine and authentic, it proves,

"1st. That besides the authorities above recited for the Caer Brito of Nennius being the city of Bristow, British money was coined here with that name inscribed, though hitherto unnoticed. (!)

"2dly. That coins of Bassianus and others, 'have been dolven wythynn its walles,' besides the quantities of coins of other Roman Emperors, which have been found so frequently very near it. (!!)

"3dly. That many coins of Saxon Kings have been thrown up, on opening the ground, in the very streets of Bristol. (!!!)

"From all this the antiquity of the city of Bristol is fully demonstrated. (!!!!)"

PROCLAMATION.[1]

To all christian people to whom this intended writing shall come, William Canynge of Bristol, merchant, and Thomas Rowley, priest, send greeting. Whereas certain disputes have arisen between the Prior of St. James, and Johan a Milverton, steward of the Bonnehommes, concerning the Unity in Trinity, which after many vain arguments asserted to invalidate the Godhead of our blessed Redeemer by him, the said John a Milverton, he hath referred it to our decision, and the said Prior, conscious of the truth, when he maintains that Christ is God, had agreed to the same. As what is above human comprehension can neither be proved nor disproved by human arguments, it is vain for the wit of man to pretende to unfolde the dark covering of the ark of the Trinity, lest like those of old he be stricken dead and his reason lost by breathing in an element too fine and subtle for the gross nature. But as the said John continues to spread about his detestable heresy of the Unity alone of God, notwithstanding John Carpenter, Bishop of Worcester,

[1] From a MS. in Chatterton's handwriting in the British Museum. We may suppose that Chatterton, as soon as convenient, would have antiquated these documents by the substitution of old words. There are many of the same kind among his MS. of which this and the following may be taken as specimens.

unwilling any man should die for an opinion, gave him his life and liberty, forfeit to the Holy Church; though we William Canynge and Thomas Rowley approve not of invalidating arguments by violence and death, provided a man enjoys his opinion alone; yet when he goes about to persuade others from the right way, and speaks openly of the terrestrial being of Christ, a bridle should be laid on his tongue. The weak and ignorant catch at every thing they understand not; and as the said John as aforesaid doth still continue to preach his heretical notions, we by power to us assigned by the said Bishop of Worcester, command him the said John, on pain of imprisonment, not to teach or preach in public or private till we give him leave so to do. And the said T. Rowley will on Sunday at St. Mary's Cross in the glebe of St. Mary Redclift deliver a discourse on the Trinity, so far as it shall tend to confute the doctrine of the said John: after the matin song, and after even song, the said John shall be at liberty, without fear of imprisonment or other punishment, to answer, and if he can, to invalidate the arguments of the said T. Rowley, a copy of his discourse to be given to Mr. Canynge for the inspection of himself, the said T. Rowley, the prior and monks of St. James, and whom it may concern: and whereas thirteen brothers of the order of the Bonnehommes did attack and cruelly beat William Cooke and five other servitours of the Monastery of St. Augustines, because they were such; and John said Bishop of Worcester hath given us William Canynge and Thomas Rowley as Ecclesiastical Knights Templars of Saint John of Jerusalem, power to search into the same and amerce the offenders; we hereby, as well as by a greater deed to which

is fixed the mayoralty seal of Bristol, our ecclesiastical seal, and the seals of the principals of St. John's, St. Augustines, St. James and the Calendarys, do amerce each of the said thirteen Monks in the sum of fifty marks, to be given to William Coke and his fellow servants in equal portions. Witness our ecclesiastical seals.

DEED OF A FOUNDATION

OF AN ADDITIONAL COLLEGE AT WESTBURY.[1]

To all christian people to whom this indented writing shall come, Thomas Rotherham, under God and the holy Father of the Church, Bishop of the see of Rochester; John Carpenter, Bishop of the see of Worcester; John Booth, Bishop of the see of Exeter; Sir William Canynge, Dean of St. George's college at Westbury upon Trim, and Knight Templar of St. John of Jerusalem: and John Iscam, chauntry priest. NOW KNOW YE, that we, the aforesaid Thomas, John, William, and Thomas, having assembled the third day after the feast of Easter, at Westbury, in the house of the said bishop of Worcester, having maturely considered all the circumstances attending such a design, and estimated the expence, have, for the love we bear unto holy Church and all things thereunto belonging, resolved to build a new College to be adjoining to the left wing of the college lately founded by the late John of Worcester and Sir William.—The lands proposed for the said buildings, its gardens, cloisters, and other outlets, being four acres square, and belonging to Thomas of Rochester, is by him the said Thomas, hereby given to Sir William and Sir Thomas Rowley, intended builders and endowers of the said additional college.

The said Thomas of Rochester, John of Worcester, and John of Exeter, do absolve Wm. Canynge, father,

[1] From a MS. in Chatterton's handwriting in the British Museum.

and Robert Canynge, brother to the said Sir William, from all sins by them committed during their life, as by power of the Holy Father of the Church they are enabled so to do. They, the said Sir William and Sir Thomas do give to the building thereof 2000 marks in equal portions, to be paid by William or his heir apparent to the master builders and carpenters employed in the same: and we shall superintend the whole. John of Worcester, testified by his seal ecclesiastic hereunto set, gives the master or principal for the time being, the priests dues upon the holy offerings made in the Easter of the churches of St. Martin and the chancels of Saint Gregory, Saint Mary, and Saint Elphage, in the city of Worcester.

John of Exeter gives the master, witnessed by seal ecclesiastical, the offerings of three chancels at Teignmouth, three at Exmouth, and two at Exeter, at the choice of the master. John Iscam to be master of the college when finished, and to instruct the brethren in grammar, philosophy, and architecture; and for that purpose purchase MSS. relating to the said sciences, at the expence of Thomas Rowley, who will adorn the Boc-hord or library with gilt wood. Also at the expence of T. Rowley, an instrument of the new invented art of marking letters, to be made and set up there.

The brethren, being 20 in number, shall be advanced in degrees as they advance in learning, and incorporated with the college of 30 brethren founded by John of Worcester and Sir Thomas, under the same laws enacted, be by the same master, John Iscam, governed, who shall receive an additional stipend of 40 marks per annum.

The badge of the College to be a cross, gules, on a

field argent; and the brethren, being free-masons, to observe the rules of Canynge's Red Lodge. After the death of Thomas Rowley, his estate, now computed 5000 marks, to devolve to the College, to the further emoluments of 40 of the most learned brethren. The estates to be purchased with it to lie in Somersetshire. And John Iscam, for himself and his successors, doth promise that the said T. Rowley shall be buried in the isle near the canon's seat in the church of Westbury, with a fair ruby ring on his finger, and over his head a portraiture of his arms. Argent on a chief, or, a spear rowel gules. Sir William Canynge gives at his death 400 marks for the further emoluments of the remaining 10 unlearned brethren.

If the settling the new brethren exceed 2000 marks, Sir Thomas Rowley doth hereby covenant to make up the deficiency, and also to furnish the chapel with palls, and the house and refectory with furniture. The master, after the decease of Iscam, to be chosen by the brethren, although not considered as master till their choice is ratified by the Bishop of Worcester for the time being.

In witness of the truth of the above we have all of us hereunto set our public or private seals, as the law in this case requires, in the 8th year of the reign of King Edward.

Endowed,

Hereunto is fastened the ground-plot view, elevation, and section of the intended college.

1468.

FRAGMENT OF A SERMON.

BY ROWLEY.[1]

HAVYNGE whylomme ynn dyscourse provedd, orr soughte toe proove, the deitie of Chryste bie hys workes, names, and attributes, I shalle in nexte place seeke to proove the deeitie of Holye Spryte. Manne

[1] This fragment was printed in the Gentleman's Magazine for April, 1782, with this note annexed. "The following fragment has been produced as a transcript from a sermon by Thomas Rowley, Priest, of the fifteenth century. There being little reason, however, to suppose that Chatterton, who apparently forged all the other pieces attributed to this occult personage, could be the immediate author of such a performance, to learn from whence the groundwork of it was borrowed is the object of the present insertion. If any person who has leisure and opportunity should happen, in the course of his researches after things of greater moment, to make such a discovery, and will communicate satisfactory proof of it through the channel of this Magazine; as a small acknowledgment for his trouble, a set of books chosen by himself, and of three guineas value, shall be at the service of the earliest satisfactory communicator."

The words ascribed to Cyprian are supposed not to belong to that Father. They are taken from a tract, *De Cardinalibus Christi Operibus*, formerly imagined to be Cyprian's, but long since rejected by the best critics, and attributed by Bishop Fell to Arnold of Chartres, Abbot of Beauval, a contemporary and friend of St. Bernard, A. D. 1160. See the citation of Arnold's Works, as printed in the Appendix to Fell's edition of Cyprian, p. 60, *De Spiritu Sancto.*

moste bee supplyedd wythe Holye Spryte toe have communyonn ryghtfullye of thynges whyche bee of Godde. Seyncte Paulle prayethe the Holye Spryte toe assyste hys flocke ynn these wordes, *The Holye Sprytes communyonn bee wythe you.* Lette us dhere desyerr of hymm to ayde us, I ynne unplyteynge and

In the number of the same Magazine for the following month there appeared this solution of the difficulty:—

"*Wrexham*, May 14.

"MR. URBAN: I will not be confident that I have discovered the *groundwork* of the fragment inquired after, p. 177; but, if your correspondent consults the latter of two sermons on the '*Deity of the Son and Holy Spirit*,' by the Rev. Caleb Evans of Bristol, printed for Buckland, 1766, he will find the beginning very similar to the fragment; and also, upon reading the former, that Mr. Evans's proof of the Deity of Christ is agreeable to Rowley's reference. If, too, he reads p. 72 of the above sermon, Mr. Evans quotes Herman Witsius, a Dutch divine; the quotation is from his *Exercitationes in Symbolum.* Now, whether Chatterton's inquisitive genius did, (as he easily might,) understand so much Latin as to dip into Witsius, or might get it translated, it is certain that the very address to the Spirit, said to be from St. Cyprian, is in the beginning of Exercit. XXIII., and is introduced in almost the same words as in Rowley's fragment. I observe, further, that Witsius has, Sect. XXXII., Rowley's argument 'Seyncte Paulle sayeth yee are the temple of Godde,' &c., and speaks of the 'personne, giftes, operatyonns, &c. of the Holy Spryte,' all which Chatterton might acquire by a very shallow acquaintance with Latin, and indeed most of them by only reading the table prefixed to the Exercitation. I will not say where he got the curious notion, that it will be the peculiar office of the Holy Spirit to 'destroye' the 'worlde' (perhaps it was Mr. Chatterton's *own*,) nor yet whence he had the extract from St. Gregory; but your correspondent will be

you ynn understandynge hys deeite; lette us saye wythe Seyncte Cyprian, *Adesto, Sancte Spiritus, & paraclesin tuam expectantibus illabere cœlitus; sanctifica templum corporis nostri, & consecra inhabitaculum tuum.* Seyncte Paulle sayethe yee are the temple of Godde; for the Spryte of Godde dwellethe ynn you. Gyff yee are the temple of Godde alleyne bie the dwellynge of the Spryte, wote yee notte that the Spryte ys Godde, ande playne proofe of the personne and glorye of the thryrde personne. The personne, gyftes, operatyonns, glorye, and deeitie, are all ynn Holye Spryte, as bee prooved fromm diffraunt textes of Scrypture; beeynge, as Seyncte Peter sayethe, of the same essentyall matterr as the Fadre ande Sonne, whoe are Goddes, the Holye Spryte moste undisputably bee Godde. The Spryte orr dyvyne will of Godde mooved uponn the waterrs att the creatyonn of the worlde; thys meanethe the Deeitie. I sayde, ynn mie laste discourse, the promyse of Chryste, whoe wythe Godde the Fadre wolde dwelle ynn the soughle of his decyples; howe coulde heie soe but bie myssyonn of Holye Spryte? Thys methynkethe prooveth ne alleyne the personallitie of Holye Spryte, but the verrie foundatyonne and grounde wurch of the Trinitie yttselfe. The Holye Spryte cannot bee the goode thynges ande vyrtues of a manns mynde, sythence bie hymm wee bee toe fast

struck with the similarity, I was going to say, *sameness*, of the supposed Rowley's reasoning, that 'the Holy Spryte cannot bee the goode thynges and vyrtues of a man's mynde' with that of Mr. Evans, p. 57–60., Is not the expression, *Deity of the Spirit*, more modern than the fifteenth century? But it is in the beginning of Mr. Evans' Sermon.

"Yours, &c. AN ENQUIRER."

keepe yese goode thynges; gyff wee bee toe keepe a vyrtue bie thatte vyrtue ytt selfe, meethynckes the custos bee notte fytted toe the charge. The Spryte orr Godde ys the auctoure of those goode thynges and bie hys obeisaunce dheie mote alleyne bee helde. I maie notte be doltysh ne hereticalle toe saie, whate wee calle consyence ys the hyltren warninge of the Spryte, to forsake our evylle waies before he dothe solely leave our steinedd soughles. Nete bee a greaterr proofe of mie argument thann the wurchys of Holye Spryte. Hee createdd manne, hee forslaggen hymm, hee agayne raysedd mann fromm the duste, ande havethe savedd all mankynde fromme eterne rewynn; he raysedd Chryste fromme the deade, hee made the worlde, and hee shalle destroye ytt. Gyff the Spryte bee notte Godde, howe bee ytt the posessynge of the Spryte dothe make a manne sayedd toe bee borne of Godde? Ytt requyreth the powerr of Godde toe make a manne a new creatyonn, yette suche dothe the Spryte. Thus sayethe Seyncte Gregorie Naz. Of the Spryte and hys wurchys; Γενᾶται Χριστος· προτρέχει· Βαπτιζεται· μαρτυρεῖ· Πειραζέται· αναγεῖ· Δυναμεις ἐπιτελεῖ. ξυμπαραμαρτεῖ· Ανέρχεται.[1]

[1] The Greek quotation from Gregory Nazianzen contains in itself the most unquestionable proof that it was not copied from any MS. of the fifteenth century. It will be allowed, I presume, that Chatterton could only copy the characters which he found in the originals. He had no skill to vary the forms of the letters, to combine those which were apart, or to separate those which were connected together. We may be certain, therefore, that his transcript (involuntary errors excepted) was in all respects as like to his archetype as he could make it. But his transcript differs totally from all the

specimens which I have ever seen of Greek writing in the fifteenth century. It appears to me to have been evidently copied from a printed book. TYRWHITT.

Mr. Tyrwhitt has annexed a fac-simile of the MS. in Chatterton's handwriting with the Greek attached, from which any reader can judge for himself. The Greek quotation is from Greg. Nazian. Orat. xxx. v. i. p. 610. edit. Paris, 1639. In Chatterton's fragment, the sentence is left imperfect for want of the verb *διαδέχεται*.

EXTRACTS FROM CHAUCER.[1]

But great harme was ytt as it thoughte me,
That on his skinne a mormall had he.
Chaucer's charac. Coke.

Rounde was his face and camisde was his nose.
Reeve's Tale.

Sounde of men at labor.
To plaies of miracles and to maryages.
Wyfe of Bathe, Prologue.

Doe come he saied mye minstrales,
And jestours for to tellen us tales,
Anon yn mine armynge,
Of romaunces that been reials,
Of Popes and of Cardinauls,
And eeke of love longing.
Rime of Sir Thopas.

Of all mannere of minstrales
And jestours that tellen tales,

[1] From a MS. in Chatterton's handwriting in the British Museum.

[These extracts are worth preserving, as they evidence Chatterton's acquaintance with Speght and Chaucer, and show that his habit was to transcribe such passages as he afterwards intended to introduce in his works. At the end of the Antiquity of Christmas Games, he has printed two of the above extracts. SOUTHEY'S *Edition.*]

Both of weeping and of yame,
And of all that longeth unto fame.

The Third Book of Fame.

Chaucer, when of the Inner Temple, as appears by the record, was fined two shillings for beating a Franciscan Friar in Fleet street.

Speght.

GLOSSARY.

The words of which the significations were given by Chatterton have the letter C affixed to them.

A.

Abessie, *humility*, C.
Aborne, *burnished*, C.
Abounde, *do service, or benefit.*
Aboune, *make ready*, C.
Abredynge, *upbraiding*, C.
Abrewe, *brew.*
Abrodden, *abruptly*, C.
Acale, *freeze*, C.
Accaie, *assuage*, C.
Acheke, *choke*, C. [The participle *acheked* is in Kersey.]
Achevments, *services*, C.
Achments, *atchievements*, C.
Acome, *come.*
Acrool, *faintly*, C.
Adave, *dawned upon.*
Adawe, *awake.*
Adeene, *worthily.*
Adente, *fastened*, C.
Adented, *fastened, annexed*, C.
Adented, *indented, bruised.*
Aderne, *cruel, fierce.*
Adigne, *noble, worthy.*
Adoe. *delay.*
Adradde, *afraid.*
Adrames, *churls*, C. [This word is unauthorized. The adjective *adraming*, churlish, is to be found in old writers, and likewise in Bailey.]
Adrewe, *drew.*
Adventaile, *armour*, C.
Adygne, *nervous; worthy of praise*, C.
Æterne, *eternal.*
Affere, *to affright or terrify.*
Affraie, *affright*, C.
Affraie, *to fight or engage in a fray*, C.
Affynd, *related by marriage.*
Afleme, as *fleme;* to drive away, to affright.
After la goure, should probably be *astrelagour;* astrologer.
Agested, *heaped up.*
Agguylte, *offended.*
Agleeme, *to shine upon.*
Agrame, *grievance*, C.
Agreme, *torture*, C.

Agreme, *grievance*, C.
Agrosed, *agrised; terrified.*
Agroted, see *groted.*
Agylted, *offended*, C.
Aidens, *aidance.*
Aiglintine, *sweet-brier.*
Ake, *oak*, C.
Alans, *hounds.*
Alatche, *accuse.*
Aledge, *idly.*
Alenge, *along.*
Alest, *lest.*
Alestake, *a may-pole.*
All a boon, *a manner of asking a favour*, C.
Allaie, *was allayed or stopped. Allaie* used as a verb neuter.
Alleyn, *only*, C.
Almer, *beggar*, C.
Alofe, *aloft.*
Alse, *else.*
Alyche, *like*, C.
Alyne, *across his shoulders*, C.
Alyse, allow, set free, C. [Chatterton probably took this word from Kersey: ALISED, allowed. "From whence Kersey took it is less material; but I am inclined to believe that it was formed originally from a mistaken reading of the article ALIFED in Skinner. The very distinct significations of the two words are thus stated by Verstegan, p. 227. ALIFED, allowed, licensed.—ALISE, release.—ALISED, released."—TYRWHITT.]
Amate, *destroy*, C.
Amayld, *enameled*, C.
Amede, *recompence.*
Ameded, *rewarded*, C.
Amenged, as *menged*, mixed.
Amenused, *diminished*, C.
Ametten, *met with.*
Amield, *ornamented, enameled*, C.
Aminge, *among.*
Aneighe, *near.*
Aneste, *against.*
Anente, *against*, C.
Anere, *another*, C.
Anete, *annihilate.*
Anie, as *nie*, nigh.
Anlace, *an ancient sword*, C.
Annethe, *beneath*, C.
Applynges, *grafted trees*, C. *apple-trees.*
Arace, *divest*, C.
Arblaster, *a cross-bow.*
Arcublaster, *a cross-bow.*
Arcublastries, *cross-bowmen.*
Ardurous, *burning.*
Aredynge, *thinking, reading.* Qu. ?
Argenthorse, *the arms of Kent*, C.
Arist, *arose*, C.
Armlace, *accoutrement for the arms.*
Armourbrace, *a suit of armour.*
Arrow-lede, *path of the arrow.*
Ascaunce, *disdainfully*, C.

Ascaunse, *obliquely.*
Asenglave, a *lance.*
Askaunte, *obliquely.*
Askaunted, *glanced.*
Aslape, *asleep.*
Aslaunte, *slaunting.*
Aslee, *slide or creep.*
Assayle, *oppose.*
Asseled, *answered,* C.
Asshrewed, *accursed, unfortunate,* C.
Asswaie, *to assay, put to trial.*
Astarte, *started from, or afraid of.* Qu. *neglected?*
Astedde, *seated,* C.
Astend, *astonish,* C.
Asterte, *neglected,* C.
Astoun, *astonished,* C.
Astounde, *astonish,* C.
Astounded, *astonished.*
Astrodde, *astride, mounted.*
Asyde, perhaps *astyde;* ascended.
Athrowe, *through.*
Athur, as *thurgh;* through, athwart.
Attenes, *at once,* C.
Attoure, *turn,* C.
Attoure, *around.*
Atturne, *to turn.*
Aucthoure, *author.*
Ave, for *eau,* Fr. water.
Avele, *prevail.*
Aumere, *a loose robe or mantle,* C. [The proper signification is *purse.* Chatterton's interpretation was derived from Kersey, or Bailey, where we have, AUMERE, O-welt, skirt, or border.]
Aumeres, *borders of gold and silver,* &c. C.
Aunture, as *aventure;* adventure.
Aure, *Or,* the colour of gold in heraldry.
Autremere, *a loose, white robe, worn by priests,* C.
Awhaped, *astonished,* C.
Aynewarde, *backwards,* C.

B.

Balefull, *woeful, lamentable,* C.
Bane, *curse.*
Baned, *cursed.*
Bankes, *benches.*
Bante, *cursed.*
Barb'd, *armed.*
Barbde haulle, *hall hung round with armour.*
Barbe, *beard.*
Barbed (horse), *covered with armour.*
Baren, *barren.*
Barganette, *a song, ballad,* C.
Barriere, *confine, boundary.*
Barrowes, *tombs, mounds of earth.*
Bataunt, *a stringed instrument, played on with a plectrum.* Qu.?

Battayles, *boats, ships*, Fr.
Batten, *fatten*, C.
Battent, *loudly*, C.
Battently, *loud roaring*, C.
Battone, *beat with sticks*, Fr.
Baubels, *jewels*, C.
Bawsin, *large*, C.
Bayne, *ruin*, C.
Bayre, *brow*, C.
Beaver, *beaver, or visor.*
Beer, *bear.*
Beeveredd, *beaver'd*, C.
Behesteynge, *commanding*, C.
Behight, *name.*
Behylte, *promised*, C.
Behylte, *forbade.*
Behyltren, *hidden.*
Belent, *stopped, at a fault or stand.*
Beme, *trumpet.*
Bemente, *lament*, C.
Benned, *cursed, torment*, C.
Benymmyng, *bereaving*, C.
Berne, *child*, C.
Berten, *venomous*, C.
Beseies, *becomes*, C.
Besprente, *scattered*, C.
Bestoiker, *deceiver*, C. [Bailey has the word to *bestoike*, to betray.]
Bete, *bid*, C.
Betrassed, *deceived, imposed on*, C.
Betraste, *betrayed*, C.
Bevyle, *break*, a herald term, signifying *a spear broken in tilting*, C.
Bewrecke, *revenge*, C.
Bewreen, *express*, C.
Bewryen, *declared, expressed*, C.
Bewryne, *declare*, C.
Bewrynning, *declaring*, C.
Bighes, *jewels*, C.
Birlette, *a hood, or covering for the back part of the head*, C.
Blake, *naked*, C.
Blakied, *naked, original*, C.
Blanche, *white, pure.*
Blaunchie, *white*, C.
Blatauntlie, *loudly*, C.
Blente, *ceased, dead*, C.
Blethe, *bleed*, C.
Blynge, *cease*, C.
Blyn, *cease, stand still*, C.
Boddekin, *body, substance*, C.
Boleynge, *swelling*, C.
Bollengers and Cottes, *different kinds of boats*, C.
Boolie, *beloved*, C.
Bordel, *cottage*, C.
Bordelier, *cottager.*
Borne, *burnish*, C.
Boun, *make ready*, C.
Bounde, *ready*, C.
Bourne, *boundary, promontory*
Bourne, *bounded, limited.*
Bowke, bowkie, *body*, C.
Bowting matche, *contest.*
Bismarelie, *curiously*, C.
Braste, *burst.*
Brasteth, *bursteth*, C.
Brasteynge, *bursting.*
Braunce, *branch*, C.
Braunces, *branches*, C.
Brauncynge, *branching.*

Brayd, *displayed*, C.
Brayde, *embroider*.
Brayne, *brain*, *care*.
Brede, *broad*, C.
Bredren, *brethren*.
Breme, *strength*, C.
Breme, *strong*, C.
Bremie, *furious*.
Brende, *burn*, *consume*, C.
Brendeynge, *flaming*, C.
Bretful, *filled with*, C.
Brionie, *briony*, *or wild vine*.
Broched, *pointed*.
Bronde, *fury*, *or sword*.
Brondeynge, *furious*.
Brondeous, *furious*, C.
Brooklette, *rivulet*.
Browded, *embroidered*, C.
Brued, *embrued*.
Brutylle, *brittle*, *frail*.
Brygandyne, *part of armor*, C.
Brynnyng, *declaring*, C.
Burled, *armed*, C.
Burlie bronde, *fury*, *anger*, C.
Byelecoyle, *bel accueil*, Fr. the name of a personage in the *Roman de la Rose*, which Chaucer has rendered *fair welcoming*.
Byker, *battle*.
Bykrous, *warring*, C.
Bysmare, *bewildered*, *curious*, C.

C.

Cale, *cold*.
Calke, *cast*, C.
Calked, *cast out*, C.
Caltysning, *forbidding*, C.
Carnes, *rocks*, *stones*. Brit.
Castle-stede, *a castle*, C:
Castle-stere, *the hold of a castle*.
Caties, *cates*.
Caytysnede, *binding*, *enforcing*, C.
Celness, *coldness*.
Chafe, *hot*, C.
Chaftes, *beats*, *stamps*, C.
Champion, *challenge*, C.
Chaper, *dry*, *sun-burnt*, C.
Chapournette, *a small round hat*, C.
Charie, *dear*.
Cheese, *chuse*.
Chefe, *heat*, *rashness*, C.
Chelandree, *goldfinch*, C.
Cherisaunce, *comfort*, C.
Cherisaunied, *comfortable*.
Cheves, *moves*, C.
Chevysed, *preserved*, C.
Cheynedd, *chained*, *restricted*.
Chirckynge, *a confused noise*, C.
Chop, *an exchange*.
Choppe, *to exchange*.
Choughe, choughs, *jackdaws*.
Church-glebe-house, *grave*, C.
Chyrche-glebe, *church-yard*.
Clangs, *sounds loud*.
Cleme, *sound*, C.
Cleere, *famous*.
Clefs, *cliffs*.

Cleped, *named.*
Clerche, *clergy.*
Clergyon, *clerk or clergyman*, C.
Clergyon'd, *taught*, C.
Clevis, *cleft of a rock.*
Cleyne, *sound.*
Clinie, *declination of the body.*
Clymmynge, *noisy*, C.
Compheeres, *companions*, C.
Congeon, *dwarf*, C.
Contake, *dispute*, C.
Conte.ns, *contents.*
Conteke, *confuse*, *contend with* C.
Contekions, *contentions*, C.
Cope, *a cloke*, C.
Corteous, *worthy*, C.
Corven, see *ycorven.*
Cotte, *cut.*
Cottes, see *bollengers.*
Cotteynge, *cutting.*
Covent, *convent.*
Coupe, *cut*, C.
Coupynge, *cutting*, *mangling.*
Couraciers, *horse-coursers*, C.
Coyen, *coy.*
Crasen, *broken.*
Cravent, *coward*, C.
Creand, as *recreand.*
Cristede, *crested.*
Croche, *cross*, C.
Crokynge, *bending.*
Crochet, perhaps *broched.*
Crokynge, *bending.*
Cross-stone, *monument*, C.
Cryne, *hair*, C.
Cuarr, *quarry.*
Cuishe, *armor for the thigh.*
Cullis-yatte, *port-cullis gate*, C.
Curriedowe, *flatterer*, C.
Cuyen kine, *tender cows*, C

D.

Dacya, *Denmark.*
Daie-brente, *burnt*, C.
Daise-eyed, *daisied.*
Damoyselles, *damsels.*
Danke, *damp.*
Dareygne, *attempt*, *endeavour*, C.
Darklinge, *dark.*
Daygnous, *disdainful*, C.
Deathdoeynge, *murdering.*
Declynie, *declination.*
Decorn, *carved*, C.
Deene, *glorious*, *worthy*, C.
Deere, *dire*, C.
Defs, *vapours*, *meteors*, C.
Defayte, *decay*, C.
Defte, *neat*, *ornamental*, C.
Deigned, *disdained*, C.
Delievretie, *activity*, C.
Dente, see *adente.*
Dented, see *adented.*
Denwere, *doubt*, C.
Denwere, *tremour*, C.
Depeyncte, *paint*, *display*, C.
Depicted, *painted*, *or displayed*, C.
Depyctures, *drawings*, *paintings*, C.
Dequace, *mangle*, *destroy*, C.
Dequaced, *sunk*, *quashed.*

Dere, *hurt, damage*, C.
Derne, *melancholy, terrible.*
Derkynnes, *young deer.*
Dernie, *woeful, lamentable.*
Dernie, *cruel*, C.
Deslavatie, *disloyal, unfaithful.*
Deslavatie, *lechery*, C.
Detratours, *traitors.*
Deysde, *seated on a dais.*
Dheie, *they.*
Dhere, *there.*
Dhereof, *thereof.*
Difficile, *difficult*, C.
Dighte, *drest, arrayed*, C.
Dispande, *expanded.*
Dispente, *expended.*
Dispone, *dispose.*
Divinistre, *divine*, C.
Dolce, *soft, gentle*, C.
Dole, *lamentation*, C.
Dolte, *foolish*, C.
Donore. This line should probably be written thus: *O sea-o'erteeming Dovor!*
Dortoure, *a sleeping room*, C.
Dote, perhaps as *dighte.*
Doughtre mere, *d'outre mer*, Fr., from beyond sea.
Draffs, *the refuse, or what is cast away.*
Dreare, *dreary.*
Dree, *draw, or drive.*
Dreerie, *dreary, terrible.*
Drefte, *least*, C.
Drenche, *drink*, C.
Drented, *drained*, C.
Dreyncted, *drowned*, C.
Dribblete, *small, insignificant*, C.
Drierie *terrible.*
Drites, *rights, liberties*, C.
Droke, *dry.*
Drocke, *drink*, C.
Droncke, *drank.*
Droorie, *courtship, gallantry*, C.
Drooried, *courted.*
Dulce, as *dolce.*
Duressed, *hardened*, C.
Dyd, should probably be *dyght.*
Dyghte, as *dight.*
Dyghtynge, as *dightynge.*
Dygne, *worthy*, C.
Dygner, *more worthy*, C.
Dynning, *sounding*, C.
Dyspendynge, *expending.*
Dyspense, *expence*, C.
Dysperpellest, *scatterest*, C.
Dysporte, *pleasure*, C.
Dysporteynge, *sporting*, C.
Dysportisement, as *dysporte.*
Dysregate, *to break connection or fellowship.* Qu. *to degrade?*

E.

Edraw, for *ydraw*; draw.
Eeke, *amplification, exaggeration.*
Efte, *often, again*, C.
Eftsoones, *quickly*, C.
Egederinge, *assembling, gathering*, C.
Eke, *also*, C.
Ele, *help*, C.
Eletten, *enlighten*, C.

Elmen, *elms.*
Elocation, *elocution.*
Elves, *personages, people.*
Emarschalled, *arranged.*
Emblaunched, *whitened;* C.
Embodyde, *thick, stout.*
Embowre, *lodge,* C.
Embollen, *swelled, strengthened,* C.
Emburled, *armed,* C.
Emmate, *lessen, decrease,* C.
Emmertleynge, *glittering,* C.
Emmers, *coined money.*
Emprize, *adventure,* C.
Empprize, *enterprize,* C.
Enactynge, *acting.*
Enalse, *embrace,* C.
Encaled, *frozen, cold,* C.
Enchafed, *heated, enraged,* C.
Encheere, *encouraye.*
Encontrynge, *encountring.*
Enfouled, *vitiated, polluted.*
Engarlanded, *wearing a garland.*
Engyne, *torture.*
Engyned, *tortured.*
Enharme, *to do harm to.*
Enheedynge, *taking heed.*
Enhele, *heal.*
Enhepe, *add,* C.
Enlefed, *full of leaves.*
Enleme, *enlighten.*
Enlowed, *flamed, fired,* C.
Enrone, *unsheath.*
Enseme, *to make seams in.*
Ensemeynge, as *seeming.*
Enshone, *shewed.*
Enshoting, *shooting, darting,* C.
Enstrote, *deserving punishment.*
Enswolters, *swallows, sucks in,* C.
Enswote, *sweeten.*
Ensyrke, *encircle.*
Ent, *a purse or bag,* C.
Entendemente, *understanding.*
Enthoghte, *thinking.*
Enthóghte, *thought of.*
Enthoghteynge, *thinking.*
Entremed, *intermixed.*
Entrykeynge, *tricking.*
Entyn, *even,* C.
Enryonnde, *worked with iron,* C.
Eraced, *banished, erased.*
Erlie, *earl.*
Ermiett's, *hermits,* C.
Erste, *formerly.*
Estande, for *ystande, stand.*
Estells, a corruption of *estoile,* Fr., *a star,* C.
Estroughted, *stretched out.*
Ethe, *ease,* C.
Ethie, *easy.*
Evalle, *equal,* C.
Eve-merk, *dark evening.*
Evespeckt, *marked with evening dew,* C.
Everichone, *every one,* C.
Everyche, *every.*
Ewbrice, *adultery,* C.
Ewbrycious, *lascivious.*
Eyne-gears, *objects of the eyes.*
Eynes-yghte, *eye-sight.*

F.

Fadre, *father.*
Fage, *tale, jest,* C.
Faie, *faith.*
Faifully, *faithfully,* C.
Faitour, *a beggar or vagabond,* C.
Faldstole, *a folding stool, or seat.* See Du Cange in v. *Faldistorium.*
Far-kend, *far seen,* C.
Fayre, *clear, innocent.*
Featliest, *most beautiful.*
Federed, *feathered.*
Ferre, *fire.*
Feerie, *flaming,* C.
Fele, *feeble,* C.
Felle, *cruel, bad.*
Fellen, *fell.*
Ferse, *violent, fierce.*
Ferselie, *fiercely.*
Fetelie, *nobly,* C.
Fetive, as *festive.*
Fetyve, *elegant, beautiful.*
Fetyvelie, *elegantly,* C.
Fetyveness, *festiveness.*
Feygne, *willing.*
Feygnes, a corruption of *feints,* C.
Fhuir, *fury,* C.
Fie, *defy,* C.
Flaiten, *horrible, or undulating,* Qu.?
Flanched, *arched.*
Fleers, *fliers, runaways.*
Fleeting, *flying, passing.*
Fleme, *to terrify.*
Flemed, *frighted,* C.
Flemie, *frightfully.*
Flemeynge, *terrifying.*
Fleurs, *flowers.*
Flizze, *fly,* C.
Floe, *arrow,* C.
Florryschethe, *blooms, flourishes.*
Flott, *float,* C.
Flotting, *floating, or undulating.*
Floure Seyncte Mary, *marygold,* C.
Flourette, *flower,* C.
Flytted, *fled.*
Foile, *baffle,* C.
Fons, fonnes, *devices,* C.
Fore, *before.*
Forefend, *forbid.*
Forgard, *lose,* C.
Forletten, *forsaken,* C.
Forloyne, *retreat,* C.
Forroy, *destroy.*
Forreying, *destroying,* C.
Forslagen, *slain,* C. [Kersey.]
Forslege, *slay,* C.
Forstraughte, *distracted.*
Forstraughteyng, *distracting,* C.
Forswat, *sun-burnt,* C. [Properly, *much sweated.* The misinterpretation *sun-burnt* is from the Gloss of E. K. to Spenser's *Shepherd's Calendar.*]
Forweltring, *blasting,* C.
Forwyned, *dried,* C.
Foulke, *people.*

Foury, *fury.*
Fowlyng, *defiling.*
Fraie, *fight*, C.
Fremde, *strange*, C.
Fremded, *frighted*, C.
Fructile, *fruitful.*
Fuired, *furious.*
Furched, *forked.*

G.

Gaberdyne, *a piece of armour*, C. *A cloak.*
Gallard, *frighted*, C.
Gare, *cause*, C.
Gastness, *ghastliness.*
Gauntlette, *glove*, C.
Gauntlette, *challenging.*
Geare, *apparel, accoutrement.*
Geasonne, *rare, extraordinary, strange*, C.
Geer, *dress.*
Geete, *As gite.*
Gelten, *guilded*, C.
Gemot, *council.*
Gemote, *assembled*, C.
Gerd, *broke, rent*, C.
Gies, *guides*, C.
Gier, *a turn or twist.*
Gif, *if*, C.
Gites, *robes, mantles*, C.
Glair, *shining, clear.*
Glairie, *clear, shining.*
Glare, *glitter*, C.
Gledes, *glides.*
Gledeynge, *livid*, C.
Gleme, *shine, glimmer*, C.
Glester, *to shine.*
Glestreynge, *shining, glittering.*
Glomb, *frown*, C.
Glommed, *clouded, dejected*, C.
Gloure, *glory*, C.
Glowe, *shine, gleam.*
Glytted, *shone, or glided*, Qu.?
Gore-depycted, *painted with blood.*
Gore-red, *red as blood.*
Gorne, *garden*, C.
Gottes, *drops.*
Gouler, *usurer.*
Goushynge, *gushing.*
Graiebarbes, *grey-beards*, C.
Grange, *liberty of pasture*, C.
Gratche, *apparel*, C.
Grave, *chief magistrate, mayor, epithet given to the aldermen.* Qu.?
Gravots, *groves*, C.
Gre, *grow*, C.
Grees, *grows*, C.
Greeynge, *growing.*
Grete, *greeted, saluted.*
Groffile, *grovelling, mean.*
Groffyngelye, *foolishly, vulgarly, abjectly.*
Groffyshe, *uncivil, rude.*
Gron, *a fen, moor*, C.
Gronfer, *a meteor*, from *gron*, a fen, and *fer*, corruption of *fire*, C.
Gronfyres, *meteors*, C.
Groted, *swollen*, C.
Gryne, *groin.*
Grypped, *grasped.*
Gule depeynected, *red painted*, C.
Gule steynct, *red stained*, C.

Guyfts, *gifts, talents.*
Guylde, *assess, tax.*
Guylteynge, *gilding.*
Gye, *a guide,* C.
Gyte, see *gite.*
Gytelles, *mantels,* C.

H.

Habergeon, *coat of mail.*
Haile, *happy,* C.
Hailie, see *haile.*
Halceld, *defeated,* C.
Hallidome, *holy church.* Qu.
Hallie, *holy,* C.
Hallie, *wholely.*
Halline, *joy,* C.
Hamlettes, *manors,* C.
Han, *hath.* Qu. *had.*
Hancelled, *cut off, destroyed,* C.
Handesword, *back-sword.*
Hantoned, *accustomed.* Qu.
Harrie, *harass.* Qu.
Harried, *tost,* C.
Harte of Greece, *a stag.*
Hatchedd, *covered with hatchments.*
Hatchments, *atchievements, coat armour.*
Haveth, *have, hath.*
Havyoure, *behaviour.*
Heafod, *head,* C.
Heavenwere, *heavenward,* C.
Heaulme, *helmet, crown.*
Hecket, *wrapped, closely covered,* C.
Heckled, *wrapped.*
Hedes, *regards, attends to.*
Heie, *they,* C.
Heideygnes, *a country dance, still practised in the North.* C.
Hele, *help,* C.
Hem, *a contraction of them,* C.
Hendie stroke, *hand stroke, close fighting.*
Hente, *grasp, hold,* C.
Hentylle, *custom.*
Her, *for their.*
Herehaughtes, *heralds.*
Herehaughtrie, *heraldry,* C.
Herselle, *herself.*
Heste, *require, ask,* C.
Heste, *a command.*
Hete, *promised.*
Hight, *named, called.*
Hiltrene, *hidden,* C.
Hiltring, *hilding,* C.
Hoastrie, *inn, or a public house,* C.
Hoistes, *lifts up.*
Hollie, *holy.*
Holtred, *hidden.* Qu.
Hommageres, *servants,* C.
Hommeur, *honor, humor.* Qu.
Honde poyncte, *index of a clock, marking hour or minute.*
Hopelen, *hopelessness.*
Harrowe, *unseemly, disagreeable,* C.
Hove, *lifted up, threw.*
Houton, *hollow,* C.
Hulstred, *hidden, secret,* C.
Hus, *house.*

Hus-carles, *house-servants.*
Hyger, the flowing of the tide in the Severn was anciently called the *Hygra.*
Hyghte, *named, called.*
Hylle fyre, *a beacon.*
Hylte, *hid, secreted, hide,* C.
Hylted, *hidden,* C.
Hyltren, *hidden.*
Hynde, *peasant,* C.
Hyndlettes, *servants.*

I.

Jade, *to render languid, fatigue.*
Jape, *a short surplice,* &c. C.
Jernie, *journey.*
Jeste, *hoisted, raised,* C.
Ifrete, *devour, destroy,* C.
Ihantend, *accustomed,* C.
Jintle, *for gentle.*
Immengde, *mixed, mingled.*
Impestering, *annoying,* C.
Impleasaunce, *unpleasantness.*
Inhild, *infuse,* C.
Investynge, *cloathing.*
Joice, *juice,* C.
Joice, *juicy.*
Joustedd, *justed.*
Ishad, *broken,* C., *shed.*
Ithink, *think.*
Jubb, *a bottle,* C.
Iwreene, *disclosed.*
Iwimpled, *wrapped up.*
Iwys, *certainly,* C.
Jyned, *joined.*
Jynynge, *joining.*

K.

Ken, *see, discover, know,* C.
Kenns, *knows,* C.
Kenne, *know.*
Kepe, *to take care of.*
Keppened, *careful.*
Kerveth, *cutteth, destroyeth.* Qu.
Kiste, *coffin,* C.
Kivercled, *the hidden or secret part,* C.
Knite, *joined.*
Knopped, *fastened, chained, congealed,* C.
Knowlache, *knowledge,* C.
Knowlached, *known, distinguished.*
Knowlachynge, *knowledge,* C.
Kynde, *nature,* C.
Kynge coppes, *butter flowers.*

L.

Labrynge, *labouring, agitated.*
Ladden, *lay.*
Lare, *leather.*
Laverde, *lord,* C.
Lea, *field, or pasture.*
Lease, *lose.*
Leathal, *deadly,* C.
Lechemanne, *physician.*
Leckedst, *most despicable.*
Lecture, *relate,* C.
Lecturn, *subject,* C.
Lecturnyes, *lectures,* C.
Leden, *decreasing,* C.
Leeche, *physician.*

Leege, *homage, obeisance*, C.
Leegefolcke, *subjects*, C.
Leegefull, *lawful*, C.
Leegemen, *subjects.*
Leffed, *left.*
Lege, *law*, C.
Leggen, *lesson, alloy*, C.
Leggende, *alloyed*, C.
Lemanne, *mistress.*
Leme, *lighten up.*
Lemed, *lighted, glistened*, C.
Lemes, *lights, rays*, C.
Lere, *leather.*
Lessel, *a bush, or hedge*, C.
Lete, *still*, C.
Lethalle, *deadly, or death-boding*, C.
Lethlen, *still, dead*, C.
Letten, *churchyard*, C.
Levyn-blasted, *struck with lightning.*
Levyn-mylted, *lightning melted.* Qu.
Levyn-plome, *feathered lightning.*
Levynde, *blasted*, C.
Levynne, *lightning*, C.
Levynne bronde, *flash of lightning.*
Liefe, *choice.*
Liff, *leaf.*
Likand, *liking.*
Limed, *glassy*, C.
Limitoure, *a licensed begging friar.*
Limmed, *glassy reflecting*, C.
Lissedd, *bounded*, C.
Lisseth, *boundeth*, C.
List, *concern, cause to care.*
Listeynge, *listening.*
Lithie, *humble*, C., *soft, gentle.*
Loaste, *loss.*
Locke, *luck, good fortune.*
Lockless, *luckless, unfortunate.*
Lode, *load.*
Lode, *praise, honor.* Qu.
Logges, *cottages*, C.
Longe straughte, *far-extended, lengthened.*
Lordynge, *standing on their hind legs*, C.
Lore, *learning*, C.
Lote, *lot, fortune.*
Loverde, *lord*, C.
Loughe, *laugh*, C.
Loustie, *lusty, lustful.*
Low, *flame of fire*, C.
Lowes, *flames*, C.
Lowings, *flames*, C.
Lowynge, *flaming, burning.*
Lurdanes, *Lord Danes.*
Lycheynge, *liking*, C.
Lyene, *lye.*
Lyghethe, *lodgeth.*
Lymmed, *polished*, C.
Lynche, *bank*, C.
Lynge, *stay, linger.*
Lyoncelle, *young lyon*, C.
Lyped, *linked, united.* Qu.
Lysse, *sport, or play*, C.
Lyssed, *bounded*, C.
Lyvelyhode, *life*, C.

M.

Magystrie, *mastery, victory.*
Marvelle, *wonder*, C.
Mancas, *marks.* C., *mancuses.*
Machyn, *a sleeve*, Fr.
Masterschyppe, *mastery, victory.*
Mate, *match.*
Maugrie, *notwithstanding, in spite of.*
Maynt, *many.*
Mede, *reward*, C.
Mee, *meadow*, C.
Meeded, *rewarded.*
Melancholych, *melancholy.*
Memuine, *mesnie-men, attendants.*
Menged, *mixed, the many.*
Miniced, *menaced.* Qu.
Mennys, *men.*
Mensuredd, *bounded or measured*, C.
Menynge, *meaning.*
Mere, *lake*, C.
Merke, *dark, gloomy.*
Merke-plant, *nightshade*, C.
Merker, *darker.*
Merkness, *darkness.*
Merkye, *dark.*
Meve, *move.*
Meynte, *many, great numbers*, C.
Mical, *much, mighty.*
Miesel, *myself.*
Miskynette, *a small bagpipe*, C.
Mist, *poor, needy*, C.
Mitches, *ruins*, C.
Mitte, *a contraction of mighty*, C.
Mittee, *mighty*, C.
Mockler, *more, greater, mightier.*
Moke, *much*, C.
Mokie, *black*, C.
Mokynge, *mocking, murmuring.* Qu.
Mole, *soft*, C.
Mollock, *wet, moist*, C. [*Mollock* is properly a substantive, and is used by old writers. See in Chatterton's usual authorities, Kersey and Speght.]
Molterynge, *mouldy, mouldring.*
Mone, *moon.*
Moneynge, *lamenting, moaning.*
Morie, *marshy.*
Morthe, *death, murder.*
Morthynge, *murdering.*
Mose, *most.*
Moste, *must.*
Mote, *might*, C.
Motte, *word, or motto.*
Mottring, *muttering, murmuring.*
Myckle, *much*, C.
Mychte, *mighty.*
Myghte amein, *main force.*
Myndbruche, *firmness of mind, sense of honor.* Qu.
Mynemenne, *miners.*
Mynsterr, *monastery*, C.
Mynstrelle, *a minstrel is a musician*, C.
Myrynge, *wallowing.*
Mystell, *miscall.*
Mysterk, *mystic*, C.

N.

Ne, *not*, C.
Ne, *no, or none.*
Ne, *nigh, or nearly.*
Nedere, *adder*, C.
Neete, *night.*
Nesh, *weak, tender*, C.
Nete, *nothing*, C.
Nete, *night.*
Nethe, *beneath.*
Nillynge, *unwilling*, C.
Nome-depeynicted, *rebus'd shields, &c.*, C.
Notte, *knot, fasten.*
Notte browne, *nut brown.*
Noyance, *annoyance.*

O.

Oares, *wherries.*
Oathed, *bound upon oath.*
Obaie, *abide*, C.
Offrendes, *presents, offerings*, C.
Olyphauntes, *elephantes*, C.
Onflemed, *undismayed*, C.
Onknowlachynge, *ignorant, unknowing*, C.
Onlist, *boundless*, C.
Onlyghte, *darken.* Qu.
Ontylle, *untill.*
Onwordie, *unworthy.*
Oppe, *up.*
Optics, *eyes.*
Orrests, *oversets*, C.
Overest, *uppermost.*
Ounde, *wave.*
Oundynge, *undulating, swelling.* Qu.
Ouphante, *ouphen, elves.*
Ourt, *overt, open.* Qu.
Ouzle, *black bird*, C.
Owlett, *owl*, C.
Owndes, *waves*, C.

P.

Paizde, *poised.*
Pall, *contraction from appall, to fright*, C.
Paramente, *robes of scarlet, a princely robe*, C.
Parker, *park-keeper.*
Passente, *passing.*
Passent, *walking leisurely*, C.
Paves, *shields.*
Pavyes, *shields.*
Payrde, *compared.*
Peede, *pied*, C.
Peene, *pain.*
Pencte, *painted*, C.
Penne, *mountain.*
Pensmenne, *writers, historians*, C.
Percase, *perchance*, C.
Perdie, *for a certainty.*
Pere, *pear.*
Pere, *appear*, C.
Pereynge, *appearing, peeping.*
Perforce, *of necessity.*
Perpled, *purple, scattered, diffused.* Qu.
Persante, *piercing.*

Pete, *beat, pluck.* Qu.
Peynctedd, *painted,* C.
Pheeres, *fellows, equals,* C.
Pheon, *in heraldry, the barbed head of a dart.*
Picte, *picture,* C.
Piercedd, *broken, or pierced through with darts,* C.
Pittie golphe, *hollow of the pit.*
Pleasaunce, *pleasure, blessing.*
Plies, *sounds,* C.
Plonce, *plunge.*
Pole, *the crown of the head.*
Pouche, *purse.*
Poyntelle, *a pen,* C.
Pre, *to prey.*
Pre, *prey.*
Preche, *preach, exhort, recommend.*
Preestschyppe, *priesthood.*
Prevyd, *hardy, valorous,* C.
Proto-slene, *first slain.*
Prowe, *forehead.*
Prowes, *might, power,* C.
Puerilitie, *childhood.*
Pyghte, *pitched, bent down, settled,* C.
Pyghtethe, *plucks, or tortures,* C.
Pynant, *languid, insipid, pining, meagre.*

Q.

Quacedd, *vanquished,* C.
Quansed, *stilled, quenched,* C.
Quayntyssed, *curiously devised,* C.
Queede, *the evil one, the devil.*
Quent, *quaint, strange.*

R.

Rampynge, *furious.*
Receivure, *receipt.*
Recendize, *for recreandize, cowardice.*
Recer, *for racer.*
Reddoure, *violence,* C.
Rede, *wisdom,* C.
Reded, *counselled,* C.
Redeynge, *advice.*
Regrate, *esteem, favour,* C.
Reine, *run,* C.
Rele, *wave,* C.
Reles, *waves,* C.
Rennomde, *honored, renowned.*
Rennome, *honor, glory,* C.
Requium, *a service used over the dead,* C.
Responsed, *answered.*
Rewynde, *ruined.*
Reyne, *run,* C.
Reynynge, *running,* C.
Reytes, *water-flags,* C.
Ribaude, *rake, lewd person.*
Ribbande geere, *ornaments of ribbands.*
Ribible, *violin,* C.
Riese, *rise.*
Riped, *ripened.*
Rodded, *reddened,* C.
Roddie, *red.*

Roddie levynne, *red lightning*, C.
Rode, *complexion*, C.
Roder, *rider, traveller.*
Rodeynge, *riding.*
Roghlynge, *rolling*, C.
Rostlynge, *rustling.*
Rou, *horrid, grim*, C.
Rouncy, *cart-horse*, C.
Royn, *ruin.*
Royner, *ruiner.*
Rynde, *ruined.*
Ryne, *run.*

S.

Sabalus, *the devil*, C.
Sabbataners, *booted soldiers.*
Sable, *black, in heraldry.*
Sable, *blacken*, C.
Sable, *darkness.*
Sable, *black.*
Sai, *sagum, military cloak.*
Sanguen, *bloody.*
Sarim's plain, *Salisbury plain.*
Sayld, *assailed.*
Scalle, *shall*, C.
Scante, *scarce*, C.
Scantillie, *scarcely, sparingly*, C.
Scarpes, *scarfs*, C.
Scarre, *mark.*
Scathe, *hurt, damage*, C.
Scathe, *scarce.*
Scaunce-layd, *uneven.*
Scauncing, *glancing, or looking obliquely.*
Scethe, *damage, mischief*, C.
Schaftes, *shafts, arrows.*
Scheafted, *adorned with turrets.*
Scille, *gather*, C.
Scillye, *closely*, C.
Scolles, *sholes.*
Seck, *suck.*
Seeled, *closed*, C.
Seere, *search*, C.
Selke, *silk.*
Selynesse, *happiness*, C.
Semblamente, *appearance.*
Semblate, *appearance.*
Seme, *seed*, C.
Semecope, *a short under-cloke*, C.
Semlykeene, *countenance, beauty*, C.
Semmlykeed, *countenance.*
Sendaument, *appearance.*
Sete, *seat.*
Shap, *fate*, C.
Shap-scurged, *fate-scourged*, C.
Sheen, *to shine.*
Sheene, *lustre, shine.*
Shemres, *shine.*
Shemrynge, *glimmering*, C.
Shente, *broke, destroyed*, C.
Shepen, *innocent.* Qu.
Shepsterr, *shepherd*, C.
Shettynge, *shooting.*
Shoone pykes, *shoes with piked toes. The length of the pikes was restrained to two inches by* 3 Ewd. 4, *c.* 5.
Shotte, *shut.*
Shotteyng, *closing, shutting.*

Shrove, *shrouded.*
Siker, *sure.*
Skyne, *sky.*
Slea, *slay*, C.
Sleath, *destroyeth, killeth*, C.
Sledde, *sledge, hurdle.*
Slee, *slay.*
Sleene, *slain*, C.
Sleeve, *clue of thread.*
Sletre, *slaughter.*
Sleyghted, *slighted.*
Sleynges, *slings.*
Slughornes, *a musical instrument not unlike a hautboy, a kind of clarion*, C.
Smethe, *smoke*, C.
Smething, *smoking*, C.
Smore, *besmeared.*
Smothe, *steam, or vapours*, C.
Snett, *bent, snatched up*, C.
Snoffelle, *snuff up.*
Sockeynge, *sucking.*
Solle, *soul.*
Sorfeeted, *surfeited.*
Sothe, *truth.*
Sothen, *sooth.* Qu.
Soughle, *soul.*
Soughlys, *souls*, C.
Souten, *for sought.*
Sparre, *a wooden bar, or inclosure.*
Spedde, *reached, attained.* Qu.
Spencer, *dispenser*, C.
Spere, *allow.* Qu.
Sphere, *spear.*
Splete, *cleaved, split.*
Sprenged, *sprinkled.*
Sprytes, *spirits, souls*, C.
Spyryng, *towering.*
Staie, *support, prop.*
Staie, *fastening.*
Starks, *stalks.*
Steck, *stuck.*
Stedness, *firmness, steadfastness*, C.
Steemde, *reeked, steamed.*
Steemie, *steaming.*
Steeres, *stairs.*
Stent, *stained*, C.
Steynced, *alloyed, or stained.* Qu.
Steyne, *stain, blot, disgrace.*
Stoke, *stuck.*
Storthe, *death.*
Storven, *dead*, C.
Storven, *for strove.* Qu.
Stowe, *place, city.*
Straughte, *stretched*, C.
Stre, *straw.*
Stree, *strew.*
Stret, *stretch*, C.
Strev, *strive.*
Stringe, *strong*, C.
Stynts, *stops.*
Substant, *substantial.*
Suffycyll, *sufficient.*
Super-hallie, *over-righteous*, C.
Surcote, *a cloke or mantel which hid all the other dress*, C.
Suster, *sister.*
Swanges, *wave to and fro.*
Swarthe, *spirit, ghost.*
Swarthless, *dead, expired.*
Swarthynge, *expiring.*
Sweft-kervd, *short liv'd*, C.
Sweltrie, *sultry*, C.
Swolterynge, *overwhelming.* Qu.

Swolynge, *swelling.*
Swote, *sweet*, C.
Swotelie, *sweetly*, C.
Swotie, *sweet*, C.
Swythe, *quickly*, C.
Swythen, *quickly*, C.
Swythyn, *quickly*, C.
Syke, *such, so*, C.
Sythe, *since.*
Sythence, *since then.*

T.

Takells, *arrows*, C.
Talbots, *a species of dogs.*
Tempest-chaft, *tempest-beaten*, C.
Tende, *attend, or wait*, C.
Tene, *sorrow.*
Tentyflie, *carefully*, C.
Thight, *consolidated, closed.*
Thilk, *that, or such.*
Thoughtenne, *thought.*
Thraslarke, *thrushes.*
Throstle, *thrush.*
Thyk, *such*, C.
Tore, *torch*, C.
Tourneie, *tournament*, C.
Trechit, *treget, deceit.*
Trone, *throne*, C.
Trothe, *truth*, C.
Troulie, *true, truly.*
Twaie, *two.*
Twayne, *two*, C.
Twighte, *plucked, pulled*, C.
Twytte, *pluck, or pull*, C.
Tynge, *tongue.*
Tytend, *tightened, fastened.*

V. U.

Val, *helm*, C.
Vengouslie, *revengefully.*
Ugsomme, *terrible*, C.
Ugsomness, *terror*, C.
Villeyn, *vassal, servant.*
Unburled, *unarmed*, C.
Uncouthe, *unknown*, C.
Undevyse, *explain.*
Unliart, *unforgiving*, C.
Unlydgefulle, *rebellious.*
Unplaite, *explain*, C. [*To unplaite*, Kersey and Bailey. *Unpliten*, make plain, Speght.]
Unwote, *unknown.*
Upryne, *raise up.*
Vyed, *viewed.*

W.

Walsome, *loathsome.*
Wanhope, *despair*, C.
Wastle-cake, *cake of white bread.*
Waylde, *choice, selected.*
Waylynge, *decreasing*, C.
Whestlyng, *whistling.*
Woden blue, *dyed blue with woad.*
Woe-be-mentynge, *woe-be-wailing.*
Wychencref, *witchcraft.*
Wysche, *wish.*

Y.

Yan, *than.*
Yaped, *laughable*, C.
Yatte, *that.*
Ybereynge, *bearing.*
Yborne, *son.*
Ybrende, *burn.*
Ycorne, *engraved, carved.*
Ycorvenn, *to mould*, C.
Ydeyd, *dyed.*
Ydronks, *drinks.*
Yer, *your, their.*
Yeyre, *their*, C.
Yie, *thy.*
Ygrove, *graven, or formed.*
Yinder, *yonder.*
Yis, *this.*
Ylachd, *enclosed, shut up.*
Ynhyme, *inter*, C.
Ynutyle, *useless.*
Yreaden, *made ready.*
Yreerde, *reared, raised.*
Yspende, *consider*, C.
Ystorven, *dead*, C.
Ytorn, *torn.*
Ytsel, *itself.*

Z.

Zabalus, *the devil.*

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